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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READER

SIXTH BOOK

They were happy in the thought of a wonderful secret

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

SIXTH BOOK

BY
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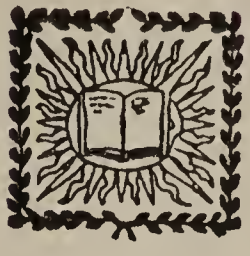

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PREFACE

There are many readers in the market which are highly satisfactory and of great merit, but there is little doubt that there is opportunity for a series of the type that is represented by this volume. In the upper grades of the elementary school the purpose of the work in reading is not merely to furnish an opportunity for drill in oral expression; it should also have as a distinct aim the development of interest in good literature and should expose the child to samples of many types of English prose and verse. While in some systems it is considered preferable to emphasize in the reading period the careful study of certain selected classics, in the judgment of the editors of this series it is highly desirable that our students be given an opportunity to come in contact with a more extended group of selections than is possible without the use of a school reader.

There has been a deliberate effort to bring together as large an amount of fresh material as is possible and it is believed that there will be found fewer selections in these volumes which have been used in other readers than in any other similar collection of material. Great care has been exercised in securing selections of inherent interest to the pupils. In too many cases in readers now in general use much of the material is distinctly beyond the intellectual comprehension of the child. While the editors are not averse to using some selections of this sort, yet the greater portion should be of a type which the child would be glad to pick up and read voluntarily. The teaching of English literature both in the elementary school and in secondary schools fails in the great majority of cases in the development of a taste for reading of a worthy character. It is too much to hope that students within the limited opportunities of a school reader, can go far in the develop-

ment of such interest, but many of these selections should operate to stimulate the child's desire to read more of a similar character. Teachers who have become interested in the unquestioned value of silent reading as a factor in the development of the child's equipment can make good use of these volumes for this purpose. The editors suggest that so far as possible children be encouraged to bring into the class for silent reading, selections suggested by the interests developed in the regular reading work. While keenly aware of the fact that the whole subject of English in the elementary and junior high school is in process of reconstruction, the editors submit this series, confident that it contains much of interest and value to the students of the upper grades of our elementary schools.

The authors acknowledge their indebtedness to the following authors and publishers for the use of copyrighted material:

To Booth Tarkington for, "About America," "A Letter to a Little French Girl";

To Helen Keller for "Christmas in the Dark";

To Edgar A. Guest for "The Little Old Man";

To the Century Company and St. Nicholas for numerous selections from their publications.

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

SIXTH BOOK

THE SINGING CLOCK

A legend of the Black Forest

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

Nowhere in all Germany were clocks made so well and in such numbers as at Kesselberg in the Black Forest, a village that stands high on the banks of the Rhine where it is swift and narrow as it surges across the border from its cradle in the Swiss mountains.

For a hundred and fifty years, the men had worked in the forest in the summer, cutting down trees and carefully drying the wood that, during the long winter, was to be made into clocks, for everybody in Kesselberg plied the same trade, and timepieces from this village marked the hours in homes of the rich all over the land.

But there came a time when the people grew tired of the old craft. Machine-made clocks had just come into use, and it became the fashion to use them instead of the hand-wrought ones. The price of Kesselberg wares came down, and some of the peasants, becoming discouraged at having to toil for the small income the work now yielded, went away to go into service in great houses in the cities. These sent word back of how much money they earned, and one after another the villagers left until only the aged remained at home, and it seemed that the ancient industry would die out. But the grand duke of the country was a wise man as well as a good one. He was proud of Kesselberg and its generations of clock-

makers, and wanted the work to go on, that the village might be famous in the future as it had been in the past. So he offered a prize of five thousand marks to whoever should make the finest clock during the coming winter.

The word went like flame across an autumn field. Five thousand marks! That was over twelve hundred dollars, and more than a peasant could hope to earn in many years. News of the wonderful offer traveled far, until it reached the ears of all who had gone away, and there was wild excitement among them. They loved the Black Forest huts among the larch and hemlock trees far better than the great, strange houses in the cities, and the sighing of the wind in the woods was sweeter to them than the strains of cathedral organs; so back they went to their native mountains, to take up the work of their fathers. All summer long, axes flew in the woods, and the crash of falling trees sounded across the Rhine, and such preparations were made for a winter of clock-making as Kesselberg had never known.

At that time, there dwelt in the village Gerther Walden, a goat boy. He was fourteen years old, and lived with his grandfather, Hans Gerber, who, in his younger days, was the most skilful clock-maker of the Black Forest. But sickness had kept him from work for several years, so Gerther made a scant living by herding goats in the summer, and helping a neighbor with his clock-making in the winter. The old man was growing strong again, and when word of the ducal offer went round, began to think of taking up his trade.

"But I have little hope of winning the prize," he said to Gerther, as they ate their supper of black bread and goat's milk one evening. "Younger men have become skilful during my months of illness, and Hans Gerber is no longer the best clock-

maker of Kesselberg. Besides, we have no money to buy paint, and Chris Stuck is planning to put gold flowers and birds on his clock."

Gerther did not reply. He knew his grandfather spoke the truth, and the thought made him sad. And that night as he lay unable to sleep, he kept trying to think of some way of getting the prize.

"If we could only win it," he murmured, "we could have a new hut with a wooden floor instead of a ground one, and a cow to take the place of Brindle, who died last year."

He thought for a long time, and at last fell asleep from sheer weariness. But over in the opposite corner of the room, Hans Gerber lay awake throughout the night, for he, too, thought about the prize, and wished, but hardly dared to hope, that it might come to him.

The next day, as Gerther went through the woods with his goats, he heard a cuckoo call.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it sang as it flew in and out among the trees.

The boy listened, thinking how sweet it was, and asked, in a loud voice: "Cuckoo, how many years before I shall be rich?"

"Cuckoo!" the bird trilled again. Gerther laughed, for Black Forest peasants believe it can tell fortunes, and while they think it lazy because it will not make a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in the homes of other birds, they like it better than any other. Its call made Gerther glad, and he repeated the question.

"The truth, bird, the truth! How many years before I am rich?"

And again came the sweet sound, "Cuckoo!"

He started home with a light heart, and, as he drove his flock through the village, saw groups of peasants standing in the street. He knew they were talking about the prize, but without stopping to chat with them, he went straight on to his grandfather's cabin, for he wanted to ask a question of the old clock-maker.

"*Grospapa!*" he called, as he bounded in at the door.

Hans Gerber was drawing plans on paper, but he turned from his work to listen.

"What is it, Gerther?" he asked.

"Could a clock be made that, instead of striking the hours, would sing them out the way the cuckoo does?"

The old man's eyes brightened, as if he thought the idea a wonderful one.

"A singing clock!" he murmured. "Aye, aye. It is strange that the idea never came to me, for I am sure such a clock can be made. I believe that I can do it, because, when a boy, I worked with an organ-maker in Cologne, and the knowledge gained then may help me."

They talked and drew plans until their last bit of paper was used up, and then scratched with a stick on the ground floor till the candle burned out and the hut was in darkness. Then they went to bed, strong in the belief that they could make a singing clock.

Autumn came, and the leaves on the forest trees were like gaily decked sprites. The villagers sang as they gathered in the wood, for the thought of the reward that spring might bring made them eager to begin the work. None were gayer than Hans Gerber and Gerther, for, although they knew the others had paint that they could not get, they were happy in the thought of a wonderful secret.

He heard a cuckoo call

Gerther's eyes grew bright as stars, and Hans Gerber nodded his head and smiled.

"The singing clock is good, boy! We have done our work well."

The lad could hardly wait for spring, for now that the clock was finished, the days seemed weeks long, and he thought the snow would never melt. But one afternoon, as he was bedding the goats, he heard what Black Forest peasants say is an unfailing sign that the cold weather is over. A pair of martens twittered in the woods and commenced building in the bird-house over the hut, and the next morning he found that the ice on the river was breaking.

Easter Monday was set for the exhibition, and great preparations were made for the event, as the grand duke himself, with the duchess and the young princess, was coming to inspect the work. The housewives made their finest fruit-bread and nut-cakes, while the men carried the clocks to the village inn, where they were arranged on tables according to size and beauty. Gerther and his grandfather went with the rest, but when the boy looked at the work of the others, his heart sank. All but the cuckoo-clock were painted. Some had the cases ornamented with flowers and birds, and one was enameled in blue and silver.

"I 'm afraid our clock won't take the prize," he said to his grandfather as they walked home through the budding woods. "The others are so gay, and ours has not a bit of color."

But Hans Gerber was old and wise, and knew that a clock may be very fine without, yet not half so good within, as one that is plain and unpainted. So he answered consolingly, "Don't let that worry you, boy. It 's the works that make a clock worth while, not a case that looks like Joseph's coat."

So Gerther went to sleep that night, and dreamed that they had a new hut, and that a cow with a star on her forehead stood in the barn, for it seemed their clock had won the prize.

The next day, a throng of villagers gathered in front of the village inn. Everybody was in holiday dress. The girls and women had on their finest caps, and skirts, and bodices.

When Gerther and his grandfather came into the crowd, a peasant whispered, "Poor Hans Gerber! See his clock, without a speck of paint."

While they talked, the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs told that the ducal carriage was coming, and the peasants made an opening through which the royal party might pass. They bowed low as the duchess and the Princess Anna stepped out and went into the inn. Behind them walked the grand duke, looking very handsome in his military uniform with its gold epaulets.

Eager eyes were upon the great folk as they looked over the exhibit, and the crowd was so silent that there was the quiet of a deserted place about the inn. No one spoke, but all watched intently the expression of the nobleman's face as he moved about the tables. Now he seemed to choose the clock with the bird-decked case, and now the blue and silver one made by the innkeeper. Twice he went back to it, and the people murmured, "It will take the prize." He did not seem to notice the unpainted one that stood at the end of the table, and, as Gerther watched, he felt that a stone was on his heart. If only he would wait until it struck the hour!

The grand duke turned to speak to the duchess, and hope rose in the boy's heart, for every minute's delay gave a chance to hear the cuckoo call before it was too late. It was ten minutes to three. Would he wait those ten minutes? But again

the boy grew sick at heart, for he turned as if to announce his decision.

A thought came to Gerther, and like a flash he moved to act. Hastening to where the nobleman stood, he said timidly, "Please, Your Highness, may I make my clock strike?"

The grand duke looked at him kindly, but the peasants murmured in amazement.

"He must be crazy," they exclaimed, "to think of winning a prize with that clock."

But Gerther did not mind their remarks. In fact, he did not hear them. He thought only of the clock, and of making the cuckoo call.

"Which is yours?" the grand duke asked.

"This," said the boy, pointing to the clock.

Perhaps the great man felt sorry for a boy whom he thought had no chance of winning the prize, for he answered very gently, "Yes, make it strike."

Gerther turned the hands to three, and a whirring sound began. Then, from the door under the face a bird popped out, and called, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

The grand duke and duchess started. The peasants' eyes grew big with wonder, and the Princess Anna clapped her hands.

"Oh!" she cried in delight. "A singing clock!"

"Yes," answered the duke, "a singing clock. There are others more gay to look upon, but none so wonderful as this."

Then, turning to Gerther, he asked: "Did you make it, boy?"

"Grandfather and I," came the reply. "I thought of putting the cuckoo in, and he planned and did most of the work."

"Then to you and your grandfather belongs the prize!" And, turning to the table, he laid the purple winning-ribbon on the cuckoo-clock.

The peasants broke into cheers, and crowded around Hans Gerber and his grandson, for Black Forest folk have kind hearts, and though each had hoped to win the prize himself, he was glad it went to those who most deserved and needed it.

So Gerther's dream came true. They had a new hut with a wooden floor, and a cow with a star on her forehead stood in the barn.

The story spread. From everywhere came orders for cuckoo-clocks, until the old man and the boy could not fill them, and soon all the villagers were at work under their direction. The rich in the cities paid so well for these time-pieces that the peasants gave up all thought of going away, and were glad to stay in the woods and carry on the ancient industry. The wares of Kesselberg were shipped to every European land, and even across the sea to America.

Years passed. Gerther went to Heidelberg to study in the university, and became a great and wise man. But it was not his wisdom that made him most known and loved in the Fatherland, but the clock he helped to make when a boy, the cuckoo-clock which was the means of reviving an industry that was fast dying out, and made the clock-makers of the Black Forest famous.

Notes

The Black Forest covers an immense tract of land in Germany.

When Joseph was a small boy his mother made him a coat of many pieces of bright colored wool which he wore when his brothers sold him to the Egyptians.

SIR MARROK

ALLEN FRENCH

I

A Tale of the Days of King Arthur

HOW MARROK WAS CHOSEN FOR A GREAT TASK

As Uther sat within his hall
  And looked around upon his men,
He chose the youngest of them all
  To cleanse the land of Bedegraine.
The Lay of Sir Marrok.

This is the story of Sir Marrok, known as well as we can know it from the Lay of Sir Marrok, which from early English times has come down to us in fragments.

In the old, old days, when the Christian religion was still young in the land of Britain, and the love of God had not everywhere come to the hearts of men, there lived and ruled in England the noble Uther Pendragon. A wise king was he in his generation, ruling by right as well as might, and gathering about him that body of true knights who were called the company of the Table Round, whose oath was to do justly and to succor the oppressed. All have read how, in the days of Arthur, the Round Table set example to all the world of chivalry and prowess. Yet it was Uther who first assembled the noble company, meaning with its help to redeem the fair kingdom from the sad barbarism which had existed before his day. Far and wide, to the extent of his power, did Uther right the wronged and set the land in order. Yet Britain was great, and in its many remote places still flourished the

old wrong-doing. And of all the spots that disgraced his realm, Bedegraine was the worst.

For the land of Bedegraine, fair and fertile, held that great forest which in the days of Uther was called the Forest of Bedegraine, but in later days was named the Forest of Sherwood. And that great wood of oak and beech was as a stronghold in which wrong-doers were safe. Large were the trees and beautiful the glades, and lovely as cathedrals, not built by men, were the aisles of the forest. Men might have lived in Bedegraine in peace, and trade have sent her trains of merchants through the forest. Yet in the unknown wood lurked robbers, who preyed upon the country round about. There lived beasts: wolves in packs, a menace to all solitary travelers; and boars in herds, which, issuing from the forest in the night, laid waste the fields of the peasants. Only those who could fence strongly might subsist upon a farm; only those who were well armed could brave the wolves alone; while neither fences nor arms could check the robbers as they assaulted merchant trains or burned and wasted the homesteads of the peasants.

Hard was the lot of the man who, peaceable and steady, wished but to bring up his family in peace. For the boars rooted in his fields; the wolves killed his cattle when they strayed; and the robbers, if in their raids they did not burn his house, at least took the wheat that would have fed his family. So, half starved, the children grew to stunted manhood, haggard women worked within houses which were but huts, and fearsome men toiled by day in the fields, or tightly barred the door at night. Bedegraine was like a fertile land laid waste. Witches and warlocks, unholy people, worked ill on all the countryside. Peace was not in Bedegraine, nor

any content; while deeds of violence made the forest, and the open land that fringed it, a place to be avoided.

Only one man in Bedegraine strove to do justly and to live uprightly: Sir Simon of the Lea, ancestor of that gentle knight Sir Richard of the Lea, of whom we read in the Lay of Robin Hood. Sir Simon lived in his wooden grange, which stood upon a knoll almost within the shadow of the forest; and round about him were the glebes of his peasants, and their houses, the best in Bedegraine. For the strong hand of Sir Simon, no longer young though the knight was, kept at some distance the robbers, and in greater peace than elsewhere men might till their fields and reap their crops. And Sir Simon, with his two young daughters and his son, lived almost in quiet until that robber raid which begins this story.

For in one dreadful night uproar and alarm roused the knight from his bed, and from the upper windows of his grange he beheld the burning houses of his peasants, while from the barns the robbers were gathering the stores into carts, and were collecting the cattle together to drive into the forest. And when Sir Simon, in wrath and haste, armed his retainers and sallied forth against the robbers, they turned upon him, and soon with arrows slew the foremost of his men, and drove him back again within the grange. Nay, they even threatened to burn with fire the wooden house, and only when day came departed to the forest. And when the bright sun was high, Sir Simon looked upon farms laid waste, with many buildings burned; then, when one by one his vassals crept from their hiding-places, and the knight gathered them all at the grange, twelve there were who answered not to the call of their names.

Sir Simon was in despair, and he said to himself: "Truly

the outlaws are stronger than I. More and more numerous grow they every year. How can I longer protect my people, or save even this corner of Bedegraine from misery?" Then, as he cast about in his mind for a means of succor, a thought came to him, and he said: "I will beg help from the king."

So Sir Simon called his daughter, and bade her write the words he spoke. He sent the letter to Uther by a trusty messenger, and the parchment was delivered to Uther in his hall. The king sat on the dais, before him his knights in their order, and an old squire came into the hall and laid the letter in the king's hand. And the king, when the letter had been read to him, frowned.

"Much have I heard," he said, "of Bedegraine, where none respect my laws. And I remember Sir Simon, who in years past was a hardy fighter and not given to complain groundlessly. For his sake, and for mine honor, shall his land be purified." This he said in the hearing of his chamberlain Ulfius, who stood by him on the dais. Then he looked upon his knights and said: "Which shall I send?"

There sat before him many fair knights and men of great prowess. Some had killed dragons, and some had killed giants, and most had fought many battles against great odds. Only one among them was a young unproved knight, and he sat at the very lowest seat of the great table. Uther, for all that his other knights were well tested, felt his heart go out greatly to the young untried knight. And he said: "I will send Marrok!"

"Nay," cried Ulfius, "for he is young and poor, and hath not even a squire to his following. First ask advice of Merlin." He persuaded the king to send for the magician, and Merlin came.

But before ever word was spoken to Merlin, he said to the king: "Send Marrok."

Then was the king astonished, and Ulfius beyond measure. And Uther said: "This passes belief. How knewest thou what I wished to ask?" But Merlin smiled in his great white beard, and turned away and went again among his books and studies. But Uther commanded Marrok to stand before the throne.

"Marrok," said Uther, "thou hast asked a quest."

"Yea, my liege."

"Instead take thou a fief. Go, set in order my land of Bedegraine!"

Then Marrok bowed, and kneeling before the king, took into his keeping the land of Bedegraine. 'T was banishment; what of that? Kings in those days were the instruments of God, men but the instruments of kings. So Marrok went to prepare for the journey.

. . . . . .

II

HOW MARROK JOURNEYED TO BEDEGRAINE

Oh, fair to see is the green ivy,
  And oh, the thorn doth blossom sweet,
But neither weed nor wilding tree
  Is half so good as the springing wheat.
The Lay of Sir Marrok.

To Marrok, as he armed himself within his lodging, came the noble King Pellinore, he who was hardiest fighter of all the knights of Uther, and who kept the boundaries to Uther's domains against the enemies of the northwest. And he would

not let the young knight arm himself, but held for him his armor, and buckled it on, and girt him with his sword, and let out the horse from the stables. Then he took the young man's hand and said:

"I know to what task thou goest, and I know the kind of enemy that thou must fight. One thing do thou remember always in thy fighting: Strike first!" And he pressed the young man's hand and wished him good speed, and they parted.

Marrok rode away out of the town of London and set his horse's head to the north.

As the knight rode upon his journey toward the northward, he heard, as he inquired the road, that the outlaws of Bedegraine were the worst in all England, and that in the land was neither inn nor church for man to get either bodily or spiritual food; where was always famine, and violence, and death. But the young man strengthened his heart.

At last upon a day, as he inquired his road, a man said to him: "Beyond that ridge lies Bedegraine, and you can look down upon a waste." Then Marrok knew that the land was but two leagues off. Yet he asked his informer more.

"In Bedegraine," he said, "go all men as here, with swords and leathern jerkins?"

The man laughed. "Nay," he said. And yet he checked his laugh and lowered his voice. "Here we go armed against the robbers of Bedegraine, who once in a while come over the ridge and fall upon us. But in Bedegraine no peasant dares to bear arms, lest the outlaws kill him. For if he works in peace they rob but do not slay; and so they live upon the land. But if the peasants but bear knives are their farms raided, as were those of the men of Sir Simon, these six weeks gone."

Then Marrok thanked the man and rode on. But not one human form did he see until he came to a hamlet.

He saw a street once broad and fair, now overgrown with weeds. There, since the men no longer dared to live alone upon their farms, the peasants of this part of Bedegraine had drawn together for their defense, going to their fields by secret paths, concealed like rabbit-runways in the shrubbery. And at the hamlet, whether in the old houses rudely repaired, or in huts made of wattles and plastered with mud, they dwelt in the slight security one another's presence gave. Yet even there they were like the rabbits, vanishing into their burrows at any sound, as the knight saw when he reached their street. For he glimpsed two flying figures, that was all; he heard the slamming of doors and the sound of bars falling into their places; and then the place was silent as a village of the dead.

But the knight knew that behind each door were beings with panting breaths, beating hearts, and eyes bright with fear. Never in his life had he met with such an experience, and his heart sank within him.

"And this is Bedegraine!" he cried.

. . . . . .

III

HOW THE LAND OF BEDEGRAINE WAS CLEANSED

As Marrok, dismayed, was sitting there on his horse, he heard a commotion at the end of the village street. Men were shouting, there was crashing of broken fences and loud battering at doors, then the screams of women came. And Marrok thought that the shouts of the men were like cruel laughter, but the cry of the women was despair. He looked and saw

that at the village-end were women cowering, and children running, and men of the village, driven from their houses by flames, fighting silently with clubs and staves against others who laughed at them. For the men of the village were but in their smocks, but the others wore leathern jerkins and iron caps, and bore swords. Marrok saw that it was a surprise, for the armed men were the robbers, who even in broad day, in sheer wantonness, were destroying the homes and taking the lives of the peasants.

Then Marrok remembered again the word of shrewd King Pellinore, who had said, "Strike first!" He closed the vizor of his helmet, and leveled his lance, and rode swiftly against the robbers, not even raising his war-cry. The noise of the horse's hoofs was muffled in the weeds of the street; the robbers heard him not until he was upon them and had thrust their leader through the body. Then, while for one moment they stood amazed, he cast down his lance, drew his sword, and raised his terrible war-cry. With the first stroke the broad blade bit through a steel cap, and brained a man.

The knight was cool, the horse was trained, and the chances were even, though in numbers they were twenty to one. A third man fell lifeless, and the horse, rearing, trampled another to the ground. Three robbers, gaining their wits, rushed upon the knight from front and side, but with the speed of light he cut them down.

And there for five more minutes swirled the eddies of a little fight no fiercer, it may be, than many a border-struggle, yet more important in its results than a battle of armies. For while the knight fought, the peasants looked on, and for the first time in years saw a rescuer. Watching him, they gained heart. Weak and down-trodden as they were, they yet were

men; they could not idly watch one fight for them; and encouraging one another by word and action, they came again to the fight, and fell upon the robbers' rear. At the first hoarse cry of their new assailants the outlaws lost heart and turned to flee.

Then the peasants, perforce, again watched the fighting, for they had no strength to chase their oppressors. But the knight, on his horse, followed on the robbers' rear, and one by one cut them down. And though he had no knightly antagonists against him, but was even slaying churls in flight, which was against the practice of knighthood, Marrok knew that this fight was better, nay, even holier, than the combats of knights-errant fighting for trifling causes. And the peasants blessed him as they watched, and cried encouragement until the last outlaw, even as he reached the shelter of the forest, fell to the knight's sword.

But what was their delight when, calling the whole village from their houses to his welcome, they asked his name and were answered: "I am the Lord of Bedegraine, sent by Uther the king to purge this land!" And what was their wonder when they learned that he would live among them there, to rule, foster, and protect them! They kissed his hands, promising to serve him with all the strength of their bodies and all the courage of their hearts. They quenched the fire of the burning houses and brought in the fleeing cattle; with shouts they gathered the bodies of the robbers for burial in a pit; and on the side of the village toward the forest they erected poles, and on them hung — as the farmer hangs the bodies of hawks — the cleft head-pieces and battered shields of the outlaws, grim warnings to their fellows. And joyfully the men arrayed themselves in the armor of the robbers, the leather

or quilted jackets, and girt themselves with the swords.

Now all that we have told was but the beginning of Marrok's task, and to tell all were too tedious. But on that very day Marrok gathered all the peasants, and divided among them what arms were to be found.

Thus did Marrok strike first upon the outlaws, frightening them so that they dared not attack him. Then for a space he abode in peace with his peasants, and advised them in all that they did. And he rebuilt houses, and saw to the strengthening of fences; also he enlarged barns, which was necessary, for the harvest was greater than in many years. And the men of Bedegraine built him a house, a wooden grange, between them and the forest, where he could guard them. Then when his men were stronger and better fed he gathered them and the men of Sir Simon, and destroyed a second robber-haunt.

And so from season to season he increased his work. Fewer grew the robbers in the forest, and stronger and happier became the people of Bedegraine.

And the day came when, in all his land, Marrok knew there was no robber left. But at the forest's edge the hamlet of Bedegraine grew into a flourishing village, and new hamlets rose here and there. And the fields were made ever wider, and the forest was once more restricted to its ancient boundaries.

All this was not a task swiftly done nor easily accomplished. Much patience was necessary, with long waiting; much planning was needed before the end was reached. And seven years passed away before Marrok, looking about upon all that he had done, could feel satisfied. Then, as his duty was, since he had not looked upon the face of his king in all that while, he gathered a retinue and journeyed to London.

Most joyously did Uther receive Marrok, and he gave him great honor. He commanded that the knight should be given new robes of silk, and he sent rich presents to Marrok's lodging. In the audience-hall he spoke with the knight, and those of the company of the Table Round heard what was said in Marrok's praise. For the king prized him only lower than Pellinore.

"Now," cried the king, "what pleaseth me best of all, is that my kingdom is relieved of a disgrace. And this, Marrok, give I thee for a device: a lion couchant, as one guarding a pass, to bear upon thy shield and carve within thy castle. For surely thou buildest thyself a stronghold?"

NOTE

Merlin (Mĕr'-lin) was a legendary Welsh prophet and enchanter who was supposed to have advised Uther Pendragon, a British king, to gather around one large table forty nine of his truest and bravest knights and to provide space for one more. Afterward Uther Pendragon's own son Arthur became the fiftieth knight and the leader of them all.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG OF CÆDMON

BERTHA E. BUSH

They gathered round the tables,
  In the rough, glad days of yore,
And their boisterous shouts made the arches ring
  At the sight of the smoking boar.

They passed the harp around the board,
  And every one must sing
For the honor of his lady-love,
  Or the glory of his king.

The page he lilted a tender lay
  As he lightly touched the string;
The yeoman shouted a jocund catch
  As he thumped the sounding thing.

But the herdsman looked at his knotted hands:
  "I should rend the harp in twain!
And never a song know I, save the shout
  That calls the cattle again."

Then loud they mocked at the clumsy churl,
  Till he rose with awkward stride
And made his way to the cattle-sheds,
  His shame and grief to hide.

But lo! as he slept on the straw, he caught
  The glint of an angel's wing:
God's angel placed in his hand a harp,
  And bade the herdsman sing.

"I cannot, Lord, for my clumsy hands,
  And my voice so harsh and loud,
And I have no words."
  "I will give thee words."
And Cædmon obedient bowed.

The herdsman stood in his laborer's smock,
  Nor questioned, but ere long
Like a child at the voice of his mother,
  He opened his lips in song.

The lilting page and the mocking knight
And the yeoman went their way;
Their deeds are done, their songs forgot,
But the herdsman sings for ay.

Cædmon (Căd'-mon), an English poet of the 7th century, called "The Father of English Song."

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM

NOTE

Captain Joshua Slocum made a trip around the world alone in a small boat. In his travels he touched at the island of Juan Fernandez, made famous in the story of Robinson Crusoe. This extract is from Captain Slocum's book, "Sailing Alone Around the World."

On the tenth day from Cape Pillar a shark came along, the first of its kind on this part of the voyage to get into trouble. I harpooned him. I had not till then felt inclined to take the life of any animal, but when John Shark hove in sight my sympathy flew to the winds. It is a fact that in Magellan I let pass many ducks that would have made a good stew, for I had no mind in the lonesome strait to take the life of any living thing.

From Cape Pillar I steered for Juan Fernandez, and on the 26th of April, fifteen days out, made that historic island right ahead.

The blue hills of Juan Fernandez, high among the clouds, could be seen about thirty miles off. A thousand emotions thrilled me when I saw the island, and I bowed my head to the

deck. We may mock the Oriental salaam, but for my part I could find no other way of expressing myself.

The wind being light through the day, the *Spray* did not reach the island till night. With what wind there was to fill her sails she stood close in to shore on the northeast side, where it fell calm and remained so all night. I saw the twinkling of a small light farther along in a cove, and fired a gun, but got no answer, and soon the light disappeared altogether.

Soon after daylight I saw a boat putting out toward me. As it pulled near, it so happened that I picked up my gun, which was on the deck, meaning only to put it below; but the people in the boat, seeing the piece in my hands, quickly turned and pulled back for shore, which was about four miles distant. There were six rowers in her, and I observed that they pulled with oars in oar-locks, after the manner of trained seamen, and so I knew they belonged to a civilized race; but their opinion of me must have been anything but flattering when they mistook my purpose with the gun and pulled away with all their might. I made them understand by signs, but not without difficulty, that I did not intend to shoot, that I was simply putting the piece in the cabin, and that I wished them to return. When they understood my meaning they came back and were soon on board.

One of the party, whom the rest called "king," spoke English; the others spoke Spanish.

I had already prepared a pot of coffee and a plate of doughnuts, which, after some words of civility, the islanders stood up to and discussed with a will, after which they took the *Spray* in tow of their boat and made toward the island with her at the rate of a good three knots. The man they called

king took the helm, and with whirling it up and down he so rattled the *Spray* that I thought she would never carry herself straight again. The others pulled away lustily with their oars. The king, I soon learned, was king only by courtesy. Having lived longer on the island than any other man in the world,— thirty years,— he was so dubbed. Juan Fernandez was then under the administration of a governor of Swedish nobility, so I was told. I was also told that his daughter could ride the wildest goat on the island. The governor, at the time of my visit, was away at Valparaiso with his family, to place his children at school. The king had been away once for a year or two, and in Rio de Janeiro had married a Brazilian woman who followed his fortunes to the far-off island. He was himself a Portuguese and a native of the Azores. He had sailed in New Bedford whale-ships and had steered a boat. All this I learned, and more too, before we reached the anchorage. The sea-breeze, coming in before long, filled the *Spray's* sails, and the experienced Portuguese mariner piloted her to a safe berth in the bay, where she was moored to a buoy abreast the settlement.

The *Spray* being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and I was more than flattered when they did not slight my buns, as the professor had done in the Straits of Magellan. Between buns and doughnuts there was little difference except in name. Both had been fried in tallow, which was the strong point in both, for there was nothing on the island fatter than a goat, and a goat is but a lean beast, to make the best of it. Before the sun went down the islanders had learned the art of making buns and doughnuts. I did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious coins I got in payment, some of them from the wreck

of a galleon sunk in the bay no one knows when, I sold afterward to antiquarians for more than face-value. In this way I made a reasonable profit. I brought away money of all denominations from the island, and nearly all there was, so far as I could find out.

Juan Fernandez, as a place of call, is a lovely spot. The hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are streams of pure water. There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the use of rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about forty-five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One lady there, from Chile, who made a flying-jib for the *Spray,* taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you was more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before, on fire, had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed her to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which naturally presented a ship-like appearance. The house of the king of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at

the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals:

IN MEMORY

OF

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

MARINER

The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay now called Robinson Crusoe Bay.

I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a boat, and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I entered. I found it dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe storms that sweep over the island, which are not many; for it lies near the limits of the trade-wind regions, being in latitude 35½° S. The island is about fourteen miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

Juan Fernandez was once a convict station. A number of caves in which the prisoners were kept, damp, unwholesome dens, are no longer in use, and no more prisoners are sent to the island.

The pleasantest day I spent on the island, if not the pleasantest on my whole voyage, was my last day on shore,— but by no means because it was the last,— when the children of the little community, one and all, went out with me to gather wild fruits for the voyage. We found quinces, peaches, and figs, and the children gathered a basket of each. It takes very little to please children, and these little ones, never hearing a word in their lives except Spanish, made the hills ring with mirth at the sound of words in English. They asked me the names of all manner of things on the island. We came to a wild fig-tree loaded with fruit, of which I gave them the English name. "Figgies, figgies!" they cried, while they picked till their baskets were full. But when I told them that the *cabra* they pointed out was only a goat, they screamed with laughter, and rolled on the grass in wild delight to think that a man had come to their island who would call a cabra a goat.

The first child born on Juan Fernandez, I was told, had become a beautiful woman and was now a mother. Manuel Carroza and the good soul who followed him here from Brazil had laid away their only child, a girl, at the age of seven, in the little churchyard on the point. In the same half-acre were other mounds among the rough lava rocks, some marking the burial-place of native-born children, some the resting-places of seamen from passing ships, landed here to end days of sickness and get into a sailors' heaven.

The greatest drawback I saw in the island was the want of a school. A class there would necessarily be small, but to some kind soul who loved teaching and quietude, life on Juan Fernandez would, for a limited time, be one of delight.

On the morning of May 5, 1896, I sailed from Juan Fernan-

dez, having feasted on many things, but on nothing sweeter than the adventure itself of a visit to the home and to the very cave of Robinson Crusoe.

BETTY'S BEST CHRISTMAS

ALICE HEGAN RICE

It was a long, long time ago, in the early days of the Civil War, when two little cousins lay under the shade of a broad beech-tree in Kentucky, and asked each other, for all the world like little girls of the present day, "What can we do next?"

They had swung on the willow-boughs that hung above the creek where it ambled sleepily between its banks of fern and mint; they had climbed the hay-loft and jumped off until they were tired. Now, in the heat of the afternoon they lay on the grass, eating large slices of bread and jam and trying to think of something to do next.

"I know what I'd say if you weren't a goody-goody!" said Betty, a fair-haired, blue-eyed person of nine, with red lips that pouted when they weren't smiling, and eyes that could dance while the tears still stood in them.

"I'm *not* a goody-goody!" said the older girl, indignantly, "only with Daddy sick in the hospital and Aunty and Grandmother both away, I think we ought to mind Mammy."

"There's always some reason!" said Betty, with a rebellious toss of her curls. "They've been telling us that the Yankees would get us if we did this or that, until I 'most wish they would!"

"They wouldn't hurt me," said Jane, proudly, "because my father is a Union man."

"Well, your grandfather is n't or Mother, or me, or Mammy. We would n't be Yankees for anything!"

A troubled expression crossed Jane's delicate, serious face. She was only eleven, but the tragedy of the terrible war had already thrown its sinister shadows across her life. Her little home in the North had been broken up, her mother was off in a distant hospital nursing the dear father who had given his right arm for his country, and she was here at Holly-crest, her mother's old home in Kentucky, where she hardly dared mention her father's name. "Rebels" and "Yankees"! How she hated the words! It made her just as angry to hear her grandfather called the one, as it did to hear her father called the other.

"I know what I am going to do," announced Betty, whose thoughts had gone back to that forbidden something that started the argument. "I 'm going over to the office."

The office was a one-room log-building across the road, where Grandfather kept his books and papers and fled for refuge when the big house became too noisy with the coming and going of kith and kin. It was the one place on the estate forbidden to the children, and, by a strange law of nature, also the most fascinating.

Betty was a person who always suited the action to the word, and before Jane could remonstrate she was leading the way across the yard. As they passed the milk-cellar they encountered an obstacle. In fact, they encountered two of them. Two woolly little colored girls, who had been sliding down the slanting door, disentangled themselves from the bunch in which they had landed, and demanded in one breath, "Whar you-all gwine at?"

The little procession made its way round the big white house,

with its pillared porticoes, down the oleander-bordered avenue, and across the road. The door of the office was always locked, but the windows were often left open, and it was easy for the nimble Betty to scramble over the low sill and lend a hand to the others. It took all three of the older girls to get the fat little Rose up and over, especially as she helped herself not at all, but hung like a bag of meal, half in and half out.

"Come on," said Betty; "let's see what's in the secretary!"

Of all the forbidden things in the office the most alluring was the secretary. The top part was a bookcase, filled with queer, musty old volumes, and the lower part looked like a chest of drawers. But if two of you pulled very hard on the top knobs and pressed up as you pulled, a shelf opened out into a writing-desk and revealed all sorts of mysteries. There were dark little pigeonholes, and a secret drawer lined with velvet that none of the children could open except Betty, and she would n't do it unless you hid your eyes and crossed your heart and body. There was a queer, two-welled inkstand, and one side held red ink that would n't come off your fingers no matter how hard you rubbed.

"Let 's paint Rosie's face with it," cried Betty, "and stick rooster-feathers in her hair, and then let 's play she 's a Indian chief!"

The experiment was tried, but the red ink made no show on Rosie's chubby black cheeks, and the project was abandoned in favor of a more daring scheme.

"I wish we could reach those big books on the top shelf," said Betty, jumping up and down in the leather chair; "they 're

bound volumes of the old magazines, and they 've pictures in them."

Jane did not want to do it, but she did n't want to be left out of the play, either; so she climbed upon the secretary while four black hands and two white ones steadied the hassock. By hooking one finger over the edge of one of the uniform volumes she was able to bring it crashing down in their midst.

They knelt on the floor around it while Betty turned the pages. The first five minutes proved disappointing; then suddenly the pictures took on a personal interest. There were fashion-plates of quaint ladies in frilled petticoats over wide hoop-skirts, with lace mantillas and small dress bonnets; there were adorable little girls in low-necked, short-sleeved frocks, with wide pantalettes and pointed black slippers with ankle-straps.

"Paper dolls!" cried Betty, and even Jane's pulse quickened at the thought.

"Grandfather will never miss them," went on Betty, "besides, he would n't want to read the fashions. Let 's each choose a family and cut them out."

Excitement ran high, for each mother wanted a good old-fashioned family of not less than twelve children, and the volume had to be ransacked to supply the demand. Moreover, there was but one pair of scissors to be found, and argument over them waxed furious until Rose settled things by demanding, with a threatening wheeze, that her order be executed first.

At the end of an hour four large families of paper dolls had set up light housekeeping in the four corners of Squire

Todd's private office, the floor was littered with cut paper, and a large mutilated volume lay face downward on the leather chair.

Suddenly two fair heads and two kinky black ones were raised with a jerk.

"Hush!" cried Jane. "What 's that?"

The furious barking of dogs came up the avenue. "Somebody 's coming!" whispered Lily, the whites of her eyes gleaming in terror. "Let 's climb out of the window quick as we can."

Betty dropped everything and did as she was bidden, following the fat Rosie over the window-sill as fast as her legs would carry her. But the conscientious Jane stopped to pick up some of the litter, and had just succeeded in getting her apron full when the key turned in the lock and the door was flung open.

Grandfather, bareheaded and panting, stood on the threshold. He did n't seem to see Jane at all, but strode to the desk and began dragging papers out of the pigeonholes and drawers.

"Grandfather," began Jane timidly, "I am so sorry —"

But he cut her short. "Child," he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to her before, "stand there at the window and tell me the moment you hear horses' hoofs."

Jane took her position by the window, and her heart began to thump uncomfortably as she saw him tie up package after package of papers and fling them into an old valise.

"Grandfather," she asked fearfully, "is it — is it — the Yankees?"

But he did not seem to hear her; his whole mind was bent on the task before him. After a few moments he stopped, as if he suddenly remembered something.

"Jane," he said, "run up to the house as fast as you can and tell the servants to hide —"

A warning finger stopped him.

"I hear horses, Grandfather!" whispered Jane; "they are coming up the Smithfield pike!"

"Watch if they turn this way or go toward town!"

Jane could feel her heart thump, thumping against the window-sill as she leaned out. "They are coming this way," she said, "two — four — no, six of them!"

Grandfather flattened himself against the wall, and signaled for Jane to do likewise. The clatter of horses' hoofs was growing louder. They passed under the window, passed the open door, then turned into the avenue across the road that led up to the house.

"Jane," said Grandfather, and his words came quick and tense, "those men are after me! They must n't know I have been here. Hide the rest of those papers and this money before they come back. Don't tell anybody where you put them. Don't tell that you have seen me!"

He seized the valise, and with three strides to the back window was over the sill and gone.

Meanwhile Betty, scrambling through the lilac-bushes with Lily and Rose, made the exciting discovery that it was n't the family returning from town after all, but a troop of soldiers on horseback, who had reined up at the front porch.

"Whose place is this?" asked the officer.

"Grandfather's," said Betty.

"What is his name?"

"Squire Todd."

The officer nodded to the man behind him. "I thought so," he said. "We 'll have a look around."

It was at this point that Mammy, attracted by the voices, opened the front door. At sight of the blue-coated soldiers she gathered the children close, like an old hen protecting her chicks.

But the soldiers brushed right past Mammy and went marching through the wide front door without even stopping to wipe their muddy boots on the mat. When they came out, they carried Grandfather's old flint-lock musket and the two dueling-pistols that used to hang in the dining-room but of late had stood behind the hall door, where nobody was allowed to so much as peep at them.

"Any papers?" asked the officer.

"None of consequence," said a soldier.

Then the officer turned to Betty, "When do you look for your grandfather to return?"

"Not before sunset, sir."

"You are sure he has n't been here in the last hour?"

Betty shook a positive head.

The officer looked at them suspiciously. "Two of you men guard the house," he said; "the rest of us will search the premises."

They circled the grounds several times, looking in the milk-cellar and the smoke-house and the negro cabins and all about; then they came back and got on their horses and rode down the avenue.

"Is that a house over there in the bushes?" asked the officer, with a sharp glance at the small log-building across the road. "Better take a look inside."

One of the soldiers strode through the high grass and flung open the door.

Sitting on the floor was a sweet-faced, demure little girl, apparently absorbed in her paper dolls.

"Are you Squire Todd's daughter?" asked the soldier.

"No, sir," said the little girl, looking up. "I am Captain Michell's daughter, of the Fourteenth Massachusetts."

"A good little Yankee, eh?" said the soldier, smiling.

"Yes, sir," said Jane, "my father lost his arm at Chickamauga."

The soldier returned to his chief, and after a brief parley they rode away, two to the north and two to the south.

An hour later, Jane and Betty, hanging anxiously over the big gate at the end of the avenue waiting for Grandmother and Mother to come home, saw two of the horsemen returning, with somebody riding between them.

"Why, it 's Grandfather!" cried Betty, joyfully, and she waved her hand.

But Grandfather looked neither to right nor left. His white hair blew back from his stern white face, and his brows met in a heavy scowl.

"He 's awfully mad!" said Betty; "he 's mad at us for cutting his book."

But Jane knew better. In a terrible flash of understanding she knew that he had been captured, that he was being marched away to prison. She wanted to scream out in fear and protest, but because she was the daughter of a soldier, and because she wanted very much to let him know that she had been true to her trust, she scrambled up on the gate-post and shouted out as loud as she could:

"Good-by, dear Grandfather! I 'll take care of everything for you till you come back!"

"If I could only help!" was Betty's constant cry.

"You do help, dear," said Mother, wearily. "You help in a hundred ways. If it were n't for you, Grandmother and I would n't have the courage to go on."

"But I want to be earning some money!" said Betty. "If I could only go to the art school and learn designing, then I could take care of us all!"

Mother sighed. The art school had been the goal of all their hopes, for Betty had inherited from her artist father a gift for drawing, and had taken all the prizes that her school had to offer. But ambitions and dreams had to give way to the immediate need for food and clothes. And now that winter had come, the problem of keeping warm was looming up biggest of all. All the front part of the house was closed, and only Grandmother's room and the kitchen were lived in.

Day after day Betty tried to think of some way she could make some money; but everybody in the neighborhood was poor like themselves, and there seemed nothing for a girl of fourteen to do. And then one day a happy thought came to her. She had seen at school a set of hand-painted paper dolls that had come from New York, and the idea occurred to her that perhaps, if she made some very pretty ones, she could sell them, too.

Without saying anything to anybody about her plan, she took her paint-box after lunch and went down to the little log-house across the road, the only spot about the place that had been left untouched since the old days. For an hour she worked, only at the end of it to tear up all that she had done. She could paint the little figures with real daintiness and skill, but it took a more experienced hand than hers to make the drawing sufficiently accurate. Very much discouraged, she

was about to give up, when another happy thought popped into her head, this time a veritable inspiration!

Jumping up, she ran over to the old secretary, and, reaching up to the top shelf, took down one of the dusty volumes of the bound magazines that had not been disturbed since the day five years ago when Grandfather was marched away to prison.

There they were! The quaint old-fashioned ladies in frilled petticoats over wide hoop-skirts, with their lace mantillas and dress bonnets; and smiling little girls, low-necked and short-sleeved, with wide pantalettes showing below their knees.

All the afternoon Betty worked furiously, cutting the figures out and mounting them with great care on cardboard. Then came the fun of coloring them, and the result was even more charming than she had dreamed. When a set of six was finished, she sat looking at them for a long time, then she went over to the secretary and rummaged until she found a long envelope. This she addressed to the aunt in Massachusetts whose picture Grandmother kept on her bureau, but whose name was never mentioned. Betty wrote:

Dear Aunt Fan: Will you please see if you can sell these paper dolls for me, and get some orders for more? They are just like the ones Jane and I used to play with, and I thought maybe the little Boston girls might like them as much as we did. Mother would n't like it if she knew I was writing this, so please don't tell her.

Your loving niece,
Betty Todd.

Every day after that for a week Betty watched for the mail-carrier, and got to the letter-box before he did; but he always shook his head and passed on. Just when she was giving up hope, a letter came. It ran:

Dear Betty: Your letter was the first word I have had from Hollycrest for over two years, and it warmed my heart! It brought back the happy

days before the war when my darling Jane was living and my family held me dear. Indeed I can sell your dolls for you. A friend wants twenty sets for her kindergarten, provided you can get that number finished in time for Christmas.

Your loving aunt,
FANNIE TODD MITCHELL.

Betty was so excited over the order that she scarcely thought of the rest of the letter. One hundred and twenty paper dolls to be made, and Christmas only a month off!

That afternoon, as soon as school was over, she rushed home to begin her task, but Mother met her at the door.

"Betty," she said, "I hate to ask you, dear, but you will have to help me with the ironing to-day."

A quick protest sprang to her lips, but one look at her mother's tired face made her get out the ironing-board and fall to work with what patience she could muster. Every afternoon it was the same way; sometimes the dishes had to be washed, sometimes an errand had to be run, and sometimes, hardest of all, she had to sit by the hour playing checkers with Grandmother, trying to help her forget the terrible sorrows that had come to her in her old age.

But whenever a spare moment came, she fled to the office and worked like mad, cutting and pasting and tinting until her fingers grew numb with the cold.

Now and then a crowd of boys and girls, with their skates slung over their shoulders, would pass on the road below, and Betty would lift her head long enough to send a wistful glance after them. But there was no time these days for play; all she asked was time for work. If she could only make some money to help Mother pay those terrible bills over which she cried until her pillow was wet every night!

When all the volumes but one had been ransacked, Betty met with a disappointment that brought her air-castle tumbling about her in ruins. On opening the musty book she found the fashion-plates already cut out! It was the very volume she and Jane had been playing with on the day the soldiers had taken Grandfather away.

Aunt Fan's condition had been that she should send the full number, and here at the last minute she found herself one set short.

Her head went down on the table, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. How could she have forgotten to make allowance for that volume? There had been more than enough plates to start with, but she had destroyed all but the prettiest ones, thinking she had more than enough to choose from. And now all her hard work would go for nothing. Mother would find no gold-piece under her plate on Christmas morning, the bills would come in, and then —

She flung back her curls with resolution, and something of Grandfather Todd's rebel spirit flashed in her eyes. She would n't give up! She would search every book in that old secretary until she found something she could use! Snatching up the volume before her to put it back on the shelf, she saw something flutter out from its pages and fall on the floor at her feet. Betty had thought so much about money lately that she was almost afraid she was dreaming now; but when she stooped and put out her hand, her fingers actually touched a twenty-dollar bill, very old and soft.

For a moment she stood looking at it in bewilderment, then her eyes flew back to the book in her hand. With a quick-drawn breath she began feverishly turning its pages. Wherever the fashion-plates had been cut out lay row after row of

neatly piled bills, and at the very back, as if it had been thrust there hurriedly, a sheaf of loose papers.

Betty tumbled the treasure, book and all, into her apron, and sped to the house as if she had wings on her feet.

"Mother! Mother!" she kept shouting every step of the way.

Mrs. Todd straightened her tired back above the ironing-board as the impetuous figure burst into the kitchen.

"Look what I've found, Mother!" cried Betty, breathlessly. "In one of Grandfather's old books. It's money! Heaps and heaps of money!"

Mrs. Todd touched the bills with trembling fingers. "In a book?" she kept repeating, like one dazed.

"Grandfather must have hid it there when he thought the soldiers were coming," said Betty. "Count it, Mother, quick! Will there be enough to pay what we owe?"

But Mrs. Todd was not thinking about the money; she was examining the papers with growing excitement.

"Why, these are bonds!" she cried, "for thousands and thousands of dollars! And they've been there all this time and we never knew! Oh, my little girl, my little girl!"

And Mother, who had been so brave during all the years of poverty, broke down completely, now that relief was in sight, and buried her head on Betty's shoulder. Then the story of the paper dolls came out, and Grandmother had to be told, and Aunt Fan's letter was produced and cried over and laughed over in the same breath.

And in the midst of the excitement, with Mother preparing to take the money and papers to the bank, and Grandmother actually writing to Aunt Fan for the first time since Lee's surrender, Betty suddenly remembered her unfinished task!

The sudden good fortune that had dropped from the skies would have made many a girl forget all about those six paper dolls. But Betty was not one to be easily turned aside from an undertaking. Rushing back to the office, she searched in the scrap-basket until she found enough pieces to get together one more little family. The last pink rose was painted on the last bonnet by the flickering light of a candle, and the twenty sets, neatly packed, were addressed and slipped into the mail-box before Betty, tired but happy, trudged up the snowy avenue in time for supper.

On Christmas morning, for the first time in years, a huge log crackled merrily on the stone hearth in the dining-room; Grandmother occupied her old place at the head of the table and poured the coffee; while Lily White, a tall girl now, flew back and forth from the kitchen, bearing plates of crisp brown batter-cakes and piles of hot beaten biscuit. And on the table in the corner were presents, beautiful presents that had come from Boston for everybody down to Mammy and fat little Rose, who had come back to live in the cabin under the hill.

"And the best of all is this!" cried Mother, with eyes as bright as Betty's own. And she held up a shining gold-piece, and a card on which was written:

For dearest Mother. The first money

I ever earned.

ABOUT AMERICA

A Letter to a Young French Girl
(Written during the War)

BOOTH TARKINGTON

My Dear Little French Friend:

I call you "little," I should explain, more because of the affection in the word than because you really are little. Indeed, the photograph which the gentleman of the committee so kindly transmitted to me shows you to be a grave-eyed young lady of perhaps more than thirteen, while your letter shows you to be even older than that, certainly older in serious ways than my own daughter of thirteen — older in experience, and, I fear, in suffering and sacrifice. And let me say frankly that this letter of yours, just received, is both intelligent and charming; and I regard as a privilege the opportunity you make for me to tell you something about the country of which I have the honor to be a citizen, the United States of America.

You say, my dear little friend, that you are sure it is a good country, and a generous country, but that naturally you do not know so much about it as you do about France, and that you have never quite understood what sort of people the Americans are, having heard expressed various contradictory opinions of them.

Well, to explain: we are what our history shows us to be. Certainly that must be true! A nation is like a person in this: he is what he does; also he is apt to be what he *has* done.

In the first place, then, the Indians were here, upon these enormous tracts of land between the Atlantic Ocean and the

Pacific Ocean. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there came colonists, prevailingly English, to the Atlantic coast, hardy and brave and industrious people. In many places the tribes of Indians sold them the rights to the land, and in others wars arose, and the Indians were gradually driven westward from the coast, where the English colonies more and more securely established themselves. But in England, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, there was a king, of German descent, and he wished to put heavy taxes upon the colonists in America and rule them without allowing them to have a voice in the government. The colonists were not so meek as the king thought; they were independent in spirit, and they made up their minds to be rid of any rule but their own, so that each man of them should have not only freedom from kings, but freedom from all manner of oppression. The colonists fought a long, hard war for this freedom they so much desired; and in the midst of their trials a beautiful thing happened: the young Marquis de La Fayette, a Frenchman who cared more for the ideal of liberty than he did for his wealth, his comfort, or his life, came across the sea to help those new Americans, and became a general in their small, hard-fighting army.

The colonists had other help from France,— help which their descendants could never forget,— and at last France openly joined in the war, sending forces to fight, both on sea and on land; and, with this great aid, the revolutionists were able to win the war and their complete independence.

They adopted the free form of government known as a republic, without kings or hereditary officers of any kind. No class of people was granted special privileges; all citizens

not only stood alike before the laws, but each one had as much to do with making the laws as any other. Always the ideal the Republic strove to attain was freedom for every citizen, so that in this country no normal human being should be obliged to act against either his conscience or his inclination, and that all citizens might have equal opportunities.

Now, those who made the Republic were not selfish; the doors were thrown wide open to all people who might wish to come from other countries and take up citizenship. The land which in time came under the domination of the American people was vast; east and west it was the whole width of the American continent, with thousands of miles of sea-coast for ports and fishing-grounds; there were forests of big timber, forests broader than some of the countries of Europe; there were mountain ranges more massive than the Alps and laden with coal and iron and with silver and gold; there were gigantic deposits of copper, of lead, of every other mineral, and of oil and gas; but the greatest of all in richness was the rich earth itself, the millions and millions of acres of fertile land for corn and wheat, for all the cereals, and pasturage for such herds of cattle and sheep as the world never knew before.

You have heard, you say, my dear, of the " rich Americans," and how the United States is the " rich man's country." In a way, this is true. The American people are the richest people because they have been industrious in developing such vast tracts of rich land. And all the while, you know, anybody who wished could come here and share in the development and in the prosperity. The immigrant had as much chance to grow rich as the native had. It all depended only on his industry and his intelligence. Education was open to him;

everything was open to him, if only he were willing. And hordes of immigrants did come, and shared in the products of the rich soil and became Americans.

You may have heard somewhere that the Americans grew rich by other means than by their industry and the richness of the American soil; and of course it is true that here and there there were men among them who by cunning and corruption got more than their proper share; but the common prosperity of the people is a fact of overwhelmingly more importance than that a few individuals have misused for gain the trust of citizenship. I am a kind of Socialist, myself, my dear, but I believe, with the unfortunate Russian lady, more in the socialism that tries to make poor people rich than in that which tries to make rich people poor. Almost all the richer people in America have won their riches in open and fair competition; they have won by industry or intelligence or economy, or all three; and there are indeed very, very few poor people who need to remain poor if they display normal energy or intelligence. The advance has been so great and the opportunities are so universal that almost all of those who consider themselves poor to-day can have more comforts in their lives and better education for their minds than were within the reach of those who were considered "rich" fifty or sixty years ago.

Of the people who came to America from all over the world, many came because they wanted the freedom of thought and speech and action prevailing here; many came to escape the period of military service which was necessary in Europe because of the ambitions of autocratic governments; and many indeed came because of the richness of the American soil and the equal opportunities for everybody to share in the riches produced from it. America was in truth a land, as we say, of

"peace and plenty"; and yet, of course, we have not been able to escape wars.

After our Revolutionary War we came again into a quarrel with Britain, and fought what we call the "War of 1812." This was because the British interfered with our maritime rights. They did not sink our ships or murder American citizens, but they did infringe upon our rights on the sea in a manner intolerable to an independent nation; and so we fought them, of course; and in the end the British agreed to respect the rights we had defended. This was a war we had to fight, unless we were willing to let a foreign government abuse American citizens; any nation must fight when it comes to such a question as that, you see, or else it will not long *be* a nation.

And then, before the country settled into its boundaries, there was a war of expansion: Americans had begun to develop a great northern section of Mexico (the hot country south of us), and they declared their independence of Mexico, then asked us to join this section (called Texas) to the United States; which brought about war to the United States and Mexico. Undoubtedly such a war was indeed a good one, and the people of Texas were surely not unreasonable in wishing to live under American laws rather than under Mexican rule.

The war we fought with Mexico was not a great war, however. Our greatest war lasted four years, and was not with a foreign country. It was caused by a great sin among ourselves, a sin which had begun as a small thing long before we won our independence, but grew until it was enormous and not to be borne. The people of the Southern States of our federation held hundreds of thousands of negroes as slaves,

and when the nineteenth century was a little more than half over, the North found that the time had come when the great evil must be faced.

Now, my dear child, if you wish to understand the character of our people, I will ask you to think for a moment or two about this great and terrible Civil War of ours. My father and some of my uncles took part in it; for almost all the men whom I knew in my boyhood and youth had been soldiers in that fierce struggle. Some of them, indeed, were cripples, but all greatly honored among us; and even now we still see the old, old veterans gathering for a reunion. Why did they fight?

The Southerners had determined to break up the country rather than abate what they considered their rights in their property, the slaves. The Northern States would not consent that slavery should increase, and determined to hold it in check; and this brought on the war which, after four years of terrible sacrifice, crushed the South and abolished slavery. The Northern States did not want war; they hated war and were altogether unprepared for it. There could be no material gain for them in their opposition to slavery. They knew that the war and even the abolition of slavery itself would make them poorer, not richer, and they knew that many and many of their best must die, if it came to war — and yet they fought. They fought because they thought slavery wrong — so wrong that it was worse than war.

And it is true that our war with Spain came because the people of the United States felt that a wrong was being done to the people of Cuba. Horrors were continuous for many, many years in the unhappy island so close to our coast; we felt that the long tragedy must be closed. And at the end

of the short war, when we had taken Cuba from Spain, we set the island in order and went away, leaving it to the free Cubans. We had taken the Philippine islands from Spain, but we paid Spain $20,000,000 in money for them, and assumed their government until such time as the natives should learn how to govern and protect themselves — and only until that time.

These, then, have been our wars, little Marie, and I think you will not believe that they show us to be a mean or ungenerous people, nor an overly self-seeking people. But shall I tell you something of what sort of people we have seemed to be in our long years of peace time? Then I shall say at once that in the last twenty or thirty years of our vastly increasing wealth and prosperity I think we have been too much concerned with our wealth and prosperity themselves. I mean that wealth and prosperity ought really to be only a means to help a people toward *thinking* more comfortably, and toward making the world more beautiful, whereas we have thought that wealth and prosperity were intended as a means toward getting more wealth and prosperity. We have built huge cities and kept on making them more and more enormous, and we talked a great deal of the mere *size* of everything and of how much money everything cost us. And many of these cities were incongruous and ugly to the eye, and noisy and dirty and befouled with heavy coal-smoke. We did not care to make them beautiful and clean; so long as they were big, we cared for little else. You see, the great *size* of everything meant that everybody was "getting rich." And everybody *could* get rich, the newest immigrant as well as the native, if he worked hard enough and skilfully enough. There is no doubt we thought rather too much about riches.

On the other hand, we did think pretty well about education and government. We made progress in our effort to see that every baby born into the world shall have the same chance that any other baby has to live a wise and good and happy life. We made progress in our effort to see that all the children and young people of the nation shall have all the education that they need or they wish to take. We made progress in our effort to prevent cunning men from increasing their riches by unfair advantages; we made progress toward giving the laboring man publicly more than the capitalist can have privately. (As in France, where no millionaire can have to himself so fine a park as that of Versailles or Fontainebleau, which belongs to the people. And neither a laboring man nor a millionaire can sit under more than one tree at the same time, you know, my dear.)

We made progress, indeed, in our democracy; that is to say, in having a country belonging to all the people. Our law is that there shall be no classes or castes of people. We shall never let the richer rule the poorer; we shall never let the poorer rule the richer. We shall not even let either the richer or the poorer regard themselves as a class and attempt to rule the other. It is true that there are immigrants, accustomed to oppression in their own empires or kingdoms, who have come to our Republic, and, not accepting our republican ideals, have desired to introduce class hatred and class government here. We will not have it. We shall teach them that such things are not for America, and that here there shall be neither classes nor class rule; nothing but rule by all the people.

That is a little about what we are, here in America, my child — only a little, of course, and told very broadly and roughly. Now, let me tell you something of how we come

to be fighting with the French and British and Italians against the Germans and Austrians in the Great War — how it is that we who live on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean should be sending millions of soldiers to Europe.

Until 1914, most of us, here in America, believed that there would never be another great war. For my own part, I was like the rest: I was unable to imagine that the government of any country could be so foolish or so wicked as to bring about an international war. In the summer of 1911 I was motoring in Germany, and as we approached the French frontier we found that great numbers of German soldiers were also moving in the same direction — toward France. We bought a newspaper and read that there was a "crisis"; and it is the strange fact that we laughed about it, we were so sure it meant nothing serious. We even laughed when we left the German frontier, on the road from Strasburg to Nancy, and saw troops of Uhlans collecting within a few yards of the border of the neutral strip between the two countries. There were batteries of artillery, too, close by; though when we crossed into France, we could see broad stretches of French country, but no French troops until we had gone more than ten kilometres along the road. We remembered this, I should add, at the beginning of August, 1914, when the Germans declared that "French patrols had crossed the frontier," but the French Government stated that all French troops had been held ten kilometres from the border. However, in 1911, we motoring Americans were actually amused by the preparations for war attending the "crisis"; we were so positive that no such dreadful thing as war could really come about. You see, we were "provincial"; we merely reflected the pacifist condition of our own country.

For we were, indeed, a pacifist nation. The American army was so small that it really had no part in the life of the people, in America we rarely saw soldiers on the street; in an American city or town or village a military uniform was as rare as ragged clothes — the only uniforms we were accustomed to see were those of policemen and postmen and messenger boys. There are over 100,000,000 people in the United States and our army consisted of about 100,000 men. There was a small body of militia in each of the States, with no equipment for war and very, very little training.

I tell you this, you see, to show you why we were so innocently ignorant of the real condition in Europe. The very thought of war was repugnant to us; and we believed the thought of war so repugnant to all other nations and governments that a state of war could never again exist, except locally, as a sort of police struggle — or as a class-struggle, in Russia, perhaps.

And so, when the war began in Europe, in 1914, we were at first confused and horrified. It seemed more like something we were dreaming than like reality. For a time we did not understand what had brought this horrible thing about, though we had always felt a strong distrust of the German kaiser. We had admired Germany for many things, and we had a friendly feeling toward the German people, because we thought them so good-natured and jolly, with their beer-songs and music, and yet so industrious and law-abiding, and so capable in business. The truth is, we did not know a great deal about them; and the one thing which puzzled us, when we spoke or thought of them, was why in the world they did not throw their strutting, war-talking old play-actor of a kaiser into the dust-heap. Therefore, we were dumfounded when,

in that bad August of 1914, we learned the truth that all the German people were as bent on war as their kaiser himself was.

For France we had a feeling different from that which we felt for any other nation. There was La Fayette, you remember, and Rochambeau, and the help from France to enable us to be free. France is a republic, as America is. And if you should come to America, the great thing you would see from your ship, before you set foot on shore, would be the statue, rising from the salt water and high against the sky, "Liberty Enlightening the World"— the statue France gave to America. Close to the garden entrance to the Louvre, you have seen, in Paris, the bronze figure of La Fayette mounted on his war-horse. The school-children of America gave that to France in token of a gratitude lasting through many generations, and never stronger than to-day. In the Place d'Iéna you have seen the equestrian bronze statue of La Fayette's friend, George Washington, and you know that he was an American. We call him the "Father of his Country," and that is what he was. It was because he was the most heroic figure in the founding of this Republic, and because France was his friend and our friend, that his statue is there in Paris now. So I think you will understand what Americans mean when we say that our feeling for France has always been different from our feeling toward other countries.

You will understand, too, how stirred and troubled we were, when, in the early days of that August, we saw France threatened with war. As I have said, we were confused; we did not understand what had seemed so suddenly to betray all Europe into agony. It was to us as if we unexpectedly heard fierce voices breaking a stillness, the voices of Austria and

Germany, and then, looking over the sea, we saw our old friend, France, deathly pale and quiet, but standing ready to face any horror. And we hoped, whatever the right or wrong of this terrible quarrel, that France would not be overborne.

Then Germany treacherously murdered little Belgium, and we felt instantly and instinctively that a government and an army capable of doing so bad a thing must be in the wrong of the quarrel, and must have provoked it. With no more before us than this, our judgment began to be formed. And when our ancient enemy, Britain, straightaway sent her little army to stand with France and what was left of Belgium, we gloried in Britain and felt that Britain was right and honorable and brave in this fight.

Slowly we began to unravel the causes of the war, as the facts of the German plans came before us bit by bit — and, finally, the proofs, not set forth by Germany's enemies, but all by Germans themselves; until we found that what we had only intuitively felt at first was indeed the historical truth. Germany had brought about the war for the purpose of becoming more powerful and richer.

Do you know how many Americans went to help the Allies in 1914 and 1915 and 1916? The brave young men sailed on every ship; they went by hundreds into Canada and enlisted there; they drove ambulances for France; and they fought on the sea and in the air for France and for Britain. There were many thousands of them. Not *one* American went to help Germany.

Our Government declared that we would take neither side. Nearly all the men who formed that Government saw the truth as plainly as the majority of our people did; they understood the wickedness of the German ambition. But it was

the Government's duty to keep our unwarlike nation out of war, if that could be done; and for a time, indeed, we had no direct quarrel of our own with Germany. War was "against our nature," as we say; its calamity would fall upon the noblest possession we have — the young men of the nation, and in riches and comforts, even in necessary food and clothes, we should every one of us be much poorer. We tried to "maintain neutrality."

The Germans would not have it so. To obtain a treacherous and unlawful advantage over Britain and France they sank merchant vessels upon which were American citizens. When we protested against these murders, the Germans told us to change our laws. In the end they made laws for us to obey, and declared that if American citizens disobeyed the new German laws, these citizens would be killed by Germans. That is, Germany announced that she had begun to rule America by force, and an American's disobedience of German law was to be punished with death. Of course, if we endured such a proclamation, our independence, for which the French so long ago came to help Washington fight, was at an end, and we were subjects of the kaiser.

That is why we have about two million soldiers fighting the Germans in France at the middle of this autumn of 1918, and why we shall have a million more there by the end of spring, and why we shall send ten million if they happen to be needed.

It is why we are launching three great ships a day and shall soon be launching ten; it is why we are gladly doing without wheat, that the Allies may be fed; it is why we go cold in our houses, that the coal may heat the steel for cannon.

Already, dear little French lady, we Americans are much

poorer in money and in all kinds of "property" and "capital" than we were before we went into the war. The taxes in our country have all fallen on the richer, not upon the poorer. In money, the poorer (those who labor with their muscles) are growing richer, and the richer are growing poorer. But the whole country is poorer because of the prodigious masses of useful things that come out of the ground — the coal, the iron, the copper, the cotton — which are being consumed in the destruction of war. War eats up true wealth: the minerals and the muscles — yes, and the brains. The millionaires are being made less than millionaires every day; and though the workingmen receive more money than ever before, they cannot buy more with it than they could before the war.

But this, as you know too well, is not the hard cost of the war. Each day there are more American graves in France, and already splendid young men are beginning to be carried from the returning ships at our ports — crippled, blind, insane. Yet all these things are but the slightest beginning of what we would bear in order to win this war. For that we would bear everything — as France has borne everything.

There have been foolish people who have called this a "capitalists' war." (In your letter you show that you understood what this term means, and you are very clever and well educated for your years, I must say!) And you mention that some one had said, "The Americans are all capitalists!" So we are, as every one is who earns some money and puts it in a savings-bank. Well, we are losing a great deal of our capital through the war, and we are prepared to lose it all. Foolish people have said of the war, "Why should the poor man fight in a rich man's quarrel?" Of course the Germans are trying to get the poorer people of England and France

and America and Italy to say such things, but if poor people in Germany were overheard asking that question, they would risk being put in jail. You see, it is n't a "rich man's quarrel" so far as the Allies are concerned. We are fighting, rich and poor, to keep the kaiser and his government and army from making us all (and all our descendants) work for Germany — as slaves, if Germany chooses, or under whatever laws and rules the Germans might decide to enforce upon us.

America came into the war for the reasons I have told you; but since then we have gradually come to a clearer enlightenment. We see that there is not at one time room enough in the world for such a government as Germany's and for free peoples such as the people of France and Britain and Italy and America. The kaiser's government must be crushed, or the rest of us will be crushed, poor and rich together.

We intend to live, we Americans, and to live in freedom, without further uneasiness as to the intentions of kaisers or other Germans. We mean to see to it *now* that our grandchildren shall have no fear of Germany. It is our hope to take from the shoulders of France and of Britain some weight at the ending of their task. And when it is finished, what do we Americans want for ourselves? What do we intend to ask as our reward? Not one inch of ground; not one sou of tribute; no increase of trade; no favors. We want a peace that shall last, and we want the French, the British, and the Italians to think of us as a friend thinks of a friend.

With gratitude to you for what you have borne not only for France, but for America, I am, dear child,

Your American friend,

Booth Tarkington.

NOTES

Lafāyette (La-fāy-ette′), a young French military officer who came to America in his twentieth year to offer to General Washington his services and his money in the fight that America was making to gain freedom from British control.

The Revolutionary War or War for Independence began in 1775 with the battle of Lexington and closed with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781. General Washington commanded the American troops.

Caste. A division of the people into classes.

Jean Baptiste Rochambeau (Rō-chäu′-bō), Field Marshal of the French Armies who came to America in 1780 when 55 years and commanded the French Armies in America for two years.

Louvre Lū′-vr). The famous Art Gallery in Paris founded before 1214.

Maintain neutrality means remaining unallied with any nation which is at war with any other nation. A neutral nation is free to send to any of the fighting nations supplies of food or any article not excluded by the rules of war.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

EDGAR A. GUEST

The little old man with the curve in his back
And the eyes that are dim and the skin that is slack,
So slack that it wrinkles and rolls on his cheeks,
With a thin little voice that goes "crack!" when he speaks,
Never goes to the store but that right at his feet
Are the youngsters who live on the street.

And the little old man in the suit that was black,
And once might have perfectly fitted his back,
Has a boy's chubby fist in his own wrinkled hand,
And together they trudge off to Light-hearted Land;
Some splendid excursions he gives every day
To the boys and the girls in his funny old way.

The little old man is as queer as can be;
He 'd spend all his time with a child on his knee;
And the stories he tells I could never repeat,
But they 're always of good boys and little girls sweet;
And the children come home at the end of the day
To tell what the little old man had to say.

Once the little old man did n't trudge to the store,
And the tap of his cane was n't heard any more;
The children looked eagerly for him each day
And wondered why he did n't come out to play,
Till some of them saw Dr. Brown ring his bell,
And they wept when they heard that he might not get well.
But after a while he got out with his cane,
And called all the children around him again;
And I think as I see him go trudging along
In the center, once more, of his light-hearted throng,
That the earth has no glory that 's greater than this:
The little old man whom the children would miss.

HOW WILD ANIMALS ARE CAPTURED

FRANK C. BOSTOCK

Few who see wild animals in cages realize the vast amount of trouble, danger, and expense necessary to get them there. The greatest danger lies in capturing the animals in their native countries.

It is an easy task to hunt wild animals for sport, compared to the difficulties connected with their capture, not only alive, but uninjured. An injured animal is rarely any use. The

injuries, added to the frenzy of a wild animal when first caught, leave very little chance of his surviving the ordeal, even for a few days; and should he do so, the chances are that he will remain in such a miserable state for so long that he will not repay the cost of capture, feeding, and transportation.

As a rule, although rare specimens have been made exceptions, an injured animal is either killed at once, or, if there should appear to be no immediate danger to the lives of his captors, is allowed to escape.

The chief danger lies, not so much when face to face with the animals, but when hunting and tracking them. The wariest and most careful hunter may be tracking an animal, and at the same time be tracked by the very animal he is seeking, who may spring on him at any moment.

There is no more ticklish or dangerous task than tracking lions in the vast Nubian deserts. The scorching sun pours down with such force that few men can stand it. The effect on the eyes is blinding. There is little or no shade, with the exception of occasional small palm-trees and bushes, while the jutting rocks afford splendid hiding-places for the king of beasts.

A rhinoceros is also a formidable foe. Although comparatively slow-moving, it can, when excited, move quite quickly enough, and its horns can be used with terrible effect.

In capturing animals alive, it is generally considered better to get young ones. A number of natives form parties and then go in different directions, until they come upon the spoor of either a lioness or young lions. They then signal to one another by peculiar calls, and, meeting together, follow up the trail until they find the lair.

Should they find that the lair contains a lioness and cubs, they do all they can to induce the lioness to come out, and if unable to capture her alive, shoot her and then capture the cubs. This sounds very simple, but a lioness with cubs is one of the most savage of animals, and she will fight to the last. Having killed the lioness, there is still danger with the cubs; for lion cubs are fierce, strong, and vicious creatures, and can tear and bite with their claws and teeth in a terrible manner.

One plan is to throw nets or a piece of strong sackcloth over the young ones, in which they become entangled. The men then run forward, pick them up, and carry them off, and they are extremely lucky if they escape with a few scratches only, for the cubs, though tangled in the net, are able to make an exceedingly lively fight. Sometimes the lioness is not wounded fatally, and she is then far more dangerous than before. It is quite impossible to take the cubs in that case, for she would follow for miles, and in addition to making the cubs more savage, her cries of pain and distress would be more than likely to bring out her mate from some neighboring hiding-place, and then nothing could be done but to drop the cubs and withstand the lions' attack.

When the cubs are captured, goats are obtained in full milk, and the cubs are fed by them until they are past the first teething-stage and able to eat meat. In some cases spaniels are provided as foster-mothers, and although at first the dogs are uneasy at their somewhat rough and savage foster-children, they generally grow fond of them, and the affection is more often than not returned by the cubs.

For catching full-grown lions large traps of various forms are used. One trap is square, one of the sides lifting up on a spring, like the old-fashioned mouse-trap. This trap is baited

with a piece of fresh meat, and as soon as the lion has entered the trap the door shuts down and he is a prisoner. But lions are shrewd and cunning, like all the cat tribe, and many a man has lost his life by going to look at a baited trap.

Many cases have been known where a lion, becoming suspicious, resisted the temptation of the fresh meat, and lay down in hiding and kept watch. When the rash hunter came to see whether the bait had been touched, the lion sprang on him, preferring fresh man-meat to the bait inside the trap. In one case the lid went down, but, in some way or other, one of the paws of the lion was caught in it, and when the men came to look at him, by a wonderful feat of strength he raised the lid and sprang out, killing two of them.

Animals are also captured by driving them with torches or fire into inclosures made with bamboo rods and nets. When in these inclosures the animals are fairly secure, as any attempt to climb over the bamboo rods only sends them back into the nets, the bamboo not being sufficiently strong to bear their weight. The animals are generally kept a little while without food until they become somewhat subdued, and are then taken to their places of transportation.

In India the natives catch tigers by a peculiar method. The leaves of the sycamore and the large plantain are smeared with a sticky substance and left in the trail of the tiger. The moment the animal puts his foot on one of these leaves he immediately rubs it over his head, in order to get rid of it. This naturally makes his head sticky and uncomfortable, which causes him to roll on the ground. By doing this he becomes covered with the leaves, and when he is mad with rage the natives come cautiously up and cover him with strong nets and sacking.

In other parts of Asia the animals are caught in various ways,— some in pitfalls and traps, and some by meat baited in such a cunning manner that a native is able either to wound or to capture the animal while he is eating it. In running through the forests, the animals pass over these traps, which are carefully concealed by branches and limbs of trees, fall in, and are prisoners. In many cases the animals are so terrified that they die of fright; in others, they absolutely refuse to eat, and die soon after capture. Sometimes the captured animals die just when the cost of transportation has been paid, and it is then discovered that they had been injured internally in falling. In most cases, however, they are kept without food for a short time, and when they have quieted down a little some meat is thrown in to them, and they soon become accustomed to their surroundings.

Elephants are generally caught in nooses, or by being driven into a keddah. A number of men surround the elephant, and, forming a circle of fire, which they make smaller and smaller, compel him to go into the keddah. He is then roped to some strong logs and allowed to remain in that state until quiet, when a tame elephant leads him about until he becomes tractable. Some elephants can never be tamed, and in this case it is generally considered wiser either to kill the animal or to let him have his freedom again.

In catching snakes various devices are used, but all methods are attended with a certain amount of danger. One way is to set the grass on fire in a circle where it is known that snakes have their hiding-places. This will always bring them out, and they naturally rush from the fire. As they rush out, they are caught in large nets mounted on wooden hoops to which is attached a large bag.

As the reptiles are generally stupefied with the smoke, it is not a difficult thing to those accustomed to the task to drop them into the bag. They are then carried to the packing-station, where they are packed in boxes and sent direct to Europe.

While on the journey, neither food nor water is given them; the chief things are warmth and freedom from damp. Cold is dangerous to all snakes; it not only makes them dull and torpid, but causes them to have mouth disease, from which they never recover; and as some of them are extremely valuable, this point is very important. Many instances have been known where a whole collection of valuable snakes have been found dead on arrival.

From "The Training of Wild Animals."

NOTE

The Nubian Desert (Nū'-bi-an). A large region of desert land in Africa between the Nile river and the Red Sea.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK

HELEN KELLER

When I was a little girl I spent the Christmas holidays one year at the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Some of the children, whose homes were far away, or who had no homes, had remained at the school. I have never known a merrier Christmas than that.

I hear some one ask: "What pleasure can Christmas hold for children who cannot see their gifts or the sparkling tree or the ruddy smile of Santa Claus?" The question would be answered if you had seen that Christmas of the blind children. The only real blind person at Christmas-time is he who has

not Christmas in his heart. We sightless children had the best of eyes that day in our hearts and in our finger tips. We were glad from the child's necessity of being happy. The blind who have grown old can be children again on Christmas Day and celebrate in the midst of them who pipe and dance and sing a new song!

For ten days before the holiday I was not still a single moment. I would be one of the party that went Christmasing. I laid my hands on everything that offered itself in the shops, and insisted on buying whatever I touched, until my teacher's eyes could not follow my fingers. How she ever kept me within the bounds is a matter of amazement. To the prettiest doll I would adhere a moment, then discover a still prettier one, and by indecision the more perplex her and myself. At last the presents were selected and brought home.

Next, a great Christmas tree, a cedar which towered above my head, was brought to the house where the children lived and planted in the middle of the parlor. Preparations kept us busy for a week. I helped to hang wreaths of holly in the windows and over pictures, and had my share in trimming the tree. I ascended and descended continually on the ladder to tie on little balls, apples, oranges, cornucopias, strings of popcorn and festoons of tinsel. Then we attached the little tapers which should set the tree aglow. Last came the gifts. As we placed one and then another, it became more and more difficult for my fingers to thread their way in and out between the candles, the dangling balls, and the swinging loops of corn and tinsel, to find a secure position for the gifts. It seemed as if the green, sweet-scented branches must break with the burden of love-offerings heaped upon them, and soon the higher branches did begin to bend alarmingly with each heavier

bundle, "like the cliff-swallow's nest, most like to fall when fullest."

One of the last gifts I hung in the midst of the thick branches was a most unusual toy, a cocoanut palm with a monkey, which had movable limbs, and which at the pressure of a spring would run up and slide down with a tiny cocoanut upon his head. Behold the miracle of toyland, a palm grafted upon a cedar! When a little girl wants anything to happen at Christmas, it happens and she is content.

Finally the tree was trimmed. Stars and crescents sparkled from branch to branch beneath my fingers, and farther up a large silver moon jostled the sun and stars. At the very top an angel with spread wings looked down on this wondrous, twinkling world — the child's Christmas world complete! But I think the view must have made him a little dizzy, for he kept turning slantwise and crosswise and anywise but the way a Christmas angel should float over a Christmas tree.

My teacher and the motherly lady who was matron in that house were children themselves; it really seemed as if there could not be a grave, experienced grown-up in the world. We admonished each other not to let fall a whisper of the mysteries that awaited the blind children, and for once I kept the whole matter a secret.

On Christmas Eve I went to bed early, only to hop up many times to rearrange some package, to which I remembered I had not given the finishing touches, and to use all my powers of persuasion with the unruly angel.

Long before any one else was downstairs on Christmas Morning, I took my last touch-look at the tree, and lo! the angel was correctly balanced, looking down on the brilliant world below him. I suspected that Santa Claus had passed

that way, and disciplined the unruly angel. I turned to go, quite satisfied, when I discovered that Sadie's doll had shut her eyes on all the splendor that shone about her. "This will never do," I said—"sleeping at this time!" I poked her vigorously, until she winked, and finally, to show she was really awake, kicked Jupiter in the side, which disturbed the staring universe. But I had the planets in their orbits again before it was time for them to shine on the children.

After a hurried breakfast the blind children were permitted to enter the parlor and pass their hands over the tree. They knew instantly, without eyes, what a marvelous tree it was, filled with the good smells of June, filled with the songs of birds that had southward flown, filled with fruit that at the slightest touch tumbled into their laps. I felt them shout, I felt them dance up and down, and we all crowded about and hugged each other in rapture.

I distributed all the gifts myself and felt the gestures of delight as the children opened them. Very pretty gifts they were, well suited to sightless children. No disappointing picture-books, or paint boxes, or kaleidoscopes, or games that required the use of sight. But there were many toys wonderful to handle: dolls, both boys and girls, including a real baby doll with a bottle in its mouth — chairs, tables, sideboards and china sets, pin cushions and work baskets, little cases containing self-threading needles that the blind can use, sweet-scented handkerchiefs, pretty things to wear, and dainty ornaments that render children fair to look upon. Blind children, who cannot see, love to make themselves pretty for others to see.

There were animals, too, fierce lions and tigers, which proved that appearances are most deceptive, for when one took their heads off one found them full of sweet things. One girl had

a bear that danced and growled whenever she wound a key somewhere in the region of its neck. Another had a cow that mooed when she turned its head.

The older children received books in raised print, not mournful, religious books, such as some good people see fit to choose for the sightless, but pleasant ones like "Undine," or Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," or "The Story of Patsy," or "Alice in Wonderland." Fairy tales, novels, essays, books of travel and history, and magazines well filled with news of the world and gossipy articles are thumbed by the blind until the raised letters are worn down. Books of a gloomy or dry character are likely to repose on the top shelf until the dust takes possession of them. The blind are keenly alive to what is joyous. Their books are necessarily few and most of them should be delightful and entertaining.

After we had touched our presents to our hearts' content we romped and frolicked as long as the little ones could go, and longer. If you had looked in on our merriment and had never seen blind children at play before, you might have been surprised that in our wildest whirlings we did not run into the tree, or knock over a chair, or fall into the fire that burned on the hearth. I think we must have looked like any other group of merry children. You would have learned that the way to make the blind happy at Christmas and all the time is to treat them as far as possible like other persons. They do not like to be continually reminded of their blindness, set aside and neglected, or even waited on too much.

Had you been our guest you would have received a gift from the sightless, for they have one precious gift for the world. In their misfortune they are often happy, and in that they bring happiness to those who see. Shall any seeing man

dare to be sad at Christmas or permit a little child to be other than merry and lighthearted? What can excuse the seeing from the duty and privilege of happiness while the blind child joins so merrily in the jubilee.

"Tiny Tim" was glad to be at church on Christmas because he thought the sight of him might remind folk who it was that gave the lame power to walk. Even so the blind may remind their seeing brethren who it was that opened the blinded eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, gave health to the sick, and knowledge to the ignorant, and declared that mightier things even than these shall be fulfilled.

NOTE

Helen Keller was born in 1880. An attack of fever when she was nineteen months old left her deaf, dumb, and blind. She learned the sign language and at an early age was able to read stories. In 1890 she began to be able to use her voice. She prepared for college in 1900 and was graduated with high honors. Miss Keller speaks foreign languages as well as English. She is now an interesting writer and lecturer and her achievements stand as a splendid example of the results of real patience and effort.

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON

W. O. STODDARD

A score of mounted spearmen were galloping sharply along the broad, well-kept highway that led past the foot-hills of Mount Gilboa toward the southern gate of the ancient city of Jezreel. The pattern of their burnished helmets, and their arms and armor, indicated that they were from the light cavalry of some Roman legion. There was but little conversation among them, but as they rode on enough was said by both offi-

cers and men to tell that they were pursuing fugitives, whom they expected soon to overtake.

"We shall cut them down before they reach Jezreel," came from a harsh voice in the ranks.

"Slay them not," responded the foremost horseman. "The old smith must be crucified, and the boy is wanted for the circus."

Less than a mile eastward from the highway and the horsemen, under thick tree-shelter on the brow of a hill, stood two persons who eagerly watched the passage of the cavalry, and seemed to know their errand. One was a well-grown, handsome youth, with dark, closely curling hair, clear olive complexion, and eyes that were really glittering in their brilliancy. He may have been somewhat over sixteen years of age; but that is no longer boyhood among the nations of the East. The simple dress that he wore — a sleeveless tunic of thin woolen cloth — hardly concealed the lithe, sinewy form that seemed to promise for him the suppleness of a young panther. Over his left arm was thrown a loosely fitted linen garment — a kind of robe, to be put on when needed; and on his feet were sandals. A leather belt around his waist sustained a wallet.

The other person was a powerfully built, middle-aged man, with a deeply lined, intelligent face. There was a strong resemblance between the two, but there was one marked difference. The features of the man were of the highest type of the old Hebrew race, and his nose was aquiline, while that of the boy was straight, and his lips were thinner, as if in him the Hebrew and Greek races had been merged into one.

The summer air was wonderfully pure and clear. The two watchers could almost discern the trappings of the cavalry horses, while the Carmel mountain ridges, far across the plain

of Esdraelon before them, rose above the horizon with a distinctness impossible in any moister atmosphere. Behind them, eastward, were the forests and crags of Gilboa, and the elder of the fugitives turned and anxiously scanned its broken outline.

They seemed to have escaped for a time, for the Roman spearmen were galloping away steadily; and the young man shook his clenched fist at them as he exclaimed:

"Ye wolves! We could have dared the Samaritan mob, if it had not been for you."

"But, Cyril, hearken," responded his father, gloomily; "there were too many, even of the mob. There is but one hope for us now. We are followed closely, and we could not long be concealed here. I must flee into the wilderness until this storm is over. It will pass. Go thou to our kinsmen in Galilee. Go first to the house of Isaac Ben Nassur, and see thy sister; but stay not long in Cana. If thou art not safe in Galilee, go on and join one of the bands in the fastnesses of Lebanon, or find thy way to Cæsarea."

"Nay, father," exclaimed Cyril. "Lois is safe there in Cana. It is better I should go with thee. Thou wilt need me."

His brave young face was flushed with intense earnestness as he spoke. His father had been watching it with eyes that were full of pride in his son, but he interrupted him, almost sternly.

"Go, as I bid thee," he said. "So shalt thou escape the galleys or the sword. Whither I go, I know not; but what becomes of me is of less importance, now that my right hand has failed me."

He stretched out his hand, and Cyril shuddered, although he

must often have seen it. Sinewy, remarkably muscular as was the bare, bronzed arm, all below its wrist was shriveled, distorted, withered, perhaps by rheumatism or some kindred affliction. The father's face grew dark and bitter as he added: "Who, now, would believe that this hand had led the men of Galilee when they slew the soldiers of Herod the Great in the streets of Jerusalem? We were beaten? Ay, they outnumbered us; but how they did go down! 'T was a great day — that old Passover fight. I have smitten the wolves of Rome, too, in more places than they know of! Many and many a good blade have I shaped and tempered — many a shield and helmet; but the war-work and the anvil-work of Ezra the Swordmaker are done, and he goes forth a crippled beggar — yea, even a hunted wild beast! Go, my son; go thou to Isaac Ben Nassur."

"I will go," replied Cyril, with tears on his face and a tremor in his voice; "but when — when shall I see thee again?"

For one short moment he held Cyril tightly in his arms, and then they parted. The face of the old warrior-armorer grew stern, perhaps despairing, but he turned and silently strode away toward the rugged declivities of the Gilboa Mountains.

Cyril stood, motionless, looking after his father until the rocks and trees hid him from view. He turned again toward the plain, but it was no time for thinking of the mighty hosts which had met there or were yet to meet. The spot he stood on was no hiding-place, and the boy, too, must flee for his liberty or his life.

He set off at once down the hillside, toward the very highway along which the cavalry had ridden. It led toward Jezreel, but it also led toward the boundary-line between the dis-

Cyril shook his clenched fist at the Romans

trict of Samaria, belonging to the region under Pontius Pilate, the representative of the Roman emperor Tiberius, and the district of Galilee, belonging to Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great, who was also a subject of the Roman emperor. If Cyril were once across that line, the perils of such an insignificant fugitive from Samaria would be very much diminished, for there were jealousies between Herod and Pilate, and the military forces of one of them did not trespass upon the territory of the other. No doubt there would be guards along the frontier as well as patrols on the great military road, and Cyril may have been thinking of such obstacles when he said:

"I can get through in spite of them — and I will die rather than be *taken* prisoner!"

. . . . . .

Cyril was now well out upon the battle-plain of Esdraelon. Too many people were coming and going upon the highways. They were not soldiers, nor pursuing him, but the young fugitive preferred the broad stubble fields, from which the wheat had long since been reaped, and where now the tall growths of weeds concealed him very well. There were stone walls to climb and villages to go around, and the need for keeping under cover made the distances to be traveled longer. On he went, with a springing, elastic step, and he did not seem to feel at all the heat of the sun. It was his native climate and did not oppress him.

The many orchards and vineyards to which he came were those of his friends, for he did not seem to mind the husbandmen at work in them. As he made his way between the long rows of a luxuriant vineyard, he thought:

"It cannot be far now to the Kishon. Father says that there is always a Roman patrol up and down the bank, so

that no one can cross, except under the eyes of the guards at the bridges. I shall have to keep watch for the patrol. Once across the Kishon, and no man in heavy armor can overtake me."

Ezra had said of him, "as fleet of foot as Asahel, the brother of Joab," and Cyril had already shown himself a very rapid traveler; but he might meet mounted men. He went forward more cautiously, among the sheltering vines, and as he paused, listening, there came a sound that startled him. It was faint and far, but he exclaimed:

"A trumpet? That must be a signal. Those camel-drivers on the road saw me, and they must have reported me to the guard at the bridge. It is life or death, now!"

In a minute more, he was peering out from the northerly border of the vineyard.

"There is the Kishon!" he said. "There is a patrol, too; he is a legionary."

On the bank of the deep and swift river stood a fully armed soldier of that terrible power which overshadowed all the known world. To Cyril, that solitary legionary, stationed there to prevent such as he from crossing the Kishon, was an embodiment of all the enemies of Israel and Judah. The soldier stood erect, with his pilum, or broad-bladed spear, in his right hand. The vizor of his bronze helmet was open. He seemed to have understood the trumpet-note of warning, and was looking in all directions. His sword hung at the left side, ready for use, and on his left arm was a large round shield, now raised a little as he scanned the vineyards and the river-bank, as if he wondered from which of them an enemy could come upon him at that time and place. After a few mo-

ments, he turned and strode slowly, vigilantly, along the river-bank, while Cyril watched him.

"Good!" exclaimed Cyril, at last. "He is far enough now. I can reach the river."

Out he darted and sprang away toward the Kishon. Of course he was at once seen by the quick-eyed patrol, and hoarse and loud came the Latin summons to halt. To disobey was sure and instant death, if Cyril should be overtaken, and he would be followed with relentless persistence if he should escape; but he bounded steadily forward while the soldier ran toward him. The soldier ran well, too, considering the weight of arms and armor he carried, for all Roman legionaries were trained athletes; but he could not get between the armorer's son and the Kishon.

Not broad, but very deep and swift, was the torrent that came rushing down from its sources among the Gilboa hills. A spring, a splash, and Cyril was swimming vigorously, though swept along down-stream by the strong current, while his left hand held his rolled-up robe high and dry above the water.

Fierce, indeed, were the threatening commands of the legionary, but on the brink of the Kishon he was compelled to halt and consider. No doubt he could swim, but not well with his heavy armor, his shield, and his sword.

Lightly and rapidly swam Cyril, and in a few moments more he was out on the northerly bank of the Kishon, sending back a shout of triumph and defiance. But he meant to send back something more. His eyes were swiftly searching the ground around him, while he drew out something which had been hidden among the folds of his robe.

It was a square of leather, as broad as his two hands, with

corner-straps as long as his arm — a sling, such as David used of old. In that older day, all the tribe of Benjamin, to which the house of Ezra the Swordmaker belonged, were noted slingers; and here was their young representative, stooping to pick up smooth, rounded pebbles, as David had picked up his pebbles from the brook in the valley of Elah. In an instant he was erect again, sling in hand, while yet the soldier stood considering the risk of swimming the Kishon.

Whirl went the sling, with such a swiftness that it could hardly be seen, and away hissed the stone. No doubt the Roman had faced slingers, many a time; but the distance was more than fifty yards, and he may not have expected so true an aim. Up went his shield, indeed, a second too late, and well for him that he bowed his head, for Cyril's first pebble struck him full upon the crest. It did not knock him down, only because, in the heat of the day, he had loosened the fastenings of his helmet, so that the blow of the stone struck it from his head, and sent it rolling away in the grass.

No crossing of the Kishon now, with that slinger to practise upon his bare head all the way! Expert warrior though he was, he had enough to do for the next two minutes in warding off with his shield the well-aimed pebbles which rapidly followed the first.

Fast they came, and loudly they rang, one of them glancing from the shield to batter the brazen greave on his right leg.

"I must not delay," thought Cyril. "Other Romans may be coming. One more!"

Away flew the stone, but the blow on his leg had warned the soldier to kneel and guard now, and the missile made only a deep dent in the face of the shield.

When the bearer of it looked out again from behind the tar-

get of bull's-hide and metal which had served him so well, the slinger had disappeared; and there was nothing for the beaten Roman patrol to do but to go and report to his officer that one of the best slingers he had ever met had escaped from him.

NOTES

The Gilboa Mts. (Gĭl-bō′-a) rise between the Jordan River and the Plains of Esdraelon in Palestine, where King Saul and his three sons were killed by the Philistines.

Camel Mts. A range of hills in Palestine about 16 miles long.

The Circus in Roman times was an oblong building without a roof in which public chariot races and wrestling matches were held.

Samaria. A country in Palestine. Its people are called Samaritans.

The galley was a low flat built vessel with one or more rows of oars. The men at the oars were usually slaves or prisoners, chained to the floor of the vessel.

Roman Legionaries — members of the Roman Legion — a military company.

Brazen Greaves. Brass leg protection lined with cloth and beautifully ornamented.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD

ISABEL BOWMAN FINLEY

There 's a song that the hammer is singing,
A ringing and wholesome song,
Of the day's bread won,
Of the day's work done,
Of a mold well cast
In the fiery blast —
And never one blow gone wrong.

There 's a song that the engines are singing,
A deep and echoing song,

Of the whirring wheel
And the burnished steel,
From the lightest spring
To the mightiest swing —
And never a stroke gone wrong.

There 's a song that the sails are singing,
A humming and catching song,
Of the prow that braves
The ravening waves,
Of storms outsailed,
And of ports safe hailed —
And never the helm gone wrong.

There 's a song that the world is singing,
A resonant, splendid song,
Of its work, work, work,
With never a shirk,
Of its battles won,
Of its labors done —
And of Right that masters Wrong!

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

THORNTON W. BURGESS

Tommy scuffed his bare, brown feet in the grass and did n't even notice how cooling and refreshing to his bare toes the green blades were. Usually he just loved to feel them, but this afternoon he just did n't want to find anything pleasant or nice in the things he was accustomed to. A scowl, a deep, dark,

heavy scowl, had chased all merriment from his round, freckled face. It seemed as if the very freckles were trying to hide from it. Tommy did n't care. He said so. He said so right out loud. He did n't care if all the world knew it. He wanted the world to know it. It was a horrid old world anyway, this world which made a fellow go hunt up and drive home a lot of pesky cows just when all the other fellows were over at the swimming-hole. It always was that way whenever there was anything interesting or particular to do, or any fun going on. Yes, it was a horrid old world, this world in which Tommy lived, and he was quite willing that everybody should know it.

The truth was, Tommy was deep, very deep, in the sulks. He was so deep in them that he could n't see jolly round Mr. Sun smiling down on him. He could n't see anything lovely in the beautiful, broad, Green Meadows with the shadows of the clouds chasing one another across them. He could n't hear the music of the birds and the bees. He could n't even hear the Merry Little Breezes whispering secrets as they danced around him. He could n't see and hear because — well, because he *would n't* see and hear. That is always the way with people who go way down deep in the sulks.

Presently he came to a great big stone. Tommy stopped and scowled at it just as he had been scowling at everybody and everything. He scowled at it as if he thought it had no business to be there. Yet all the time he was glad that it was there. It was just the right size to sit on and make himself happy by being perfectly miserable. You know, some people actually find pleasure in thinking how miserable they are. The more miserable they can make themselves feel, the sooner they begin to pity themselves, and when they begin to pity themselves they seem to find what Uncle Jason calls a " melancholy

pleasure." It was that way with Tommy. Because no one else seemed to pity him, he wanted to pity himself, and to do that right he must first make himself feel the most miserable he possibly could. So he sat down on the big stone, waved his stick for a few moments and then threw it away, put his chin in his two hands and his two elbows on his two knees, and began by scowling down at his bare, brown toes.

"There 's never anything to do around here, and when there is, a fellow can't do it," he grumbled. "Other fellows don't have to weed the garden, and bring in wood, and drive the cows, and when they do it, it is n't just when they want to have some fun. What 's vacation for, if it is n't to have a good time in? And how 's a fellow going to do it when he has to work all the time — anyway when he has to work just when he does n't want to?" He was trying to be truthful.

"Fellows who live in town have something going on all the time, while out here there 's nothing but fields and woods, and sky, and — and cows that have n't sense enough to come home themselves when it 's time. There 's never anything exciting or int'resting 'round here. I wish —"

He suddenly became aware of two very small bright eyes watching him from a little opening in the grass. He scowled at them harder than ever, and moved ever so little. The eyes disappeared, but a minute later they were back again, full of curiosity, a little doubtful, a little fearful, but tremendously interested. They were the eyes of Danny Meadow Mouse. Tommy knew them right away. Of course he did. Had n't he chased Danny with sticks and stones time and again? But he did n't think of this now. He was too full of his own troubles to remember that others had troubles too.

Somehow Danny's twinkling little eyes seemed to mock him. How unjust things were!

"*You* don't have to work!" he exploded so suddenly and fiercely that Danny gave a frightened squeak and took to his heels. "You don't have anything to do but play all day and have a good time. I wish I was a meadow-mouse!"

Right then and there something happened, Tommy did n't know how it happened, but it just did. Instead of a bare-legged, freckle-faced, sulky boy sitting on the big stone, he suddenly found himself a little, chunky, blunt-headed, furry animal with four ridiculously short stubby legs, and he was scampering after Danny Meadow Mouse along a private little path through the meadow-grass. He was a meadow-mouse himself! His wish had come true!

Tommy felt very happy. He had forgotten that he ever was a boy. He raced along the private little path just as if he had always been accustomed to just such private little paths. It might be very hot out in the sun, but down there among the sheltering grass stems it was delightfully cool and comfortable. He tried to shout for very joy, but what he really did do was to squeak. It was a thin, sharp little squeak. It was answered right away from in front of him, and Tommy did n't like the sound of it. Being a meadow-mouse now, he understood the speech of meadow-mice, and he knew that Danny Meadow Mouse was demanding to know who was running in his private little path. Tommy suspected by the angry sound of Danny's voice that he meant to fight.

Tommy hesitated. Then he stopped. He did n't want to fight. You see, he knew that he had no business on that path without an invitation from the owner. If it had been his own

path he would have been eager to fight. But it was n't, and so he thought it best to avoid trouble. He turned and scampered back a little way to a tiny branch path. He followed this until it also branched, and then took the new path. But none of these paths really belonged to him. He wanted some of his very own. Now the only way to have a private path of your very own in the Green Meadows is to make it, unless you are big enough and strong enough to take one away from some one else.

So Tommy set to work to make a path of his own, and he did it by cutting the grass one stem at a time. The very tender ones he ate. The rest he carried to an old board he had discovered, and under this he made a nest, using the finest, softest grasses for the inside. Of course it was work. As a matter of fact, had he, as a boy, had to work one-tenth as much or as hard as he now had to work as a meadow-mouse, he would have felt sure that he was the most abused boy who ever lived. But, being a meadow-mouse, he did n't think anything about it, and scurried back and forth as fast as ever he could, just stopping now and then to rest. He knew that he must work for everything he had — that without work he would have nothing. And somehow this all seemed perfectly right. He was busy, and in keeping busy he kept happy.

Presently, as he sat down to rest a minute, a Merry Little Breeze came hurrying along, and brought with it just the faintest kind of a sound. It made his heart jump. Every little unexpected sound made his heart jump. He listened with all his might. There it was again! Something was stealing very, very softly through the grass. He felt sure it was danger of some kind. Then he did a foolish thing — he ran. You see, he was so frightened that he felt that he just could n't sit still a

second longer, so he ran. The instant he moved, something big and terrible sprang at him, and two great paws with sharp claws spread out all but landed on him. He gave a frightened squeak, and darted under an old fence-post that lay half hidden in the tall grass.

"What 's the matter with you?" demanded a voice. Tommy found that he had company. It was another meadow-mouse.

"I — I 've had such a narrow escape!" panted Tommy. "A terrible creature with awful claws almost caught me!"

The stranger peeped out to see. "Pooh!" said he, "that was only a cat. Cats don't know much. If you keep your ears and eyes open, it 's easy enough to fool cats. But they are a terrible nuisance just the same, because they are always prowling around when you least expect them. I hate cats! It is bad enough to have to watch out all the time for enemies who live on the Green Meadows, without having to be always looking to see if a cat is about. A cat has n't any excuse at all. It has all it wants to eat without trying to catch us. It hunts just out of love of cruelty. Now Reddy Fox has some excuse; he has to eat. Too bad he 's so fond of meadow-mice. Speaking of Reddy, have you seen him lately?"

Tommy shook his head. "I guess it 's safe enough to go out now," continued the stranger. "I know where there is a dandy lot of corn; let 's go get some."

Tommy was quite willing. The stranger led the way. First he looked this way and that way, and listened for any sound of danger. Tommy did likewise. But the way seemed clear, and away they scampered. Right away Tommy was happy again. He had forgotten his recent fright. That is the way with little people of the Green Meadows. But he did n't forget to keep his ears and his eyes wide open for new

dangers. They reached the corn safely, and then such a feast as they did have! It seemed to Tommy that never had he tasted anything half so good. Right in the midst of the feast, the stranger gave a faint little squeak and darted under a pile of old cornstalks. Tommy did n't stop to ask questions, but followed right at his heels. A big, black shadow crept over them and then passed on. Tommy peeped out. There was a great bird with huge, broad wings sailing back and forth over the meadows.

"It 's old Whitetail, the Marsh Hawk. He did n't get us that time!" chuckled the stranger, and crept back to the delicious corn. In two minutes they were having as good a time as before, just as if they had n't had a narrow escape. When they had eaten all they could hold, the stranger went back to his old fence-post and Tommy returned to his own private paths and the snug nest he had built under the old board. He was sleepy, and he curled up for a good long nap.

When he awoke, the first stars were beginning to twinkle down at him from the sky, and black shadows lay over the Green Meadows. He found that he could see quite as well as in the light of day, and, because he was already hungry again, he started out to look for something to eat. Something inside warned him that he must watch out for danger now just as sharply as before, though the black shadows seemed to promise safety. Just what he was to watch out for he did n't know, but still every few steps he stopped to look and listen. He found that this was visiting time among the meadow-mice, and he made a great many friends. There was a great deal of scurrying back and forth along private little paths, and a great deal of squeaking. At least, that is what Tommy would have called it if he had still been a boy, but as it was, he understood

it perfectly, for it was meadow-mouse language. Suddenly there was not a sound to be heard, not a single squeak or the sound of scurrying feet. Tommy sat perfectly still and held his breath. He did n't know why, but something inside told him to, and he did. Then something passed over him. It was like a great shadow, and it was just as silent as a shadow. But Tommy knew that it was n't a shadow, for out of it two great, round, fierce, yellow eyes glared down and struck such terror to his heart that it almost stopped beating. But they did n't see him, and he gave a tiny sigh of relief as he watched the grim living shadow sail on. While he watched, there was a frightened little squeak, two legs with great curved claws dropped down from the shadow, plunged into the grass, and when they came up again they held a little limp form. A little mouse had moved when he should n't have, and Hooty the Owl had caught a dinner.

A dozen times that night Tommy sat quite frozen with fear while Hooty passed, but after each time he joined with his fellows in merrymaking just as if there was no such thing as this terrible feathered hunter with the silent wings, only each one was ready to hide at the first sign of danger. When he grew tired of playing and eating, he returned to his snug nest under the old board to sleep. He was still asleep there the next morning when, without any warning, the old board was lifted. In great fright Tommy ran out of his nest, and at once there was a great shout from a huge giant, who struck at him with a stick and then chased him, throwing sticks and stones, none of which hit him, but which frightened him terribly. He dodged down a little path and ran for his life, while behind him he heard the giant (it was just a boy) shouting and laughing as he poked about in the grass trying

to find poor Tommy, and Tommy wondered what he could be laughing about, and what fun there could be in frightening a poor little meadow-mouse almost to death.

Later that very same morning, while he was hard at work cutting a new path, he heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see a big, black bird stalking along the little path. He did n't wait for closer acquaintance, but dived into the thick grass, and, as he did so, the big black bird made a lunge at him, but missed him. It was his first meeting with Blacky the Crow, and he had learned of one more enemy to watch out for.

But most of all he feared Reddy Fox. He never could be quite sure when Reddy was about. Sometimes it would be in broad daylight, and sometimes in the stilly night. The worst of it was, Reddy seemed to know all about the ways of meadow-mice, and would lie perfectly still beside a little path until an unsuspecting mouse came along. Then there would be a sudden spring, a little squeak cut short right in the middle, and there would be one less happy little worker and playmate. So Tommy learned to look and listen before he started for any place, and then to scurry as fast as ever he could.

Twice Mr. Gopher-snake almost caught him, and once he got away from Billy Mink by squeezing into a hole between some roots too small for Billy to get in. It was a very exciting life, very exciting indeed. He could n't understand why, when all he wanted was to be allowed to mind his own business and work and play in peace, he must be forever running or hiding for his life. He loved the sweet meadow-grasses and the warm sunshine. He loved to hear the bees humming and the birds singing. He thought the Green Meadows the most beautiful place in all the great world, and he was very happy when he was n't frightened; but there was hardly an hour of the day

or night that he didn't have at least one terrible fright.

Still, it was good to be alive and explore new places. There was a big rock in front of him right now. He wondered if there was anything to eat on top of it. Sometimes he found the very nicest seeds in the cracks of big rocks. This one looked as if it would not be very hard to scramble up on. He felt almost sure that he would find some treasure up there. He looked this way and that way to make sure no one was watching. Then he scrambled up on the big rock.

For a few minutes, Tommy stared out over the Green Meadows. They were very beautiful. It seemed to him that they never had been so beautiful, or the songs of the birds so sweet, or the Merry Little Breezes, the children of Old Mother West Wind, so soft and caressing. He couldn't understand it all, for he wasn't a meadow-mouse — just a barefooted boy sitting on a big stone that was just made to sit on. As he looked down, he became aware of two very small bright eyes watching him from a little opening in the grass. He knew them right away. Of course he did. They were the eyes of Danny Meadow Mouse. They were filled with curiosity, a little doubtful, a little fearful, but tremendously interested. Tommy smiled, and felt in his pocket for some cracker-crumbs. Danny ran away at the first move, but Tommy scattered the crumbs where he could find them, as he was sure to come back.

Tommy stood up and stretched. Then he turned and looked curiously at the stone on which he had been sitting. "I believe it's a real wishing-stone," said he. Then he laughed aloud. "I'm glad I'm not a meadow-mouse, but just a boy!" he cried. "I guess those cows are wondering what has become of me." He started toward the pasture, and now there was no frown darkening his freckled face. It was clear and

good to see, and he whistled as he tramped along. Once he stopped and grinned sheepishly as his blue eyes drank in the beauty of the Green Meadows and beyond them the Green Forest. "And I said there was nothing interesting or exciting going on here! Why, it 's the most exciting place I ever heard of, only I did n't know it before!" he muttered. "Gee, I *am* glad I 'm not a meadow-mouse, and if ever I throw sticks or stones at one again, I — well, I hope I turn into one!"

And though Danny Meadow Mouse, timidly nibbling at the cracker-crumbs, did n't know it, he had one less enemy to be afraid of!

THE STOWAWAY

HARRY A. FRANK

NOTE

This incident is from the author's work entitled "A Vagabond Journey Around the World." In the rôle of a tramp Mr. Frank made the circuit of the globe and in his journeys came to know the life of the people of many lands.

It was noon when we drew into Port Saïd, and I hurried at once to the shipping quarter. As I anticipated, there was no demand for sailors. The situation was best described, perhaps, by the American consul.

"A man on the beach in this garbage heap," he said, "is down and out. We have n't signed on a sailor since I was dumped here. If you ever get away, it will be by stowing away. I can't advise you to do it, of course; but if I were in your shoes, I 'd stick away on the first packet homeward bound, and do it quickly, before summer comes along and sends you to the hospital.

Early the next morning, I reached the water-front in time to see a great steamer nosing her way through the small craft that swarmed about the mouth of the canal. I made out the name on her bow as she dropped anchor opposite the main street, and turned for information to a nearby poster.

"Bibby Line," ran the notice, "*S. S. Worcestershire.* Recently launched. Largest, best equipped, fastest steamer plying between England and British Burma. First-class passengers only. Fare to Colombo, thirty-six guineas."

I hastened to the landing stage and spoke to the officers as they came off, with the tourists, for a run ashore.

"Full up, Jack," answered one of them.

I recalled the advice of the American consul. A better craft to "stick away on" would never drop anchor in the canal. Bah! How ludicrous the notion sounded! The Khedive himself could not even have boarded such a vessel, in sun-bleached corduroys and slippers. By night, with no moon? The blackest night could not hide such rags! Besides, the steamer was sure to coal and be gone within a couple of hours. I trained my kodak upon her, and turned sorrowfully away.

A native fair was in full swing at the far end of the town. Amid the snake-charmers and dancers, the incident of the morning was soon forgotten. Darkness was falling when I strolled back towards the harbor. At the shop where mutton sold cheaply, I halted for supper; but the keeper had put up his shutters. Hungrily I wandered on, turned into the main street of the European section, and stopped stock still, dumb with astonishment. The view beyond the canal was still cut off by the vast bulk of the *Worcestershire!*

What an opportunity — if once I could get on board! Perhaps I might! A quartermaster was almost sure to halt me at

the gang plank. Some excuse I must offer him for being rowed out to the steamer. If only I had something to be delivered on board, a basket of fruit, or — of course — a letter of introduction!

Breathlessly, I dashed into a hotel, snatched a sheet of paper and an envelope from a Maltese youth, and scribbled an appeal for employment, in any capacity. Having sealed the envelope against the prying eyes of subordinates, I addressed it in a flourishing hand to the chief steward.

But my knapsack? Certainly I could not carry that on board! I dumped the contents on the floor and thrust the kodak and my papers into an inside pocket. There was nothing else — but hold! That bundle at the bottom? A minister's frock coat, of broadcloth, with wide, silk-faced lapels! What kind fairy had prevented me from throwing away that useless garment? Eagerly I slipped into it. The very thing!

The *Worcestershire* was still at anchor. Two Arab boatmen squatted under a torch on one corner of the landing stage. The fare was six pence. I had three. It cost me some precious moments to beat down one of the watermen. He stepped into his boat at last and pushed off cautiously towards the rows of lighted portholes.

As we neared the steamer, I made out a figure in uniform on the lowest step of the ship's ladder. The game was lost! I might have talked my way by a quartermaster, but I certainly could not pass this bridge officer.

The boatman swung his craft against the ladder with a sweep of the oar. I held up the note:

"Will you kindly deliver this to the chief steward? The writer wants an answer before the ship leaves."

"I really have n't time," apologized the mate. "I 've an

errand ashore and we leave in fifteen minutes. You can run up with it yourself, though. Here, boatman, row me over to the wharf."

I sprang up the ladder. Except for several sahib-respecting Lascars, who jumped aside as I appeared, the deck was deserted. From somewhere below came the sound of waltz music and the laughter of merry people. I strolled around to the port side and walked aft in the shadow of the upper cabins. For some moments I stood alone in the darkness, gazing at the reflection of the lower portholes in the canal. Then, a step sounded at the door of the saloon behind me, a heavy British step that advanced several paces and halted. One could almost feel the authority in that step; one could certainly hear it in the gruff "ahem" with which the newcomer cleared his throat. An officer, no doubt, about to order me ashore! I waited in fear and trembling.

A minute passed, then another. I turned my head, inch by inch, and peered over my shoulder. In the shaft of light stood a man in faultless evening attire, gazing at me through the intervening darkness. His dress suggested a passenger; but the very set of his feet on the deck proved him no landsman. The skipper himself, surely! What under officer would dare appear out of uniform during a voyage?

I turned my head away again, determined to bear the blow bravely. The dreaded being cleared his throat once more, stepped nearer, and stood for a moment without speaking. Then a hand touched me lightly on the sleeve.

"Beg pardon, sir," murmured an apologetic voice; "beg pardon, sir, but have you had dinner yet?"

I swallowed my throat and turned around, laying a hand over the place where my necktie should have been.

"I am not a passenger, my man," I replied haughtily; "I have a communication for the chief steward."

He stretched out his hand.

"Oh, I can't send it, you know," I protested. "I must deliver it in person, for it requires an answer before the ship leaves."

The sound of our voices had attracted the quartermaster on duty. Behind him appeared a young steward.

"You 'd best get ashore quickly," said the sailor; "we 're only waiting the fourth mate. Best call a boatman or you 'll get carried off."

"Really!" I cried, looking anxiously about me. "But I must have an answer, you know."

"I could n't disturb *him,*" said the older steward.

"Well, show me where he is," I protested.

"Now we 're off in a couple o' winks," warned the quartermaster.

"Here, mate," said the youth; "I 'll take you down."

I followed him to the deck below and along a lighted passageway. My disguise would never stand the glare of a drawing-room. I thrust the note into the hands of my guide.

"Be sure to bring me the answer," I cautioned.

He pushed his way through a throng of his messmates and disappeared into the drawing-room. A moment later he returned with the answer I had expected.

"The chief says the force is full an' the company rules don't allow him to take on a man to work his passage. You 'd best rustle it and get ashore."

He turned into the galley. Never had I ventured to hope that he would let me out of his sight before he had turned me over to the quartermaster. I dashed out of the passageway as

if fearful of being carried off; but, once well out of sight, paused to peer about me.

There were a score of places that offered a temporary hiding; but a stow-away through the Suez Canal must be more than temporarily hidden. I ran over in my mind the favorite hiding places on ocean liners. Inside a mattress in the steerage? First-class only. In the hold? Hatches all battened down. In the coal bunkers? Very well in the depth of winter, but sure death in this climate. In the forecastle? Indian crew. In the rubbish under the forecastle head? Sure to be found in a few hours by tattle-tale natives. In the chain locker? The anchor might be dropped anywhere in the canal, and I should be dragged piecemeal through the hawse-hole.

Still wandering, I climbed to the spot where I had first met the steward. From the starboard side, forward, came the voice of the fourth mate, clambering on board. In a few moments officers and men would be flocking up from below. Noiselessly, I sprang up the ladder to the hurricane deck. That and the bridge were still deserted. I crept to the nearest lifeboat and dragged myself along the edge that hung well out over the canal. The canvas cover was held in place by a cord that ran through eyeholes in the cloth and around iron pins. I tugged at the cord for a minute that seemed a century before I succeeded in pulling it over the first pin. After that, all went easily. With the cover loosened for a space of four feet, I thrust my head through the opening. Before my shoulders were inside my feet no longer reached the ship's rail. I squirmed in, inch by inch, after the fashion of a swimmer, fearful of making the slightest noise. Only my feet remained outside when my hand struck an oar inside the boat. Its rattle could have been heard in Cairo. Drenched with perspiration,

I listened for my discoverer. The music, evidently, held the attention of the entire ship's company. I drew in my feet by doubling up like a pocket knife, and, thrusting a hand through the opening, fastened the cord over all but one pin.

The space inside was more than limited. Seats, casks, oars, and boat-hooks left me barely room to stretch out on my back without touching the canvas above me. Two officers brushed by, and mounting to the bridge, called out their orders within six feet of me. The rattle of the anchor chain announced that the long passage of the canal had begun. When I could breathe without opening my mouth at every gasp, I was reminded that the shop where mutton sold cheaply had been closed. Within an hour, that misfortune was forgotten. The sharp edge of the water cask under my back, the oars that supported my hips, the seat that my shoulders barely reached, began to cut into my flesh, sending sharp pains through every limb. The slightest movement might send some unseen article clattering. Worst of all, there was just space sufficient for my head while I kept my neck strained to the utmost. The tip of my nose touched the canvas. To have stirred that ever so slightly would have sent me packing at the first canal station.

The position grew more painful hour by hour, my body grew numb and I sank into a half-conscious state.

Daylight brought no relief, though the sun, shining through the canvas, disclosed the objects about me. There came the jabbering of strange tongues as the crew quarreled over their work about the deck. Now and then, a shout from a canal station marked our progress. Passengers mounting to the upper deck brushed against the lifeboat.

All save the officers soon retreated to the shade below. In the arid desert through which we were steaming, that day must

certainly have been hot. But there, at least, a breeze was stirring. By four bells, the Egyptian sun, pouring down upon the canvas, had turned my hiding place into an oven. A raging thirst had long since put hunger to flight. In the early afternoon, as I lay motionless there sounded the splash of water, close at hand. Two natives had been sent to wash the lifeboat. For an hour they dashed bucketful after bucketful against it, splashing, now and then, even the canvas over my head.

The gong had just sounded for afternoon tea when the ship began to rock slightly. A faint sound of waves breaking on the bow succeeded. A light breeze moved the canvas ever so little and the throb of the engines increased. Had we passed out of the canal? My first impulse was to tear at the canvas and call for water. But had we left Suez behind? Or, if we had reached the Red Sea, the pilot might still be on board! To be set ashore now was a fate far more to be dreaded than during the first hours of my torture, for it meant an endless tramp through the burning desert, back to Port Saïd.

I held my peace and listened intently for any word that might indicate our whereabouts. None came, but the setting sun brought relief, and falling darkness found my thirst somewhat lessened. The motion of the ship lacked the pitch of the open sea. I resolved to take no chances with victory so close at hand.

The night wore on. Less fearful, now, of discovery, I moved, for the first time in thirty hours, and, rolling slowly on my side, fell asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke to the sounding of two bells. The ship was rolling in no uncertain manner. I tugged at the cord that bound down the boat cover and peered out. For some moments barely a muscle of my body responded to the command of the will. Even when

I had wormed myself out I came near losing my grip on the edge of the boat before my feet touched the rail. Once on deck, I waited to be discovered. The frock coat lay in the lifeboat. No one could have mistaken me for a passenger now.

Calmly, I walked aft and descended to the lower deck. A score of bare-legged Lascars were "washing down." Near them, the overseer, in all the glory of embroidered jacket and rubber boots, strutted back and forth, fumbling at the silver chain about his neck. I strolled by them. The low-caste fellows sprang out of my way like startled cats. The superior gazed at me with a half-friendly smile. If they were surprised, they did not show it. Probably they were not. What was it to them, if a sahib chose to turn out in a ragged hunting-costume for an early walk?

For some time I paced the deck without catching sight of a white face. At last a steward clambered unsteadily up the companionway, carrying a pot of tea.

"Here, boy," I called; "who 's on the bridge, the mate?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy, "the mate, sir."

"Well, tell him there 's a stowaway on board."

"What 's that, sir? You see, sir, I 'm a new cabin boy, on my first trip —"

"And you don't know what a stowaway is, eh?"

"No, sir."

"If you 'll run along and tell the mate, you 'll find out soon enough."

The boy made his way aft, clutching, now and then, at the rail, and mounted to the upper deck. Judging from the grin on his face as he came running back, he had found out the meaning of the word.

"The mate says for you to come up on the bridge, quick."

I climbed again to the hurricane deck. The mate's anger had so overcome him that he had deserted his post and waited for me at the foot of the bridge ladder. He was burly and rough looking; bareheaded, barefooted, his duck trousers rolled up to his knees, and with a thick tangle of hair waving in the wind. He glared at me in silence.

"I 'm a sailor, sir," I began; "I was on the beach in Port Saïd. I 'm sorry, sir, but I had to get away —"

The mate gave no other sign of having heard than to push his jaw further out.

"There was no chance to sign on there, sir. Not a man shipped in months, sir, and it 's a hard place to be on the beach —"

"What has that to do with me and my ship!" roared the officer, springing several yards into the air and descending to shake his sledge-hammer fist under my nose. "I 'll give you six months for this as soon as we get to Colombo. You 'll stow away on my ship, will you? Get down off this deck."

I started forward. Another bellow brought me to a halt.

I was to wait in the waist until the captain had seen me.

I descended, snatched a drink of tepid water at the pump, and leaned against the rail too hungry to be greatly terrified.

An hour, two hours, three hours, I stood in the waist, returning the stares of every member of the ship's company, Hindu or English, whose duties brought him to that quarter. With the sounding of eight bells a steward returned from the galley with a can of coffee. Once started, an endless procession of bacon and steaks filed by under my nose. To snatch at one of the pans would have been unwise. I thrust my head over the rail, where sea breezes blew, and stared at the sand billows

of the Arabian coast. Not until the stewards had returned to their duties did I venture to turn around once more. "Peggy," the stewards' steward, peered out upon me.

"Eh! mate," he whispered; "had anything to eat yet?"

"Not lately."

"Well, come inside. There 's a pan of scow left to dump."

Very little of it was dumped that morning.

I had barely returned to my place when four officers descended the starboard ladder to the waist. They were led by the mate, dressed as the rest, in a snow-white uniform. His language, too, had improved. A "sir," falling from his lips, singled out the captain. My hopes rose at once. The commander was the exact opposite of his first officer. Small, almost dainty of figure and movement, his iron-gray hair gave setting to a fine face.

With never a sign of having seen me, the officers mounted the ladder and strolled slowly aft, examining as they went. "Peggy" appeared at the door of the "glory-hole" with a dish cloth in his hands.

"Morning inspection," he explained, in a husky whisper; "they 'll be back on the port side as soon as they 've inspected the deck. The little one is the old man, Cap Harris, commodore in the Naval Reserve. He 's all right."

"Hope he lives out the voyage," I muttered.

"The fat, jolly chap 's the chief steward," went on "Peggy." "Best man on the ship. The long one is the doctor."

After their reappearance in the waist the officers halted within a few feet of me and the mate turned to the captain and pointing a finger at me, said: —

"There he is, sir."

"Ah," said the skipper. "What was your object, my man, in stowing yourself away on this vessel?"

I began the story I had attempted to tell the first officer. The captain heard it all without interruption.

"Yes, I know," he said, when I had finished. "Port Saïd is a very bad place to be left without funds. But why did you not come on board and ask permission to work your passage?"

"I did, sir!" I cried. "That 's just what I did! I brought a letter to the chief steward. That 's how I came on board, sir."

"That 's so!" put in the "fat jolly chap" eagerly. "He sent a note to me in the drawing-room the night of the ball. But I sent back word that my force was full."

"I see," said the captain. "You 're the first man that ever stowed away on a vessel under my command," he went on, almost sadly; "you make yourself open to severe punishment, you know?"

"I 'd put him in irons and send him up, sir," burst out the mate.

"N-no," returned the skipper, "that would n't be just, Dick. You know Port Saïd. But you know you will have to work on the voyage," he added, turning to me.

"Why, certainly, sir," I cried, suddenly assailed with the fear that he might see, through my coat, the kodak that contained a likeness of his ship.

"You told the chief officer you were a sailor, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you anything you can put him at, Chester?"

"I 've more than I can use now," replied the heavy-weight.

"Beg pardon, sir," put in the mate, "but the chief engineer says he can use an extra man down below."

"No! No!" answered the commander. "The man is a sailor and a steward. He is not a stoker. You had better take him on deck with you, Dick."

He made a sign to the doctor.

"Huh," muttered the mate, "I know what I 'd do with him if I was in command."

"Take him on deck with you, Dick," repeated the captain.

"And his accommodation?" put in the chief steward.

"There are a few berths unoccupied in the quarters of your men, are there not?"

"Two or three, I believe."

"Give him one of those and increase the mess allowance by one. Get something to eat now, my man, and report to the chief officer, forward, when you have finished."

"I 'll send you down a couple of cotton suits," whispered the chief steward, as he climbed up the ladder; "you 'll die of the plague with that outfit on."

I lingered in the "glory-hole" long enough to have eaten breakfast and hurried forward.

The mate met me and growled, "Take that holy-stone with the handle"— it weighed a good thirty pounds —"and go to polishing the deck. You 'll work every day from six in the morning until seven at night, with a half-hour off for your mess. From four to six in the morning and from eight to ten at night, you 'll stand look-out in the crow's-nest and save us two Lascars. On Sunday you 'll stand lookout from four to eight, nine to twelve, two to seven, and eight to ten. Look lively, now, and see that the deck begins to shine when I come aft."

Without a break, I continued this work as long as the voyage lasted. The mate rarely gave me a word. I toiled steadily at

the task he had assigned. The holy-stone took on great weight, but the privilege of viewing every tropical sunrise and sunset from the crow's-nest I would not have exchanged for a seat at the captain's table. My messmates were good-hearted, their chief ever eager to do me a kindly service.

Ten days the *Worcestershire* steamed on through the motionless sea, under a sun that grew hotter every hour. Men who had waded through the snow on the docks of Liverpool two weeks before took to sleeping on the deck, in the thinnest of clothes. On the eleventh day the first gray of dawn revealed the dim outline of a low mountain range. Slowly the mountains faded from view as the lowlands rose to greet us. By eight bells we were within hailing distance of a score of brown-black islanders, who paddled boldly seaward in their canoes. The *Worcestershire* found entrance to a far-reaching breakwater, and, escorted by a great school of small boats, rode to an anchorage in the center of the harbor. I left my stone where the mess-call had found it, and hurried below to make up my "shore bundle." By the kindness of the chief steward, I was amply supplied with cotton suits. The frock coat, still in the lifeboat, I willed to "Peggy," and reported to the captain. His permission granted, I tossed my bundle into the company launch, and, with one English half-penny in my pocket, set foot on the island of Ceylon.

From "A Vagabond Journey Around the World."

NOTES

A Stowaway. A person who hides himself on a vessel or train to escape pursuit or to avoid paying for passage.

Port Said (Port Sa'-ĭd). A seaport and coaling station on the Mediterranean Sea at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

American Consul. An officer appointed by the U. S. government to reside in foreign countries to protect the rights and property of Americans in those countries.

Khedive (Kĕ-dēv′). The vice-roy or ruler of Egypt.

Sahib (Sä′-ĭb). A term used in Persia and India in speaking to Europeans and means the same as Mister.

Lascars (Lăs-kärz). Indian sailors on British vessels.

Suez (Sū′-ez) Canal. The body of water that connects the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea.

To batten down the hatches means to cover them with tar-soaked canvas fastened down tightly at the edges to prevent water breaking into the hold of the vessel.

Four-bells. On shipboard the day and night are each divided into three watches in each of which the half hours are marked by the ringing of a bell. Beginning with twelve noon or midnight two-bells is one o'clock, four bells two o'clock, eight bells is four o'clock, when the new watch begins.

The Glory-hole. A room in the aft or near part of a vessel used by the stewards.

The holy-stone. A large flat piece of sandstone used to scour the deck.

A STORY OF A STONE

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Once on a time, a great many years ago, in those old days when the great North-west consisted only of a few hills, ragged and barren, and full of copper and quartz; in the days when the Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks, and the tide of the Pacific swept over Plymouth Rock and surged up against Bunker Hill; when the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and shallow waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in fact, an immensely long time ago,— there lived somewhere in Oconto County, Wisconsin, a little jelly-fish. It was a curious creature, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of a cat's-thimble, and it floated around in the water and ate little

things and opened and shut its umbrella, pretty much as jelly-fishes do in the ocean now.

It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many mites of snakes, and so it was named Medusa, after that lady in the old times who wore snakes instead of hair, and who felt so badly because she could n't do them up. Well, our little Medusa floated around and opened and shut her umbrella for a long time,— a month, or a year, perhaps,— we don't know how long. Then, one morning, down among the sea-weeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly and much smaller than a dew-drop on the end of a pine-leaf. Now she leaves the scene, and our story henceforth concerns only one of these eggs.

Well, one day, the sun shone down into the water,— the same sun that shines through your windows now,— and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg and came out into the great world. He was only a wee bit of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends. He had at his sides an immense number of little paddles that went flapping, flapping all the time, keeping him constantly in motion, whether the little fellow wanted to go or not. So he kept scudding along in the water, dodging from right to left, to avoid the ungainly creatures that wanted to eat him. There were crabs and clams, of a fashion that neither you nor I will ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws and long feelers, that sat in the end of a long, round shell and glowered at him, and smaller ones of the same kind that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn.

But none of these got the little fellow, else I should not have any story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, he thought of settling in life. So he looked around until he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him, when he sat down upon it, and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth. Only, unlike Holger, he did n't go to sleep, but proceeded to make himself at home. So he made an opening in his upper side, and rigged for himself a mouth and a stomach, and put a whole row of feelers out, and began catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime,— everything he could get,— and cramming them into his little stomach.

He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of all was what he did with the bits of lime. He kept taking them in and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would stone a well, or as though a man should swallow pebbles and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself full.

But little Favosites became lonesome all alone on the bottom of that old ocean, among so many outlandish neighbors; and so, one night, when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out of his side, where his sixth rib would have been if he had had so many, another little Favosites, who very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then, from these two another and another little bud came out, and another and another little Favosites was formed, and they all kept growing up higher and higher, and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of limestone, till at last there were so many of them, and they were so crowded together, that there was n't room for them to grow round; so they had to grow six-sided, like the cells in a honeycomb.

Once in a while, some one in the company would get angry

because the others got all of the lime, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing stones, and would secede from the little union, without as much as saying "Good-bye," and would sail around like the old Medusa, and would lay more eggs, which would hatch out into more Favosites.

Well, the old ones died or swam away or were walled up, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long time, and had accumulated quite a stock of lime. But, one day, there came a freshet in the Menominee River, and piles of dirt and sand and ground-up iron ore were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. They did n't like the taste of iron, so they all died; but we know that their house was not spoiled, for we have it here.

So the rock-house they were making was tumbled about in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked its way into the cracks and destroyed its beautiful whiteness.

There it lay for ages, till the earth gave a great, long heave, that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our Favosites' house packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in; and so it became part of the dry land. There it lay, imbedded in the rock for centuries and centuries.

Then, the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked on them in awe and wonder, as the Indians eyed Columbus. They were like the gar-pike in our Western rivers, only much larger,— as big as a stove-pipe, and with a crust as hard as a turtle's shell. Then there came sharks, of strange forms, savage and ferocious, with teeth like bowie-knives. But the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung

over the earth so thick that you might almost have cut them into chunks with a knife, like a loaf of gingerbread; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew over the land. Huge reptiles with jaws like a front door, and teeth like cross-cut saws, and little reptiles, with wings like bats, crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush-trees fell into the swamps, and the Mississippi, now become quite a river, covered them up, and they were packed away under great layers of clay and sand, till at last they were turned into coal, and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rock at Oconto.

Then the mists cleared up and the sun shone and the grass began to grow, and strange animals began to come and feed upon it. There were funny little zebra horses, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and great hairy elephants, and hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root, and lots of still stranger creatures that no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground.

So the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn, and the Indian summer; and at last the great winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow was n't off by the Fourth of July; and then it snowed and snowed till the snow never went off at all; and then it got so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered all the animals, and then the trees, and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little, and streams of water would run over the snow; then it would freeze again, and pack it into solid ice. Still it went on snowing and thawing and freezing, till the ice was a mile deep over Wisconsin, and the whole United States was one great skating-rink.

So it kept on for about a million years, until once when the spring came and the south winds blew, it began to thaw up. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills, tearing up rocks little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a meeting-house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell, and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, thundering, grinding along, slowly enough, but with tremendous force, this mile-deep glacier, like an immense plow drawn by a million oxen.

So the ice plowed across Oconto County, and little Favosites was rooted out from the quiet place where he had lain so long; but, by good fortune, he happened to slip into a crevice in the ice, where he was n't much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder, as most of his relatives were, and I should n't have had this story to tell.

Well, the ice slid along, melting all the while, and making great torrents of water which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles, till at last it came to a great swamp, overgrown with tamarac and cedar. Here it stopped and melted, and all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried with it, little Favosites and all, were dumped into one great heap.

Ages after, a farmer in Grand Chûte, Michigan, plowing up his clover field, to sow for winter wheat, picked up a curious bit of "petrified honeycomb," and gave it to the school-boys to take to their teacher, to hear what he would say about it. And now you have read what he said.

NOTE

Holger Danske, a Danish national hero, supposed to sleep till foreboding danger wakens him.

HOW THE ROBIN CAME

AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Happy young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree,
While these home-birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:
Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trail-lodge alone.
Left for tortures, long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,

Knowing never lack of food:
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
Bravely till your task is done.
Better you should starving die
Than that boy and squaw should cry
Shame upon your father's son!"

When next morn the sun's first rays
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.
"Rise and eat, my son!" he said.
Lo, he found the poor boy dead!
As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said, or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,

To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life than death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise,—
He who sings than he who slays.

NOTES

The Al-gŏn'-quin Indian tribe was one of the largest of all the tribes and occupied the country from N. Carolina to Hudson Bay and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic ocean.

Samp. Coarse Indian corn.

Wampum braid. A braid made with beads of shell in different colors. The wampum beads, white or dark, were used as money. Three white beads or six dark ons were equal in value to one penny.

Genesis. The very beginning of the Robin family.

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL

MARY R. PARKMAN

I

We know of many heroes — heroes of long ago, whose shining deeds make the past bright; and heroes of to-day, whose courage in the face of danger and hardship and whose faithful service for others make the times in which we live truly the best times of all. But should you ask me who of all this mighty company of the brave was the bravest, I should answer, Captain Scott. Some one has called his story, "The Undying Story of Captain Scott." Would you like to hear it, and know for yourself why it is that as long as true men live this is a story that cannot die?

Most people who work know what they are working for; most men who are fighting for a cause know where they give their strength and their lives. The explorer alone has to go forward in the dark. He does not know what he will find. Only he hears within his heart the still whisper: "Something hidden. Go and find it."

The whisper, "Something hidden," came to Robert Falcon Scott when he was a little boy in Devonshire, England. Con, as he was called, never tired of hearing the tales of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of Sir Francis Drake, who sailed the seas and found a new world for England and sent his drum back to Devon where it was hung on the old sea-wall to show that the great days of the past would surely live again.

"You must take my drum" (Drake said),
"To the old sea-wall at home,
And if ever you strike that drum," he said,
"Why, strike me blind, I 'll come!

"If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away!"

The Devonshire men were sure that the brave spirit of Drake would come back in some true English heart whenever the time of need came. They even whispered when they told how Nelson won his great victory at Trafalgar,

"It was the spirit of Sir Francis Drake."

When Con heard these tales, and the stories of his own father and uncles who were captains in England's navy, he knew it was true that the spirit of a brave man does not die.

Sometimes when he was thinking of these things and wondering about the "something hidden" that the future had in store for him, his father would have to call him three or four times before he could wake him from his dream. "Old Mooney," his father called him then, and he shook his head.

"Remember, son," he would say, "an hour of doing is better than a life of dreaming. You must wake up and stir about in this world, and prove that you have it in you to be a man."

How do you think that the delicate boy, with the narrow chest and the dreamy blue eyes, whom his father called "Old Mooney," grew into the wide-awake, practical lad who became, a few years later, captain of the naval cadets on the training ship *Britannia?*

"I must learn to command this idle, dreamy 'Old Mooney' before I can ever command a ship," he said to himself. So he gave himself orders in earnest.

When he wanted to lie in bed an extra half hour, it was,

"Up, sir! 'Up and doing,' is the word!" And out he would jump with a laugh and a cheer for the new day.

When he felt like hugging the fire with a book on his knees he would say, "Out, sir! Get out in the open air and show what you 're made of!" Then he would race for an hour or two with his dog, a big Dane, over the downs, to come back in a glow ready for anything. And so the man who was to command others became master of himself. There came a time when a strong, brave man was needed to take command of the ship *Discovery,* that was to sail over unexplored seas to the South Pole. And Robert Falcon Scott, then a lieutenant in the royal navy, who had long dreamed of going forth where ships and men had never been and find the "something hidden" in strange far-off lands, found his dream had come true. He was put in command of that ship.

Three years were spent in that terrible land where

> "The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It cracked and growled, and roared and howled"—

in the fierce winds that swept over those great death-white wastes.

After this time of hardship and plucky endurance it was hard to have to return without having reached the South Pole. But he came back with so much of deepest interest and value to report about the unknown country, that those who had given their money to provide for the expedition said: "The voyage has really been a success. Captain Scott must go again under better conditions with the best help and equipment possible."

It was some time, however, before Captain Scott could be spared to go on that second and last voyage to the South Pole.

This man who knew all about commanding ships and men was needed to help with the great battleships of the navy. Five years had passed before plans were ready for the greatest voyage of all.

When it was known that Captain Scott was to set out on another expedition, eight thousand men volunteered to go as members of the party. It was splendid to think how much real interest there was in the work and to know how much true bravery and fine spirit of adventure there is in the men of our every-day world, but it was hard to choose wisely out of so many the sixty men to make up the party.

They needed, of course, officers of the navy, besides Captain Scott, to help plan and direct, a crew of able seamen, firemen, and stokers to run the ship, and doctors and stewards to take care of the men. Besides these, they wanted men of science who would be able to investigate in the right way the plants, animals, rocks, ice, ocean currents, and winds of that strange part of the earth; and an artist able to draw and to take the best kind of photographs and moving pictures.

The ship chosen for this voyage was the *Terra Nova*, the largest and strongest whaler that could be found. Whalers are ships used in whale-fishing, which are built expressly to make their way through the floating ice of Arctic seas.

The *Terra Nova* was a stout steamer carrying full sail, so that the winds might help in sending her on her way, thus saving coal whenever possible. The great difficulty was, of course, the carrying of sufficient supplies for a long time and for many needs.

With great care each smallest detail was worked out. There were three motor sledges, nineteen ponies, and thirty-three dogs to transport supplies. There was material for putting

up huts and tents. There were sacks of coal, great cans of oil and petrol (gasoline); and tons of boxes of provisions, such as pemmican, biscuit, butter, sugar, chocolate — things that would not spoil and which would best keep men strong and warm while working hard in a cold country. There were fur coats, fur sleeping bags, snow shoes, tools of all sorts, precious instruments, books, and many other things, each of which was carefully considered for they were going where no further supplies of any sort were to be had.

On June 15, 1910, the *Terra Nova* sailed from Wales, and on November 26 left New Zealand for the great adventure.

If the men had been superstitious they would have been sure that a troublous time was ahead, for almost immediately a terrible storm broke. Great waves swept over the decks, the men had to work with buckets and pumps to bale out the engine room, while boxes and cases went bumping about on the tossing ship, endangering the lives of men and animals, and adding to the noise and terror of the blinding, roaring tempest.

But through it all the men never lost their spirits. Scott led in the singing of chanties, as they worked hour after hour to save the ship and its precious cargo.

At last they came out on a calm sea where the sun shone on blue waves dotted here and there with giant icebergs, like great floating palaces, agleam with magic light and color, beautiful outposts of the icy world they were about to enter.

You know that the seasons in the South Arctic regions are exactly opposite to ours. Christmas comes in the middle of their summer — the time of the long day when the sun never drops below the horizon. Their winter, when they get no

sunlight for months, comes during the time we are having spring and summer.

It was Scott's plan to sail as far as the ship could go during the time of light, build a comfortable hut for winter quarters, then go ahead with sledges and carry loads of provisions, leaving them in depots along the path of their journey south, which was to begin with the coming of the next long day.

Patient watchfulness, not only by the man in the crow's nest, but on the part of all hands, was needed to guide the ship through the great masses of ice that pressed closer and closer about, as if they longed to seize and keep it forever in their freezing hold.

At last in January they came within sight of Mt. Terror, a volcano on Ross Island, which marked the place where they must land. It was strange and terrible, but most beautiful, to see the fire rise from that snowy mountain in the great white world they had come to explore. The ship could go no farther south because there stretched away from the shore of the island the great Ice Barrier, an enormous ice cap rising above the sea fifty or sixty feet and extending for 150,000 square miles.

Scott came, you remember, knowing well what lay before him. To reach the South Pole he must travel from his winter camp on Ross Island, 424 miles over the barrier, climb 125 miles over a monster glacier, and then push his way over 353 more miles of rough ice on a lofty, wind-swept plain. The whole journey southward and back to the winter hut covered about 1,850 miles.

As they could not count at most on more than 150 days in the year when marching would be possible, this meant that they must make over ten miles a day during the time of daylight.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Captain Robert F. Scott

Scott knew how hard this must be in that land of fierce winds and sudden blizzards, when the blinding, drifting snow made all marching out of the question. But there was nothing of the dreamer about him now; he carefully worked out his plans and prepared for every emergency.

After finding a good place to land and build the hut for the winter camp where it would be sheltered from the worst winds, they spent eight days unloading the ship, which then sailed away along the edge of the barrier with a part of the men, to find out how things were to the east of them.

Captain Scott and his men had an exciting time, I can tell you, carrying their heavy boxes and packing cases across the ice to the beach. Great killer whales, twenty feet long, came booming along under them, striking the ice with their backs, making it rock dizzily and split into wide cracks, over which the men had to jump to save their lives and their precious stores.

While part of the company was building the hut and making it comfortable for the long dark winter, Captain Scott and a group of picked men began the work of going ahead and planting stores at depots along the way south. They would place fuel and boxes of food under canvas cover, well planted to secure it against the wind, and mark the spot by a high cairn, or mound, made of blocks of ice. This mound was topped with upright skis or dark packing boxes, which could be seen as black specks miles away in that white world. At intervals along the trail they would erect other cairns to mark the way over the desert of snow. Then back they went to the hut and the winter of waiting before the march.

How do you suppose they spent the long weeks of darkness? Why, they had a wonderful time! Each man was

studying with all his might about the many strange things he had found in that land.

Wilson, who was Scott's best friend, gave illustrated lectures about the water birds he had found near there, the clumsy penguins who came tottering up right in the face of his camera as if they were anxious to have their pictures taken. He had pictures, too, of their nests and their funny, floundering babies. There were also pictures of seals peeping up at him out of their breathing-holes in the ice, where he had gone fishing and had caught all sorts of curious sea creatures.

Other men were examining pieces of rock and telling the story which they told of the history of the earth ages and ages ago when the land of that Polar world was joined with the continents of Africa and South America. Evans gave lectures on surveying, and Scott told about the experiences of his earlier voyage and explained the use of his delicate instruments.

Of course they took short exploring trips about, and sometimes when the moon was up, or, perhaps, in the scant twilight of midday, they played a game of football in the snow.

At last the sun returned, and the time came for the great journey about the first of November, just a year after they had left New Zealand.

. . . . . .

II

They had not gone far when it was proved that the motor sledges were useless, as the engines were not fitted for working in such intense cold. So, sorrowfully they had to leave them behind, and make ponies and dogs do all the work of hauling.

Then began a time of storms when blizzard followed blizzard. It seemed that they had met the wild spirit of all tempests in this snowy fastness, and as if he were striving to prove that the will of the strongest man must give way before the savage force of wind and weather. But there was something in the soul of these men that could not be conquered by any hardship — something that would never give up.

" The soul of a true man is stronger than anything that can happen to him," said Captain Scott.

It seemed as if this journey was made to prove that. And it did prove it.

Misfortune followed misfortune. The sturdy ponies could not stand the dangers. Some of them slipped and fell into deep chasms in the ice; others suffered so that the only kind thing was to put them out of their pain. The men went along then up the fearful climb across the glacier, with just the help of the dogs who pulled the sledges carrying provisions. One of the men became very ill, which delayed them further. And ever the dreadful wind raged about them.

They reached a point about 170 miles from the Pole on New Year's Day. Here Scott decided to send two members of his party back with the sick man and the dog sledge. They were, of course, disappointed, but realized it was for the best.

After leaving part of their provisions in a new depot to feed them on the way back, Captain Scott and four men, Wilson, Oates, Bowers, and Evans, went on the last march to the Pole with lighter loads which they dragged on a hand sledge. This is what Scott wrote in the letter sent back by his men:

" A last note from a hopeful position. I think it 's going to

be all right. We have a fine party going forward and all arrangements are going well."

How did the way seem to the men who still went on and on, now in the awful glare of the sun on the glistening ice, now in the teeth of a terrific gale? Here are some lines written by Wilson which may tell you something of what they felt:

"The silence was deep with a breath like sleep
As our sledge runners slid on the snow,
And the fateful fall of our fur-clad feet
Struck mute like a silent blow.

And this was the thought the silence wrought,
As it scorched and froze us through,
For the secrets hidden are all forbidden
Till God means man to know.
We might be the men God meant should know
The heart of the Barrier snow,
In the heat of the sun, and the glow,
And the glare from the glistening floe,
As it scorched and froze us through and through
With the bite of the drifting snow."

But still they pushed on and on, carrying supplies and their precious instruments, together with the records of their observations and experiences, until at last the goal was reached.

The South Pole at last! But here after all they had dared and endured another great trial awaited them just at the moment of seeming success. There at the goal toward which they had struggled with such high hopes was a tent and a mound over which floated the flag of Norway. The Norse explorer, Amundsen, had reached the Pole first. A letter was left telling of his work of discovery. He had happened on a route shielded from the terrific winds against which Scott had fought his way mile by mile, and had arrived at the Pole a month earlier.

Now, indeed, Scott showed that " the soul of a brave man is stronger than anything that can happen to him." Cheerfully he built a cairn near the spot to hold up their Union Jack, which flapped sadly in the freezing air as if to reproach them with not having set it as the first flag at the Farthest South of the earth. Then before they started back with the news of Amundsen's success, Scott wrote these lines in his diary:

" Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face 800 miles of solid dragging — and good-by to most of the day dreams."

But it was for Scott to show the world that defeat might be turned into the greatest victory of all. When you hear any one say that a man is too weak or fearful to bear hardship and ill-success to the end, think of Captain Scott and say, " The brave soul is stronger than anything that can happen."

On he struggled, on and on, though delayed again and again by blizzards that raged about in the most terrible fury as if determined to make this little party give up the fight. At last they came, weak and nearly frozen (for the supplies of food and fuel had run short), almost within sight of a provision camp where comfort and plenty awaited them. At this moment came the most terrible storm of all, that lasted for more than a week.

One morning Lieutenant Oates, who was ill and feared that his friends might lose their last chance of reaching safety by staying to care for him, walked out into the blizzard with these words:

" I am just going outside and may be some time."

Scott wrote that they " realized he was walking to his death and tried to dissuade him, but knew it was the act of a brave

man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit," he added.

A little later Scott wrote in his diary:

"Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far."

Eight months after when a rescue party succeeded in reaching the tent, they found the bodies of Wilson and Bowers lying with their sleeping bags closed over their heads. Near them was Captain Scott, with the flaps of his sleeping bag thrown back. Under his shoulder were his note-books and letters to those at home, which he had written up to the very last when the pencil slipped from his fingers. His thought in dying was not for himself but for those that would be left to grieve.

On the spot where they died, their friends left the bodies of these brave men covered with the canvas of their tent, and over them they piled up a great cairn of ice in which was placed a wooden cross made of snow-shoes. On the cross were carved these words of a great poet, which no one better than Captain Scott had made living words:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

From "Heroes of To-day."

THE HAPPY PRINCE

OSCAR WILDE

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children, as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master; "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had

stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows, "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love.

"I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said. "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried. "There is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?"

he said. "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw — Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at the table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress.

She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince. So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble

angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!" "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Everyone quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow and he was in

high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the Cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes

are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple

of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the bank of

the Nile, and catch gold fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew

rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured. "Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince; "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in the company with the Town Councillors. As

they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks," he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden

of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

NOTES

Oscar Wilde — an Irish poet born in Dublin, 1856.

Ghetto (Gĕt'-o) is the name given in Italian and other cities to the Jewish section.

The Temple of Baalbec (Bāl-bĕk') was a temple built for the worship of the Sun and the ruins still stand in the little town of Baalbec not far from Damascus in Syria.

Mountains of the Moon, named by Ptolemy and supposed to extend across the African continent.

Sphinx. A huge head and neck hewn out of solid rock and lying not far from the Great Pyramids at Gizeh, Egypt.

The Pygmies, old legends and fables tell us, were tiny dwarfs living somewhere near the ocean and constantly at war with the cranes.

THE IMP AND THE DRUM

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

It never would have happened but for Miss Eleanor's mission class. Once a week through the winter she went in the cars to a town not far from the city, where there were a great many mills, but few schools, and talked to a crowd of the mill-hands' little children. She did not give them lessons, exactly, but she told them stories and sang songs with them and interested them in keeping themselves and their homes clean and pretty. They were very fond of her and were continually bringing in other children, so that after the first year she gave up the small room she had rented and took them up two flights into an old dancing-hall, a little out of the center of the village.

The Imp had been from the beginning deeply interested in

this scheme, and when he learned that many of the boys were just exactly eight and a half,— his own age,— and that they played all sorts of games and told stories and sang songs, and had good times generally, his interest and excitement grew, and every Thursday found him begging his mother or Big Aunty, with whom they spent the winter, to telephone to his dear Miss Eleanor that this time he was to accompany her and see all those fascinating children: big Hans, who, though fourteen, was young for his years and stupid; little Olga, who was only eleven, but who mothered all the others, and had brought more children into the class than any one else; Pierre, who sang like a bird, and wore a dark-blue jersey and a knitted cap pulled over his ears; red-headed Mike, who was all freckles and fun; and pretty, shy Elizabeth, with deep violet eyes and a big dimple, who was too frightened to speak at first, and who ran behind the door even now if a stranger came.

But it was not till the Imp gave up being eight and a half and arrived at what his Uncle Stanley called quarter of nine that Miss Eleanor decided that he might go, if his mother would let him.

So, on one delicious Thursday in early February, the Imp boarded the train proudly, and they steamed out of the big station. He had gone over the entire afternoon, in anticipation, with Harvey, his little lame friend, who could not go to school, but did his lessons with a tutor, and with whom the Imp studied every morning during the three or four months they spent in the city; and Harvey was as interested as he, and sent his best love to them all.

From the moment of the Imp's entrance, when his cheerful "Hullo!" made him any number of friends, and his delight at being there made them all delighted to have him, he was a

great success; and when big Hans, with a furtive glance at the Imp's clean hands, went quietly off to the ever-ready basin and washed his own, Miss Eleanor regretted that she had not brought him sooner.

When they had finished the story about Washington at Valley Forge,— for Miss Eleanor was quietly teaching them history,— she got them into a long line that reached quite around the room, and went out for a moment, returning with a drum in her hand — not a play drum, but a real one, with polished black sticks and a fascinating strap to cross over the shoulder.

" Now," said she, " we 're going to learn the fire-drill, and we 'll take turns at the drum."

She arranged them carefully: little ones first, then girls, last of all the boys, with big Hans at the rear, and Olga managing a crowd of the little ones.

" Now," she said, " we won't leave the room this first time; we 'll just march round and round till we all can keep step, and later we 'll practise going through the halls and downstairs. I 'll drum the first time, and then the best boy shall be drummer."

The friend who had suggested the fire-drill when Miss Eleanor had begged her for some new game to play had never seen one, and did not know the exact details, but she knew the general idea of it, and she knew, too, that it was not at all easy for people to keep in step, even to a drum. This had surprised Miss Eleanor greatly. She supposed that anybody could keep step, and she was much inclined to doubt her friend's statement that a large number of grown people, even, found it difficult.

But there was a still greater surprise in store for her. When she slung the strap over her pretty red waist and hit the drum a resounding blow, a very different sound from what she had expected was the result — a muffled, flat noise, with nothing inspiring about it whatever. She bit her lip and tried again, the children watching her attentively from the sides of the big room.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang, bang, bang!

A few feet began to keep time, but the sound was not very different from that produced by a stick hit against the wall, and big Hans, whose father played in a band, and who had attended many rehearsals,— it was from him the drum had been procured,— shook his head solemnly.

Miss Eleanor's cheeks were red with vexation. Her arm ached, and the children were getting restless. She did not know what to do.

"Oh, dear! *Who* would have thought it was so hard?" she exclaimed pathetically. And then she noticed the Imp, who was fairly holding his lips in his effort to keep silence. For he had solemnly promised his mother not to put himself forward, nor suggest anything, nor offer to do a single thing till he was asked, on pain of never coming again.

"What is it, Perry?" she asked.

"*I* can — *I* can play a drum, Miss Eleanor!" he burst out.

She looked doubtful; the Imp was given to thinking that he could do most things.

"This is n't a play drum, you know, dear; it 's a real one," she said.

"But I can play a real one. Truly I can! Mr. Archer taught me — he was a truly drummer-boy in the war; he showed me how. He said I could hit it up like a good 'un!" the Imp exploded again.

Miss Eleanor dimly remembered that among the Imp's amazing list of acquaintances, a one-legged Grand Army man, who kept a newspaper-stall, had been mentioned, and decided that it could do no harm to let him try.

"Well, put it on," she said, and the Imp proudly assumed the drum, grasped the sticks loosely between his fingers, wagged his head knowingly from side to side, and began.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The straggling line straightened, the children began to grin, and little Pierre, at the head of the line, stamped his foot and started off. Miss Eleanor's forehead smoothed, and she smiled encouragingly at the Imp.

"That 's it, that 's it!" she cried delightedly. "How easy it looks!"

But the Imp stopped suddenly, and the moving line stopped with him.

"Wait! I forgot!" he said peremptorily. "You must n't start till I do this."

And with a few preliminary taps he gave the long roll that sends a pleasant little thrill to the listener's heart.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrrr — *um* dum!

The children jumped with delight, and the line started off, the Imp drumming for dear life around the inside of the big

square, and Miss Eleanor keeping the hasty ones back and hurrying the stragglers, trying to make big Hans feel the rhythm, and suppressing Pierre's happy little skips.

After a half-hour of this they begged to try the halls and stairs, and the Imp stood proudly on the landings, keeping always at about the middle of the line, stamping his right foot in time with his sticks, his eyes shining with his joy, his little body straight as a dart.

Miss Eleanor was delighted. The boys responded so well to her little talk on protecting the girls and waiting till they were placed before taking their own stand in the line, the girls stood so straight, the little ones entered so well into the spirit of the thing, that she felt that afternoon to have been one of the best they had had, and confided as much to the Imp on their journey home.

As for the Imp, he had a new interest in life, and talked of little else than the fire-drill for days. There was no question as to his going the next Thursday, and he and his drum formed the chief attraction of the day, for the drill proved the most popular game of all, and after the proclamation had gone forth that none but clean-handed, neatly dressed, respectful boys need aspire to head the line, such boys were in a great and satisfying majority.

For a month they had been practising regularly, and by the end of that time every child knew his place and took it instantly at the opening tap. It was pretty to see little Olga shake back her yellow pigtails and marshal her tiny brood into line; even the smallest of them kept step nicely now. Only big Hans could not learn, and Pierre walked by his side in vain, trying to make him feel the rhythm of the Imp's faithful drumsticks.

There was one feature of the drill that amused Miss Eleanor's friends greatly. Of course there was no fire-alarm in the old hall, and she would not let any one cry out or even pretend for a moment that there was any real danger. She merely called sharply, "*Now!*" when they were to form, and it was one of the suppressed excitements of the afternoon to wait for that word. They never knew when it would come.

For Miss Eleanor's one terror was fire. Once, as a little girl, she had been carried out of a burning house, and the flames bright against the night, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the shock of the frightened awakening, and the chill of the cold winter air had so shaken her nerves that she could hardly bear to remember it. Burglars had little terror for her; in accidents she was cool and collected; more than once, in a quiet way, she had saved people from drowning: but a bit of flaming paper turned her cheeks white and made her hands tremble. So, though big Hans begged to be allowed to call out "Fire!" she would never let him, and though she explained the meaning of the drill to them, it is to be doubted if they attached much importance to the explanation, as she herself did not care to talk about it long.

One fine, windy Thursday — it was the second Thursday in March, and the last Thursday the Imp would be able to spend with his new friends, for he was going back to the country — they started out a little depressed in spirits: the Imp because it was his last visit, Miss Eleanor because she was afraid her children were in danger of a hard week. The hands of three of the largest factories were "on strike," and though they were quite in the wrong, and were demanding more than any but the ring-leaders themselves felt to be just, they were excited to the pitch of rage that no reasoning can

calm, and as the superintendents had absolutely refused to yield any further, affairs were at a dead-lock.

As the Imp and Miss Eleanor walked up through the village, the streets were filling rapidly with surly, idle men. Dark-eyed Italians, yellow-haired Swedes, talkative, gesticulating Irish, and dogged, angry English jostled one another on the narrow walks, talking loudly. Miss Eleanor hurried the Imp along, picking up a child here and there on the way, and sighing with relief as she neared the old hall.

Some of the excitement had reached the children, and though they had come in large numbers, for they knew it was the Imp's last visit for some time, and there had been hints of a delightful surprise for them on this occasion, they were restless and looked out of the windows often. There was a shout of applause when, the Imp suddenly becoming overwhelmed with shyness, Miss Eleanor invited them all out to his home for one day in the summer; but that excitement died down, and more than one of the older children glanced slyly at the door. The men from that end of the town were filing by, and most of the women were following after.

Miss Eleanor racked her brains for some amusement. It was cold in the room, for the boy who had charge of the clumsy, old-fashioned stove was sick that day, and there was no fire. So, partly to keep them contented, and partly to get them warm, she proposed a game of blindman's-buff. There was a shout of assent, and presently they were in the midst of a tremendous game. The stamping feet of the boys and the shrill cry of the girls made a deafening noise; the dust rose in clouds; the empty old building echoed confusingly. The fun grew fast and furious; the rules were forgotten; the boys began to scuffle and fight, and the little girls danced about excitedly.

Miss Eleanor called once or twice to quiet them, but they were beyond control; they paid no attention to her. With a little grimace she stepped out of the crowd to breathe, rang a little bell that was the signal for quiet, and raised her hand.

"Now I 'm going to open the door, to get a thorough draft, and then we 'll quiet down," she said, and pushed through the crowd to the door.

As she opened it wide a great cloud of brown, hot smoke poured into the room, a loud roaring, with little snapping crackles behind it, came from below, and Miss Eleanor suddenly put her hand to her heart, turned perfectly white, and half fell, half leaned against the door.

For a moment the children were quite still — so still that through the open door they could hear the roar and the crackle. Then, suddenly, before she could prevent him, little Pierre slipped through and started down the hall. With a cry she went after him, half the children following her; but in a moment they crowded back, screaming and choking. The stairs at the end of the long hall were on fire!

Miss Eleanor tried to call out, but though her lips moved, she could not speak above a whisper. She shut the door and leaned against it, and the look in her eyes frightened the children out of what little control they had.

"Call," she said hoarsely, "call 'Fire!' out of the window. Quick! Call, all of you!"

But they stumbled about, crying and gasping, some of them struggling to get by her out of the door. She was trembling violently, but she pushed them away and held the door-knob as tightly as she could. Only Olga ran to the open window, and sent a piercing little shriek out into the quiet street:

"Fire! Fire! Come along! Fire!"

For a moment there was no answer, and then a frightened woman ran out of her house and waved her hand.

"Come out! Come out, you!" she called.

"Our stairs are burnt all up! We can't!" screamed Olga.

The woman ran quickly down the empty street, calling for help as she ran, and the children surged about the door, a crowd of frightened little animals, trying to drag Miss Eleanor away from it.

"Wait," she begged them, "wait! You can't go that way — they'll bring ladders! Oh, *please* wait!"

Her knees shook beneath her, the room swam before her eyes. The smell of the smoke, stronger and stronger, sickened her. With a thrill of terror, she saw big Hans drag a child away from the window, and deliberately pushing her down, prepare to climb out over her, almost stepping on her little body.

Suddenly she caught sight of the Imp. He was pushing his way through the crowd valiantly, but not toward her.

"Come here, Perry!" she said weakly. But he paid no attention. He had been dazed for a moment, and, like all the other children, her terror had terrified him quite as much as the fire. Now, as he caught her eye, and saw the helpless fear in her face as she watched Hans, something sent him away from her to a farther corner, and as the smoke began to come up between the boards of the floor, and the same deadly stillness reigned outside, while the confusion grew greater in the hot, crowded room, a new sound cut through the roar and the crackle.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm, brrrm, brrrm!

The children turned. Big Hans, with one leg out of the window, turned back. There was a little rush, half checked, for the sides of the room, and Olga instinctively looked about for her small charges.

But they wavered undecidedly, and as the sound of steps outside and the clattering of horses' feet reached them, a new rush for the door began, and Miss Eleanor's hand slipped from the knob, while she half fell beside it.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrrr — *um* dum!

That familiar long roll had never been disobeyed; the habit of sudden, delighted response was strong; and with a quick recollection that he was to be head boy, big Hans slipped from the window-sill and jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga was behind him in a moment, and Pierre, proud of his position as rear-guard and time-keeper for the little boys, pushed them, crying and coughing, into place.

Miss Eleanor must have been half unconscious for a moment. When she struggled to her feet, no scrambling crowd, but an orderly, tramping line pushed by her, and above the growing tumult outside, above the sickening roar of the fire below, came the quick, regular beat of the faithful drum:

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The children marched as if hypnotized. The long line just filled the sides of the room, and they were squeezed in so tightly that they forced one another on unconsciously. The Imp in his excitement beat faster than usual, and his bright red cheeks, his straight little figure, as he walked his inside square,

his quick, nervous strokes, were an inspiration to the most scared laggard. Big Hans, elated at his position,— his for the first time,— never took his eyes off the black sticks, and worked his mouth excitedly, keeping time to the beats, the Imp frowning at his slightest misstep.

Miss Eleanor, the door hot against her back, forced her trembling lips into a smile, and cheered them on as they tramped round and round. Was nothing being done? Would no one come?

Suddenly there was a thundering, a clanging, and a quick, sharp ringing gong came closer with every stroke; the sound of many running feet, too, and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered, seemed to stop. She summoned all her strength, and called out aloud for the first time:

"Don't stop, children! Keep right on! Stand straight, Hans, and show them how well you can lead!"

Hans tossed his head, glared at a boy across the room who had broken through, and forged ahead. There was a succession of quick blows on the sides of the room, a rush, and in another moment three helmeted heads looked through three windows. At the same moment a sharp hissing sound interrupted the roaring below, and though the door was brown behind her now, and a tiny red point was glowing brighter in the wall near by, Miss Eleanor's strength returned at the sight of the firemen, and she stood by the side of the Imp and encouraged the children.

"Don't stop, Hans! Remember, little ones first! Olga's children first!"

And with a grunt of assent Hans marched on, the line following, closing up mechanically over the gaps the men made, who snatched out the children as they passed by the

windows, and handed them rapidly down the long ladders. In vain the firemen tried to get the boys. They wriggled obstinately out of their grasp, as they went round, till every girl was lifted out, Olga standing by the window till the last of her charges was safe.

The door fell in with a bang, and in spite of the hose below the smoke rolled up from between the cracks in the floor, thicker and thicker. As the plaster dropped from the walls in great blocks, Miss Eleanor dragged the line into the center of the room, and motioned one of the men to take the Imp as he passed by. For so perfect was the order that the men never once needed to step into the room, only leaning over the sills to lift out the children. The Imp felt a strong grasp on his arm, but tried to pull away; the man insisted.

"Hurry now, hurry; let go!" he commanded gruffly. The despair in the Imp's eyes as he drummed hard with his other hand grew to rage, and he brought down his free stick with a whack on the man's knuckles. With a sharp exclamation the man let go, and the Imp pressed on, his cheeks flaming, his eyes glowing. His head was high in the air; he was panting with excitement. The line was small now: another round and there would be but a handful. The floor near the door began to sag, and the men took two at a time of the bigger boys, and left these to scramble down by themselves. With every new rescue a shout went up from below; and as Hans slipped out by himself, and two men lifted Miss Eleanor out of one window, a third meanwhile carrying out the Imp, kicking in his excitement, and actually beating the drum as it dangled before him, while a fourth man took a last look, and crying, "O. K.! All out!" ran down his ladder alone, the big crowd literally shouted with thankfulness and excitement.

As for the Imp, he felt tired and shaky, now that somebody had taken away his drum; and he watched the blackened walls crash in without a word. His knees felt hollow and queer; Miss Eleanor had quietly fainted, and they were sprinkling her with water from the little pools where the big hose had leaked.

They took them to the station in a carriage, and the Imp sat in Miss Eleanor's lap in a drawing-room car, and she cuddled him silently all the way home. Her father, half crazy with fear, passed them in an express going in the other direction, to find out that they were safe, and that the strike was off. The recent danger had sobered the men, and their thankfulness at their children's safety had softened them, so that their ringleaders' taunts had no effect on their determination to go back to work quietly the next day.

It was at his request that they refrained from any more costly gift to Miss Eleanor than a big photographic group of the children, framed in plush, "as an expression of their deep gratitude for her presence of mind in keeping the children in the room away from the deadly flames beneath." But the Mill Town Drum Corps and Military Band formally presented "to Master Perry S. Stafford the drum and sticks that he used on the occasion when his bravery and coolness made them proud to call themselves his true friends and hearty well-wishers."

"WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Vogelweide the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide,
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From the wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lesson
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,

On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face.

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweide.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

NOTES

Vogelweide, in German, means Bird Meadow and Walter von der Vogelweide was one of the greatest singers of the thirteenth century.

The minnesingers were men of very good families who went about the country singing.

The lintel of a door or window is the flat piece across the top.

Wartburg (Vărt'-burgh). A castle in Germany where Martin Luther translated his version of the Bible.

The Minster bells. The monastery church bells.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND

SARAH J. PRITCHARD

It was in the year 1635. On a November afternoon Mrs. Rachel Olcott was spinning flax in the cheerful kitchen of a small house not far from Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts. Eastward from the house, the ocean broke with a sullen roar on the rocks of the coast below; northward lay the few homes of the few Pilgrims who were Mrs. Olcott's neighbors.

Captain Olcott's ship had sailed from Boston for England, in the year 1632, and had not been heard from.

The little band of Pilgrims had ceased to look for news from the captain or his ship.

Mrs. Olcott kept up a brave heart and a cheerful face for the sake of her four children, Robert, Rupert, Lucy, and poor,

crippled little Roger; but this November afternoon anxiety filled her heart. Day by day her little store of provisions had lessened under the stress of hunger until even the corn-meal had vanished, and it became necessary to send corn to be ground at the only mill in all that region. Early in the day, Robert and Rupert with their sister Lucy had been sent to the miller's, for it was well understood that each comer must await his turn at the mill. This grinding in those early days was slow work, and much of the day had passed before Mrs. Olcott expected them to return.

But when the sky grew dark and the snow began to fall, the loving mother grew anxious. She drew the great arm-chair, in the cushioned depths of which poor, pale-faced little Roger lay curled, far into the fireplace; and then, when anxiety grew to fear, she threw over her head the hooded red cloak that all the Puritan matrons wore, and hurried over the hill, as fast as the drifting snow would permit, to the house of her nearest neighbor, Master John Hawley.

As she drew the latch and walked in with impetuous haste, up sprang John Hawley and stalked to the corner, where, ever ready, stood his trusty musket.

"Indians, Rachel?" shrieked Mrs. Hawley, springing to drop the curtain that hung above the one window of the room.

"Put up your musket, friend," gasped Mrs. Olcott. "It is my boys who are in danger. They went to the mill with grist. Lucy is with them. Oh, save them!" she pleaded.

"They 're young and tough; they 'll weather it through, and be home by supper-time," said John Hawley, the stanch Puritan, dropping his musket to its corner. "I 'll step over after supper and see. Go home, and don't worry."

To him, nothing less than Indians seemed worth a moment's uneasiness.

When he turned, Rachel Olcott was gone, and his wife was at the door, watching the red cloak as its wearer urged it through the snow.

"A woman has no business to look as she does," exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, closing the door.

"She 's had trouble enough in Plymouth, goodness knows! — her husband lost, and that crippled child to care for night and day, those boys to bring up, and hardly enough money to keep soul and body together. And there she goes this minute with a face like a sweetbrier rose"; and John Hawley demanded his supper at once.

He had it, his wife looking as stern as any Puritan of them all, as he put on his greatcoat and went out, saying:

"If those youngsters have come home, I 'll be right back."

But he was not "right back." Midnight came down on all the Atlantic coast, and he had not returned.

The supper for the young Olcotts was baked at the hearth, and set back to await their coming. The blazing logs filled the long, low kitchen with light. There was no need of a candle, as the mother sat, to sing her poor boy to sleep. But Roger could not sleep.

"Tell me something more about England, mother," he pleaded, again and again. "It keeps me from thinking of Lucy and the boys, when you talk."

The firelight illumined the white face and made the blue eyes of the boy more pitiful than ever in their plaintive asking that night.

The mother's thoughts and her heart were out in the snowdrifts searching with her neighbors for her bright, rosy dar-

lings, but her words and her hands were ministering to this child, bereft of almost everything belonging to the outside world of work and endeavor.

"Well, then, Roger, shut your eyes and try to go to sleep, while I tell you something about Christmas — the way we used to keep it — before Mama was a Puritan, you know."

Then she told the boy of old-time customs in her native land; of her father's house, and the great rejoicings that came at Christmas-time, and lastly, with a vague feeling of regret in her heart, she came to the story of the great green bough that was lighted with tapers and hung with gifts for the good children.

"What made you be a Puritan, mother? Why did n't you stay at home?" asked Roger.

"Don't ask me, my boy," she said, touching the shining face with a kiss.

"Mother, I 'd like it, if I could see a Christmas-bough just for once before I die."

At that moment the door was thrust in, and the boys, Robert and Rupert, clad in snow, entered the room. The mother, dropping Roger's mite of a hand, sprang to meet them with untold gladness in her eyes, that still looked beyond them in search of something more.

"Lucy 's all right, mother!" cried Robert. "If it had n't been for Mr. Hawley, though, and Richard Cooper, and the rest, we 'd have had a night of it in the old cedar-tree. We could n't get a bit farther with the meal and Lucy; so we scooped out the snow in the big hollow, put Lucy in first, when we had made sure there was n't a fox or anything inside; crawled in ourselves, with a big stick apiece to keep off ene-

mies, and were getting very hungry and sleepy, when a light flashed in our eyes."

"But where is Lucy?" interrupted Mrs. Olcott.

"Oh, they are bringing her! And mother, Mr. Hawley has been scolding us half the way home for going to mill on such a day. And we never told him that we had n't meal enough in the house to last till to-morrow. We took it brave."

"That 's right, my good boys; but how did they find you?" Mrs. Olcott demanded.

"They did n't; we found them," cried Rupert. "They had a lantern, and we saw it; and then we made a dash after the light, and brought them back to the hollow. When they drew Lucy out, she was fast asleep, and as warm as toast, 'cause Robert gave her his jacket, and I tied my muffler on her, too."

"And she 's fast asleep this minute, I do believe!" added Robert, as two vigorous young men entered,— one drawing the sled-load of meal and the other bearing Lucy in his arms.

From that night in November little Roger fell to thinking so much of the beautiful Christmas-bough. He talked of it when awake, he dreamed of it when he slept; and he told his dreams and said, with tears on his cheeks, how sorry he was to awake and find that he had n't seen it after all — and, oh, he wanted to so much!

The time of Christmas in that far, far-away year drew near, and in all the land there was not a Christmas-bell, a Christmas-tree, nor even a Christmas-gift.

A physician from Boston had come down, and told Mrs. Olcott that the lad must die. This bright little mother wished, oh, so much! to make her child happy, and his little heart was set on seeing a Christmas-bough before he died. She could

not withstand his wishes, and she said to herself, "If I am punished for it as long as I live, Roger shall see a Christmas-bough." So she took her boys, Robert and Rupert, and little Lucy, outside the house one day, just a week before Christmas, and told them what she was going to do.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Robert, the eldest son. "They 'll persecute you to death; they 'll drive us into the wilderness; we shall lose our home and everything!"

"Remember, boys, your mother has been into the wilderness once, and she is n't afraid of that. We shall have the Christmas-bough! I am going up to Boston to-morrow, if the day is fine, and I 'll fetch back some nice little trinkets for poor Roger. Maybe a ship has come in lately; one is expected."

On the morrow, clad in the scarlet cloak, Mrs. Olcott set forth for Boston. She had not been there since the day she went up to see the ship sail, with her husband on it — the ship that never had been heard from. But that was more than three years before, and it was in going home from Boston that Roger had been so hurt and maimed that his little life was spoiled.

Great was the astonishment in Plymouth when it was learned that the Widow Olcott had gone to Boston. Why had she to go to Boston? She had no folk living there to go to see; and what had she been buying, they wondered, when she came back. Mrs. Hawley went down the hill that same day to make inquiry, and found out very little.

As soon as Mrs. Olcott was well rid of Mrs. Hawley, she called her boys, and bade them go to the pine-woods and get the finest, handsomest young hemlock-tree that they could find.

"Get one that is straight and tall, with well-boughed

branches on it, and put it where you can draw it under the woodshed, after dark," she added.

The boys went to Pine Hill, and there they picked out the finest young tree on all the hill and said, "We will take this one." So, with their hatchets they hewed it down and brought it safely home the next night when all was dark. And when Roger was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room, they dragged the tree into the kitchen. It was too tall, so they took it out again and cut off two or three feet at the base. Then they propped it up, and the curtains being down over the windows, and blankets being fastened over the curtains to prevent any one looking in, and the door being doubly barred to prevent any one coming in, they all went to bed.

Very early the next morning, while the stars shone on the snow-covered hills,— the same stars that shone sixteen hundred years before on the hills when Christ was born in Bethlehem,— the little Puritan mother in New England arose very softly. She went out and lit the kitchen fire anew from the ash-covered embers. She fastened upon the twigs of the tree the gifts she had bought in Boston for her boys and girl. Then she took as many as twenty pieces of candle and fixed them upon the branches. After that, she softly called Rupert, Robert, and Lucy, and told them to get up and dress and come into the kitchen.

Hurrying back, she began, with a bit of burning stick, to light the candles. Just as the last one was set aflame, in trooped the three children.

Before they had time to say a word, they were silenced by their mother's warning.

"I wish to fetch Roger in and wake him up before it," she said. "Keep still until I come back!"

The little lad, fast asleep, was lifted in a blanket and gently carried by his mother into the beautiful presence.

"See! Roger, my boy, see!" she said, arousing him. "It is Christmas morning now! In England they have only Christmas-boughs, but here in New England we have a whole Christmas-tree."

"Oh, mother!" he cried. "Oh, Lucy! Is it really, really true, and no dream at all? Yes, I see! I see! Oh, mother! it *is* so beautiful! I sha'n't mind going," said the boy, "now that I've seen the Christmas-bough. I — *What is that, mother?*"

What *was* it that they heard? The little Olcott home had never before seemed to tremble so. There were taps at the window, there were knocks at the door — and it was as yet scarcely the break of day! There were voices also, shouting something to somebody.

"Shall I put out the candles, mother?" whispered Robert.

"What will they do to us for having the tree? I wish we had n't it," regretted Rupert; while Lucy clung to her mother's gown and shrieked with all her strength, "It 's Indians!"

Pale and white and still, ready to meet her fate, stood Mrs. Olcott, until, out of the knocking and the tapping at her door, her heart caught a sound. It was a voice calling, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

"Unbar the door!" she cried back to her boys. "It 's your father calling!" Down came the blankets; up went the curtain; open flew the door, and in walked Captain Olcott, followed by every man and woman in Plymouth who had heard at break of day the glorious news that the expected ship had arrived at Boston, and with it the long-lost Captain Olcott.

For an instant nothing was thought of except the joyous welcoming of the captain in his own home.

"What 's this? What is it? What *does* this mean?" was asked again and again, when the first excitement was past, as the tall young pine stood aloft, its candles ablaze, its gifts still hanging.

"It 's welcome home to father!" said Lucy, her only thought to screen her mother.

"No, child, *no!*" sternly spoke Mrs. Olcott. "Tell the truth!"

"It 's — a — Christmas-tree!" faltered poor Lucy.

One and another and another, Pilgrims and Puritans all, drew near with faces stern and forbidding, and gazed and gazed, until one and another and yet another softened slowly into a smile as little Roger's piping voice sang out:

"She made it for me, mother did. But *you* may have it now, and all the pretty things that are on it, too, because you 've brought my father back again; if mother will let you," he added.

Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan frowned at the gift. One man, the sternest there, broke off a little twig and said:

"I 'll take it for the sake of the good old times at home."

Then every one wanted to take a bit for the same sweet sake, until the young pine was bereft of half its branches. But still it stood, like a hero at his post, candles burning and gifts hanging, until all but the little household had departed; and even then, the last candle was permitted to burn low and flicker out before a gift was distributed, so glad were the Olcotts in the presence of the one great gift of that Christmas morn; so eager were they to be told every bit of the story, the wonderful story, of their father's long, long

voyage in a poor, little, storm-beaten and disabled ship which, at last, he had been able to guide safely into port. His return voyage had been made in the very ship that Mrs. Olcott had hoped would arrive in time for her Christmas-tree.

That morning brought to Roger something better than Christmas-trees, better, if such a thing were possible, than the home-coming of the hero-captain — renewed life. It may have been the glad surprise, the sudden awaking in the bright presence of a real, live Christmas-tree; it may have been the shock of joy that followed the knocking and the shouts at door and window, or the more generous living that came into the little house near Plymouth. Certain it was, that Roger began to mend in many ways, to grow satisfied with bleak New England wind and weather, and to rejoice the heart of all the Olcotts by his glad presence with them.

AN AMATEUR DIVER

CLEVELAND MOFFET

One day I asked Atkinson, as master diver of the wrecking company, if he would let me go down in his diving-suit; and he said yes very promptly, with an odd little smile, and immediately began telling of people who, on various occasions, had teased to go down, and then had backed out at the critical moment, sometimes at the very last, just as the face-glass was being screwed on. It was a bit disconcerting to me, for Atkinson seemed to imply that I, of course, would be different from such people, and go down like a veteran, whereas I was as yet only *thinking* of going down!

"There 's a wreck on the Hackensack," said he; "it 's a coal-barge sunk in twenty feet of water. We 'll be pumping her out to-morrow. Come down about noon, and I 'll put the suit on you."

Then he told me how to find the place, and spoke as if the thing were settled.

I thought it over that evening, and decided not to go down. It was not worth while to take such a risk; it was a foolish idea. Then I changed my mind: I would go down. I must not miss such a chance; it would give me a better understanding of this strange business; and there was no particular danger in it, only a little discomfort. Then I wavered again, and thought of accidents to divers, and tragedies of diving. What if something went wrong! What if the hose burst or the air-valve stuck! Or suppose I should injure my hearing, in spite of Atkinson's assurance? I looked up a book on diving, and found that certain persons are warned not to try it — full-blooded men, very pale men, men who suffer much from headache, men subject to rheumatism, men with poor hearts or lungs, and others. The list seemed to include everybody, and certainly included me on at least two counts. Nevertheless I kept to my purpose; I would go down.

It was rising tide the next afternoon, an hour before slack water (slack water is the diver's harvest-time), when the crew of the steam-pump *Dunderberg* gathered on deck to witness my descent and assist in dressing me; for no diver can dress himself. The putting on a diving-suit is like squeezing into an enormous pair of rubber boots reaching up to the chin, and provided with sleeves that clutch the wrists tightly with clinging bands, to keep out the water. Thus incased, you feel as helpless and oppressed as a tightly stuffed sawdust doll,

and you stand anxiously while the men put the gasket (a rubber joint) over your shoulders and make it fast with thumbscrews, under a heavy copper collar. Next you step into a pair of thirty-pound iron shoes that are strapped over your rubber feet. And now they lead you to an iron ladder that reaches down from rail to water. You lift your feet somehow over the side, right foot, left foot, and feel around for the ladder-rungs. Then you bend forward on the deck, face down, as a man would lay his neck on the block. This is to let the helpers make fast around your waist the belt that is to sink you presently with its hundred pounds of lead. Under this belt you feel the life-line noose hugging below your arms, a stout rope trailing along the deck, that will follow you to the bottom, and haul you back again, safely, let us hope. Beside it trails the precious black hose that brings you air.

Now Atkinson himself lifts the copper helmet with its three goggle-eyes, and prepares to screw it on. The men watch your face sharply; they have seen novices weaken here.

"Want to leave any address?" says Captain Taylor cheerfully.

I admit, in my own case, that at this moment I felt a very real emotion. I watched two lads at the air-pump wheels as if they were executioners, though both had kind faces, and one was sucking placidly at a clay pipe. I thought how good it was to stay in the sunshine, and not go down under a muddy river in a diving-suit.

"Wait a minute," I cried out, and went over the signals again — three slow jerks on the life-line to come up, and so on.

Now the helmet settles down over my head and jars against the collar. I see a man's hands through the round glasses crisscrossed over the protecting wires; he is screwing the hel-

met down tight. Now he holds the face-glass before my last little open window. "Go ahead with the pump," calls a queer voice, and forthwith a sweetish, warmish breath enters the helmet, and I hear the wheeze and groan of the cylinders.

"If you get too much air, pull once on the hose," somebody calls; "if you don't get enough, pull twice." I wonder how I am to know whether I am getting too much or not enough, but there is no time to find out. I have just a moment for one deep breath from the outside, when there is no more "outside" for me; the face-glass has shut it off, and now grimy fingers are turning this glass in its threads, turning it hard, and hands are fussing with hose and life-line, making them fast to lugs on the helmet-face, one on each side, so that the hose drops away under my left arm, and the life-line under my right. Then I feel a sharp tap on my big copper crown, which means I must start down. That is the signal.

I pause a moment to see if I can breathe, and find I can. One step downward, and I feel a tug at my trousers as the air-feed plumps them out. Step by step I enter the water; foot by foot the river rises to my waist, to my shoulders — to my head. With a roar in my ears, and a flash of silver bubbles, I sink beneath the surface; I reach the ladder's end, loose my hold on it, and sink, sink through an amber-colored region, slowly, easily, and land safely (thanks to Atkinson's careful handling) on the barge's deck just outside her combings, and can reach one heavy foot over the depth of her hold, where tons of coal await rescue. A jerk comes on the life-line, and I answer that all is well; indeed, I am pleasantly disappointed, thus far, in my sensations. It is true there is a pressure in my ears, but nothing of consequence (no doubt deeper it would

have been different), and I feel rather a sense of exhilaration from my air-supply than any inconvenience. At every breath the whole suit heaves and settles with the lift and fall of my lungs. I carry my armor easily. It seems as if I have no weight at all, yet the scales would give me close to four hundred pounds.

The fact is, though I did not know it, my friends up in the daylight were pumping me down too much air (this in their eager desire to give me enough), and I was in danger of becoming more buoyant than is good for a diver; in fact, if the clay-pipe gentleman had turned his wheel just a shade faster I should have traveled up in a rush — four hundred pounds and all. I learned afterward that Atkinson had an experience like this, one day, when a green tender mixed the signals and kept sending down more air every time he got a jerk for less. Atkinson was under a vessel's keel, patching a hole, and he hung on there as long as he could, saying things to himself, while the suit swelled and swelled. Then he let go, and came to the surface so fast that he shot three feet out of the water, and startled the poor tender into dropping his line and taking to his heels.

Needless to say, that sort of thing is quite the reverse of amusing to a diver, who must be raised and lowered slowly (say at the speed of a lazy freight elevator) to escape bad head-pains from changing air-pressure.

I sat down on the deck and took note of things. The golden color of the water was due to the sunshine through it and the mud in it — a fine effect from a mean cause. For two or three feet I could see distinctly enough. I noticed how red my hands were from the squeeze of rubber wrist-bands. I felt the diving-suit over, and found the legs pressed hard against my

body with the weight of water. I searched for the hammer and nail they had tied to me, and proceeded to drive the latter into the deck. I knew that divers use tools under water — the hammer, the saw, the crowbar, etc.— almost entirely by sense of feeling, and I wanted to see if I could do so. The thing proved easier than I had expected. I hit the nail on the head nearly every time. Nor did the water resistance matter much; my nail went home, and I was duly pleased. I breathed quicker, after this slight exertion, and recalled Atkinson's words about the great fatigue of work under water.

I stood up again and shuffled to the edge of the wreck. Strange to think that if I slipped off I should fall to the bottom (unless the life-line held me) just as surely as a man might fall to the ground from a housetop. I would not rise as a swimmer does. And then I felt the diver's utter helplessness: he cannot lift himself; he cannot speak; he cannot save himself, except as those lines save him. Let them part, let one of them choke, and he dies instantly.

And now the steady braying of the air-pump beat sounded like cries of distress, and the noise in my ears grew like the roar of a train. All divers below hear this roaring, and it keeps them from any talking one with another: when two are down together, they communicate by taps and jerks, as they do with the tenders above. I bent my head back, and could see a stream of bubbles, large ones, rising, rising from the escape-valve like a ladder of glistening pearls. And clinging to my little windows were myriad tiny bubbles that rose slowly. The old Hackensack was boiling all about me, and I saw how there may well be reason in the belief of some that this ceaseless bubbling from the helmet (often accompanied by a phos-

Cleveland Moffett after his first dive. The face plate has been unscrewed from the helmet

phorescent light in the bubbles) is the diver's safeguard against creatures of the deep.

Well, I had had my experience, and all had gone well — a delightful experience, a thing distinctly worth the doing. It was time to feel for the life-line and give the three slow pulls. Where was the ladder now? I was a little uncertain, and understood how easily a diver (even old-timers have this trouble) may lose his bearings. There! one, two, three. And the answer comes straightway down the line — one, two, three. That means I must stand ready; they are about to lift me. Now the rope tightens under my arms, and easily, slowly, I rise, rise, and the golden water pales to silver, the bubbles boil faster, and I come to the surface by the ladder's side and grope again for its rungs. How heavy I have suddenly become without the river to buoy me! This climbing the ladder is the hardest task of all; it is like carrying two men on one's back. Again I bend over the deck, and see hands moving at my windows. A twist, a tug, and off comes the face-glass, with a suck of air. The test is over.

"You did well," is the greeting I receive; and the divers welcome me almost as one of their craft. Henceforth I have friends among these quiet men whose business it is to look danger in the eye (and look they do without flinching) as they fare over river and sea, and under river and sea, in search of wrecks.

THE TIME SHOP

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Of course it was an extraordinary thing for a clock to do, especially a parlor clock, which one would expect to be particularly dignified and well-behaved, but there was no denying the fact that the Clock did it. With his own eyes Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands. To be sure, he had never noticed before that the Clock had eyes, or that it had any fingers on its hands to beckon with, but the thing happened in spite of all that, and as a result Bobby became curious. He was stretched along the rug in front of the great open fireplace, where he had been drowsily gazing at the blazing log for a half hour or more, and looking curiously up at the Clock's now smiling face, he whispered to it.

"Are you beckoning to me?" he asked, rising up on his hands and knees.

"Of course I am," replied the Clock in a soft, silvery tone, just like a bell, in fact. "You did n't think I was beckoning to the piano, did you?"

"I did n't know," said Bobby.

"Not that I would n't like to have the piano come over and call upon me some day," the Clock went on, "which I most certainly would, considering him, as I do, the most polished four-footed creature I have ever seen, and all of his family have been either grand, square, or upright, and if properly handled, full of sweet music. Fact is, Bobby, I 'd rather have a piano playing about me, than a kitten or a puppy dog, as long as it did n't jump into my lap. It would be awkward

to have a piano get frisky and jump into your lap, now, would n't it?"

Bobby had to confess that it would. "But what did you want with me?" he asked, now that the piano was disposed of.

"Well," replied the Clock, "I am beginning to feel a trifle run down, Bobby, and I thought I 'd go over to the shop, and get in a little more time to keep me going. Christmas is coming along, and everybody is so impatient for its arrival that I don't want to slow down at this season of the year. and have all the children blame me because it is so long on the way."

"What shop are you going to?" asked Bobby, interested at once, for he was very fond of shops and shopping.

"Why the Time Shop, of course," said the Clock. "It 's a shop that my father keeps, and we clocks have to get our supply of time from him, you know, or we could n't keep on going. If he did n't give it to us, why, we could n't give it to you. It is n't right to give away what you have n't got."

"I don't think I understand," said Bobby, with a puzzled look on his face. "What is a Time Shop, and what do they sell there?"

"Oh, anything from a bunch of bananas or a barrel of sawdust up to an automobile," returned the Clock. "Really, I could n't tell you what they don't sell there if you were to ask me. I know of a fellow who went in there once to buy a great name for himself, and the floor-walker sent him up to the third floor, where they had fame, and prosperity, and greatness for sale, and ready to give to anybody who was willing and able to pay for them, and he chose happiness instead, not

because it was less expensive than the others, but because it was more worth having. What they have in the Time Shop depends entirely upon what you want. If they have n't it in stock, they will take your order for it, and will send it to you, but always C. O. D., which means you must pay when you receive the goods. Sometimes you can buy fame on the instalment plan, but that is only in special cases. As a rule, there is no charging things in the Time Shop. You have to pay for what you get, and it is up to you to see that the quality is good."

"I 'd love to go," said Bobby, starting up eagerly.

"Very well, then," returned the Clock. "Close your eyes, count seventeen backward, then open your eyes again, and you 'll see what you will see."

Bobby's eyes shut; I was almost going to say with a snap. He counted from seventeen back to one with a rapidity that would have surprised even his school-teacher, opened his eyes again and looked around, and what he saw — well, that was more extraordinary than ever! Instead of standing on the parlor rug before the fireplace, he found himself in the broad aisle of the ground floor of a huge department store, infinitely larger than any store he had ever seen in his life before, and oh, dear me, how dreadfully crowded it was! The crowd of Christmas shoppers that Bobby remembered to have seen last year, when he had gone out to buy a lead-pencil to put into his father's stocking was as nothing to that which thronged this wonderful place. Ah me, how dreadfully hurried some of the poor shoppers appeared to be, and how wistfully some of them gazed at the fine bargains to be seen on the counters and shelves, which either because they had not saved it, or had wasted it, they had not time to buy.

"Well, young gentleman," said a kindly floor-walker, pausing in his majestic march up and down the aisle, as the Clock, bidding Bobby to use his time well, made off to the supply shop, "what can we do for you to-day?"

"Nothing I know of, thank you, sir," said Bobby; "I have just come in to look around."

"Ah!" said the floor-walker with a look of disappointment on his face. "I 'm afraid I shall have to take you to the Waste-Time Bureau, where they will find out what you want without undue loss of precious moments. I should think, however, that a nice-looking boy like you would be able to decide what he really wanted and go directly to the proper department and get it."

"Have you any bicycles?" asked Bobby, seizing upon the first thing that entered his mind.

"Fine ones — best there are," smiled the pleasant floor-walker, very much relieved to find that Bobby did not need to be taken to the Bureau. "Step this way, please. Mr. Promptness, will you be so good as to show this young gentleman our line of bicycles?"

Then turning to Bobby, he added: "You look like a rather nice young gentleman, my boy. Perhaps never having been here before, you do not know our ways, and have not provided yourself with anything to spend. To encourage business we see that new comers have a chance to avail themselves of the opportunities of the shop, so here are a few time-checks, with which you can buy what you want."

The kindly floor-walker handed Bobby twenty round golden checks, twenty silver checks, and twenty copper ones. Each check was about the size of a five-cent piece, and all were as bright and fresh as if they had just been made.

"What are these?" asked Bobby, as he jingled the coins in his hand.

"The golden checks, my boy, are days," said the floor-walker. "The silver ones are hours, and the coppers are minutes. I hope you will use them wisely, and find your visit to our shop so profitable that you will become a regular customer."

With this and with a pleasant bow the floor-walker moved along to direct a gray-haired old gentleman with a great store of years in his possession to the place where he could make his last payment on a stock of wisdom which he had been buying, and Bobby was left with Mr. Wiggins, the salesman, who immediately showed him all the bicycles they had in stock.

"This is a pretty good wheel for a boy of your age," said Mr. Promptness, pulling out a bright-looking little machine that was so splendidly under control that when he gave it a push it ran smoothly along the top of the mahogany counter, and then gracefully turning rolled back to Mr. Promptness again.

"How much is that?" asked Bobby, without much hope, however, of ever being able to buy it.

"Sixteen hours and forty-five minutes," said Mr. Promptness, looking at the price-tag, and reading off the figures. "It used to be a twenty-five hour wheel, but we have marked everything down this season. Everybody is so rushed these days that very few people have any spare time to spend, and we want to get rid of our stock."

"What do you mean by sixteen hours and forty-five minutes?" asked Bobby. "How much is that in dollars?"

Mr. Promptness smiled more broadly than ever at the boy's question.

"We don't do business in dollars here, my lad," said he. "This is a Time Shop, and what you buy, you buy with time: days, hours, minutes, and seconds."

"Got anything that costs as much as a year?" asked Bobby.

"We have things that cost a lifetime, my boy," said the salesman; "but those things, our rarest and richest treasures, we keep up-stairs."

"I should think that you would rather do business for money," said Bobby.

"Nay, nay, my son," said Mr. Promptness. "Time is a far better possession than money, and it often happens that it will buy things that money could n't possibly purchase."

"Then I must be rich," said Bobby.

The salesman looked at the little fellow gravely.

"Rich?" he said.

"Yes," said Bobby, delightedly. "I have no end of time. Seems to me sometimes that I have all the time there is."

"Well," said Mr. Promptness, "you must remember that its value depends entirely upon how you use it. Time thrown away or wasted is of no value at all. Past time or future time are of little value compared to present time, so when you say that you are rich you may be misleading yourself. What do you do with yours?"

"Why — anything I happen to want to do," said Bobby.

"And where do you get your clothes, your bread and butter, and your playthings?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, my father gets all those things for me," returned Bobby.

"Well, he has to pay for them," said Mr. Promptness, "and he has to pay for them in time, too, while you use yours for what?"

Bobby hung his head.

"Do you spend it well?" asked the salesman.

"Sometimes," said Bobby, "and sometimes I just waste it," he went on. "You see, Mr. Promptness, I did n't know there was a Time Shop where you could buy such beautiful things with it, but now that I do know you will find me here oftener spending what I have on things worth having."

"I hope so," said Mr. Promptness, patting Bobby affectionately on the shoulder. "How much have you with you now?"

"Only these," said Bobby, jingling his time-checks in his pocket. "Of course next week, when my Christmas holidays begin, I shall have a lot — three whole weeks — that 's twenty-one days, you know."

"Well, you can only count on what you have in hand, but from the sounds in your pocket I fancy you can have the bicycle if you want it," said Mr. Promptness.

"At that price I think I can," said Bobby, "and several other things besides."

"How would you like this set of books about wild animals?" said Mr. Promptness.

"How much?" said Bobby.

"Two days and a half, or sixty hours," said Mr. Promptness, inspecting the price-tag.

"Send them along with the rest," said Bobby. "How much is that electric railroad over there?"

"That 's rather expensive," Mr. Promptness replied. "It will cost you two weeks, three days, ten minutes and thirty seconds."

"Humph," said Bobby. "I guess that 's a little too much for me. Have you any marbles?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Promptness. "We have china alleys, two for a minute, or plain miggles at ten for a second."

"Put me down for two hours' worth of china alleys, and about half an hour's worth of miggles," said Bobby.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Promptness, with a twinkling eye. "Now can you think of anything else?"

They walked down the aisles of the great shop together, looking at the many things that time well expended would buy, and Bobby paused for a moment and spent two minutes on a glass of soda water, and purchased a quarter of an hour's worth of peanuts to give to Mr. Promptness. They came soon to a number of large rooms at one end of the shop, and in one of these Bobby saw quite a gathering of youngsters somewhat older than himself, who seemed to be very busy poring over huge books, and studying maps, and writing things down in little note-books, not one of them wasting even an instant.

"These boys are buying an education with their time," said Mr. Promptness, as they looked in at the door. "For the most part they have n't any fathers and mothers to help them, so they come here and spend what they have on the things that we have in our library. It is an interesting fact that what is bought in this room can never be stolen from you, and it happens more often than not that when they have spent hundreds of hours in here they win more time to spend on the other things that we have on sale. But there are others, I am sorry to say, who stop on their way here in the morning and fritter their loose change away in the Shop of Idleness across the way. A minute here, and a half hour there, sometimes per-

haps a whole hour will be squandered over there, and when they arrive here they have n't enough left to buy anything."

"What can you buy at the Shop of Idleness?" asked Bobby, going to the street door, and looking across the way at the shop in question, which seemed, indeed, to be doing a considerable business, if one could judge from the crowds within.

"Oh, a little fun," said Mr. Promptness. "But not the real, genuine kind, my boy. It is a sort of imitation fun that looks like the real thing, but it rings hollow when you test it, and on close inspection turns out to be nothing but frivolity.

"Who is that pleasant-looking gentleman outside the Shop of Idleness?" asked Bobby, as a man appeared there and began distributing his cards amongst the throng.

"He is the general manager of the Shop of Idleness," said the salesman. "As you say, he is a pleasant-looking fellow, but you must beware of him, Bobby. He 's not a good person to have around. He is a very active business man, and actually follows people to their homes, and forces his way in, and describes his stock to them as being the best in the world. And all the time he is doing so he is peering around in their closets, in their chests, everywhere, with the intention of robbing them. The fact that he is so pleasant to look at makes him very popular, and I only tell you the truth when I say to you that he is the only rival we have in business that we are really afraid of. We can compete with Folly but —"

Mr. Promptness's words were interrupted by his rival across the way, who, observing Bobby standing in the doorway, cleverly tossed one of his cards across the street so that it fell at the little boy's feet. Bobby stooped down and picked it up and read it. It went this way:

THE SHOP OF IDLENESS

PROCRASTINATION, GENERAL MANAGER,

Put Off Everything and Visit Our Shop.

"So he's Procrastination, is he?" said Bobby, looking at the man with much interest, for he had heard his father speak of him many a time, only his father called him "old Putoff."

"Yes, and he is truly what they say he is," said Mr. Promptness; "the thief of time."

"He does n't look like a thief," said Bobby.

Now it is a peculiarity of Procrastination that he has very sharp ears, and he can hear a great many things that you would n't think could travel so far, and, as Bobby spoke, he turned suddenly and looked at him, waved his hand, and came running across the street, calling out to Bobby to wait. Mr. Promptness seized Bobby by the arm, and pulled him into the Time Shop, but not quickly enough, for he was unable to close the door before his rival was at their side.

"Glad to see you, my boy," said Procrastination, handing him another card. "Come on over to my place. It's much easier to find what you want there than it is here, and we have a lot of comfortable chairs to sit down and think things over in. You need n't buy anything to-day, but just look over the stock."

"Don't mind him, Bobby," said Mr. Promptness, anxiously whispering in the boy's ear. "Come along with me and see

the things we keep on the upper floors — I am sure they will please you."

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Promptness," replied Bobby. "I want to see what Mr. Procrastination looks like."

"But, my dear child, you don't seem to realize he will pick your pocket if you let him come close —" pleaded Mr. Promptness.

But it was of no use, for the unwelcome visitor from across the way by this time had got his arm through Bobby's and was endeavoring to force the boy out through the door, although the elevator on which Bobby and Mr. Promptness were to go up-stairs was awaiting them.

"When did you come over?" said Procrastination, with his pleasantest smile, which made Bobby feel that perhaps Mr. Promptness, and his father, too, for that matter, had been very unjust to him.

"GOING UP!" cried the elevator boy.

"Come, Bobby," said Mr. Promptness, in a beseeching tone. "The car is just starting."

"Nonsense. What is your hurry?" said Procrastination. "You can take the next car just as well."

"ALL ABOARD!" cried the elevator boy.

"I 'll be there in two seconds," returned Bobby.

"Can't wait," cried the elevator boy, and he banged the iron door to, and the car shot up to the upper regions where the keepers of the Time Shop kept their most beautiful things.

"Too bad!" said Mr. Promptness, shaking his head, sadly. "Too bad! Now, Mr. Procrastination," he added, fiercely, "I must ask you to leave this shop, or I shall summon the police. You can't deceive us. Your record is known here and —"

"Tutt-tutt-tutt, my dear Mr. Promptness!" retorted Procrastination, still looking dangerously pleasant, and smiling as if it must all be a joke. "This shop of yours is a public place, sir, and I have just as much right to spend my time here as anybody else."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Promptness, shortly. "Have your own way if you prefer, but you will please remember that I warned you to go."

Mr. Promptness turned as he spoke and touched an electric button at the back of the counter, and immediately from all sides there came a terrific and deafening clanging of bells; and from upstairs and down came rushing all the forces of time to the rescue of Bobby, and to put Procrastination out. They fell upon him like an army, and shouting, and struggling, but still smiling as if he thought it the greatest joke in the world, the unwelcome visitor was at last thrust into the street, and the doors were barred and bolted against his return.

"Mercy me!" cried Bobby's friend, the Clock, rushing up just as the door was slammed to. "What's the meaning of all this uproar?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Promptness. "Only that wicked old Procrastination again. He caught sight of Bobby here —"

"He has n't hurt him?" cried the Clock.

"Not much, if any," said Mr. Promptness.

"You did n't have anything to do with him, did you, Bobby?" asked the Clock, a trifle severely.

"Why, I only stopped a minute to say, how do you do to him," began Bobby, sheepishly.

"Well, I 'm sorry that you should have made his acquaintance," said the Clock; "but come along. It 's getting late and we 're due back home. Paid your bill?"

"No," said Mr. Promptness, sadly. "He has n't had it yet, but there it is, Bobby. I think you will find it correct."

He handed the little visitor a memorandum of all the charges against him. Bobby ran over the items and saw that the total called for a payment of eight days, and fifteen hours, and twenty-three minutes, and nine seconds, well within the value of the time-checks the good floor-walker had given him, but alas! when he put his hand in his pocket to get them they were gone. Not even a minute was left!

Procrastination had succeeded only too well!

"Very sorry, Bobby," said Mr. Promptness, "but we cannot let the goods go out of the shop until they are paid for."

Bobby started to express his sorrow at the way things had turned out, and his thanks for Mr. Promptness's generosity, but there was no chance for this. There was a whirr as of many wheels, and a flapping as of many wings. Bobby felt himself being whirled around, and around, and around, and then there came a bump. Somewhat terrified he closed his eyes for an instant, and when he opened them again he found himself back on the parlor rug, lying in front of the fire, while his daddy was rolling him over and over. The lad glanced up at the mantel-piece to see what had become of the Clock, but the grouchy old ticker stared solemnly ahead of him, with his hands pointed sternly at eight o'clock, which meant that Bobby had to go to bed at once.

"Oh, let me stay up ten minutes longer," pleaded Bobby.

"No, sir," replied his father. "No more Procrastination, my son — trot along."

And it seemed to Bobby as he walked out of the room, after kissing his father and mother good-night, that that saucy old Clock grinned.

"THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,

Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud:

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of the mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn:
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

NOTES

Jean Louis Ag-à-sē, was born in Switzerland in 1807 and taught zoology in Harvard university many years.

Ranz des Vachis (rän dē väsh) is a call or yodle used by the Swiss shepherds to call the cattle. It is sometimes sung but is more often played on a horn.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

ROBERT E. NELSON

Even the cardinal was satisfied. He stood before the old castle of Guisnes, and surveyed the plain between Guisnes and Ardres. It had been bare and desolate, but his genius had transformed it into a veritable fairy-land. He felt that its beauty made it worthy of the event it was to commemorate — the meeting of Henry VIII, King of England, and Francis I, King of France.

It was Wolsey, the cardinal, who had advised his royal master to meet Francis in all good fellowship; he feared the influence of the Spanish, and wished Henry to form an alliance with France.

The French king, too, was anxious to secure Henry as an ally, and the Plain of Guisnes had been agreed upon as the place of meeting; it was close to the French frontier, but on English ground.

Henry had consented to cross the Channel, and his prime minister, Wolsey, had arranged all the details of the journey and the meeting.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his three hundred followers, headed the escort, and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops, and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered four thousand horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly two thousand persons and eight hundred horses.

The French king had an equally splendid retinue.

King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that, and erected a new one for his king. This palace was the most beautiful place imaginable; it had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside, the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace,

for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suites were to lodge.

The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres, and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them, and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling.

Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gaily.

So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Cardinal Wolsey was very fond of splendor and pomp, and on this occasion had exerted all his powers.

He was quite satisfied with the result, and, after looking about carefully to see that all was in readiness, he gathered together his large retinue of noblemen, and in stately procession they rode across the field to pay the respects of Henry to Francis.

One hundred noblemen mounted on horses whose trappings were of red velvet rode first. After them came the bearer of a huge gold cross and a crucifix of precious stones. Then came the haughty cardinal, dressed in crimson velvet and wearing his red hat. His horse had trappings of crimson velvet, and the stirrups and buckles were of gold. Behind him were six bishops, and then a hundred of the king's archers with their great yew bows and keen arrows.

This grand procession rode to the French tents near the

town of Ardres, where it was saluted by the French Artillery. At the tent of King Francis, Wolsey dismounted, and presented the regards of his master to the King of France. Then he returned to the English camp, and the following day Francis sent one of his nobles to return the ceremonious visit in similar state.

The French noble and his followers were royally treated by the English, and "feasted marvelously," which is not to be wondered at, as the English had brought with them two hundred cooks.

It was on June 7, 1520, that the meeting of the sovereigns took place, and, amid the roar of saluting guns, they rode forth, each accompanied by a brilliant retinue similar to that of the cardinal; indeed, even the following of the greatest monarch could hardly be more gorgeous than Wolsey's.

The King of England was magnificent, attired in cloth of silver set with jewels; and his horse had golden trappings. The King of France was equally dazzling in cloth of gold.

When they met, they dismounted, embraced each other, and went into a beautiful pavilion to confer together. Their retainers kept guard outside until they reappeared, and then great revelry followed.

Day after day the good fellowship continued between the kings and their followers. Henry called on the Queen of France, and a splendid banquet was given in his honor, in which all the queen's ladies were dressed in cloth of gold. On the same day, Francis was entertained with equal splendor by the Queen of England. Occasionally, during these days of good cheer, a tournament was held, in which, each accompanied by twenty nobles, the two kings engaged in combat

against any who dared to meet them. But only blunt lances were used, so no injury could be inflicted.

When no tournament was being held, the kings' soldiers gave exhibitions of their strength and skill in running, jumping, wrestling, or riding. These exhibitions Henry and Francis always attended, and the two queens, with their ladies, frequently watched the sports through the glazed windows of the long galleries erected for them.

A French captain, by way of amusing himself, collected all the boys of the neighboring towns, and formed them into a company, which he drilled every day. They were bright youngsters, and greatly enjoyed being drilled by a real soldier.

One day King Francis heard of this new company of his subjects, and expressed a desire to witness its tactics. Accordingly, preparations were made; bright new helmets and lances were provided for the young soldiers, and a new French flag obtained.

When the eventful day came, the kings, queens, and all the splendid retinue watched the drilling of the proud little Frenchmen, who went through with it very creditably and were highly applauded.

Then King Francis wished to test their bravery, and, at his request, King Henry's archers, two hundred in number, and all of whom had been selected on account of height and strength, were placed at the top of a hill; and up that hill, facing the mighty archers, the company of boys was ordered.

They were armed with blunted lances, and they did not know that the king's archers had been instructed to send their arrows so far over the heads of the boys as to avoid all chance of hurting them.

Great guns were placed on the hilltop, to bewilder and ter-

"On and still on he went, holding the flag steadily before him"

rify the young soldiers. It was a severe test of bravery. When the order came to advance and take possession of the hill, the captain who had drilled the boys placed the flag of France in the hands of a young peasant, Victor Bacheaux, with the command, "This is your king's flag; guard it with your life!"

Victor Bacheaux, proud as boy could be, stepped quickly to the front, holding the flag gallantly aloft.

"Go, now," the captain said very impressively to his company of eager boys, "and never look back; do not forget — *never look back!*"

Then the boy in command gave the order, and the gay little band marched straight to the hill and began the long ascent.

Then the guns began to roar, and the archers sent their arrows forth. Still the boys kept on; they were half-way up the hill. The people in the field below were shouting and cheering; but in front of them were those mighty archers whose arrows were flying thick and fast.

Suddenly a panic came upon the little Frenchmen — such a panic as has come upon many and many an army, in many a war.

Down the hill they ran in panic terror — an inglorious retreat.

But Victor Bacheaux still carried the flag straight in the face of the enemy. He heard the mad rush behind him, and knew his companions had deserted him; but he did not turn his head. "Never look back," the captain had said.

On and still on he went, holding the dear flag steadily before him. He was unarmed, defenseless. And, oh, how loudly the guns boomed, and how fearful was that grim line of archers and terrible the twanging of bows!

The cheering in the field below became frantic; shout after shout rent the air around; but Victor Bacheaux heard only the guns of his enemy — saw only the dreaded English archers.

He kept repeating the captain's parting words —"Your king's flag," and "Guard it with your life!" He would not disgrace his king; he would carry his flag to the top; and for one exultant moment he remembered that the eyes of his king were upon him. But he was getting close to those terrible archers, and he was marching bravely, steadily, to what he believed to be his death, when, to his intense surprise, the archers ceased shooting, and rushed toward him. He stood quite still, and held the flag higher than ever. "*Vive la France!*" he cried defiantly.

And the English archers, too, shouted, "Long live France!" as they caught up the little Frenchman and held him high for the field below to see.

Great was the cheering. The bravery of the little lad touched all hearts; and that day it was not the mighty King of England, nor the resplendent King of France, but Victor Bacheaux, the peasant, who had shown himself the hero of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

NOTE

Cloth of Gold was a material made especially for this great event. It had threads of gold woven into the cloth.

HUNTING IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

HARRY WHITNEY

NOTE.—This account is taken from "Hunting with the Eskimos," a book recording the events of a year spent by Mr. Whitney in hunting in the Arctic regions. In his travels he met both Commodore Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, and Dr. Cook.

We had halted to make camp after many hours of tiresome toil, when Eiseeyou called me to him and pointing to what appeared to be two large rocks at the foot of a mountain, a half mile or so distant, said, "Omingmong!" [musk-ox]. All of the Eskimos broke at once into an excited babble, and set to work with feverish haste to straighten out the dogs' traces preparatory to a long run at high speed.

I could make little of what they said, for it requires, not one, but several years of constant residence among the Eskimos for a white man to obtain sufficient grasp of their language to understand a running conversation among themselves. But when I saw them remove their guns from the cases, I knew they were preparing for the chase. This was to be *my* hunt. I had employed them with the distinct understanding that I was to do all musk-ox or bear shooting that took place on the trip, unless I chose to give them the privilege. My previous experiences had taught me that if I were to kill musk-ox or bear myself this restriction was a highly necessary one. In running over their native hills and rocks, no white man can hope to compete with them. Unless some such restriction were therefore placed upon them, I knew full well that in their eagerness they would outstrip me in the chase, and I would arrive only to find all the animals killed

and would be robbed of the satisfaction of securing with my own gun my own trophies. I did not propose to have this happen. I had come far and remained long in the Arctic for the purpose chiefly of personally securing musk-ox trophies, and did not intend at the last moment to be thwarted in my object. When I saw them getting their guns out, therefore, I told them very forcibly that I must hold them to their agreement, that I alone must shoot all the musk-oxen.

They were very sulky at first, but finally replaced their guns in the cases. In great haste and confusion everything was made ready. Three of the Eskimos cut one dog loose from each of their teams, and these dashed away on the trail of the musk-oxen, putting new life into those attached to the light sledges, though the snow was soft and deep. For a few hundred yards our speed was beyond belief. The dogs were wild for the hunt.

The three dogs that were first cut loose overtook the musk-oxen and attacked them by biting at their heels. When we had come within fifty yards of the animals, Eiseeyou cut his eight dogs loose, and the pack brought the game to bay. There was a large boulder rising above the snow, and both musk-oxen backed up against it and kept the dogs off with lowered heads and frequent charges, always backing to the boulder to protect their rear.

They were the first musk-oxen of my experience and they struck me as the most peculiar animals in appearance I had ever seen. Their long hair hung down and dragged in the snow, leaving a trail where they had walked on either side of their tracks. In color dark brown, with great shaggy, powerful heads armed with thick horns, close together at the top and curving low down on either side, heavy, curly mane, short

legs — they had the appearance both of bison and mountain sheep, with some of the characteristics of each. For a little while I watched their method of fighting the dogs, then raised my rifle and gave each a shot behind the shoulder. I was very close to them when I fired and both animals were killed instantly.

The instant the musk-oxen dropped, all of the dogs were on top of them, and would have torn them to pieces had the Eskimos not driven them off with their whips. These were two very large old bulls, with magnificent heads, trophies alone worth all my hard trip from Greenland.

Camp was made close by, and Eiseeyou, always with an eye for game, strolled off to the top of a small hill to look the country over with my glasses. In a few minutes he returned, much excited, to report two more bunches of musk-oxen. In one bunch he counted four, in the other there were many more, but owing to the fact that several of them were lying down, he could not tell the number. We talked the situation over, and decided to go for them at once. The two herds were not a great distance apart, and we decided that, with two Eskimos to assist me, I should attack the larger herd, while the other four Eskimos should follow the smaller one.

In an incredibly short time dogs were harnessed, and Eiseeyou, one other Eskimo and myself, with dogs at a run, were dashing toward the larger herd of musk-oxen, while the four remaining Eskimos and their dogs gave chase to the smaller herd. A few minutes earlier, tired and ravenously hungry after our strenuous day's work, luscious steaks and sleeping-bags tempted us. Now all weariness and hunger were forgotten.

As we neared the herd I could see several lying down. They

had not yet discovered their danger, but almost immediately the other party began firing and in an instant the animals were on their feet and charging up the steep mountain-side. It is a trick of the musk-ox when pursued always to seek the highest available land. Eiseeyou cut all his dogs loose at once and we followed as rapidly as we could.

In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than this in Ellesmere Land. Ordinarily, I should have believed these mountain-sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of ice and hard snow, quite unscalable. In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm-set boulders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

In his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His life-time of experience has taught him to scale these ice-clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain-sheep is not his superior as a climber. As if by magic, and with little apparent effort, the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath. I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back, and one look down robbed me of any desire to try it.

I had made but half the ascent, exhausted by the tremendous effort, when Eiseeyou, already at the top, was shouting to me, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" But I could not go faster.

I was already doing my best, and I called to him to try to keep the musk-oxen rounded up a little longer.

Short of breath, my nose bleeding from the effect of unusual exertion and high altitude, I finally turned a point of rock, and there, twenty yards away, thirteen noble musk-oxen were at bay. They stood tails together, heads down, in defensive formation. Whenever a dog approached too closely, one of them charged and immediately backed again into his place in the ranks.

While I recovered breath and composure of muscles, I studied their movements and made some camera exposures before beginning to shoot; but I could not delay long, for two of the over-venturesome young dogs had already been gored to death, another badly wounded, and all were in great danger from the sharp horns of the animals.

The round-up, though near the top of the ridge, was still in so steep a place that as my shots took effect and the animals fell, their bodies rolled down into the valley, hundreds of feet below, gaining great impetus before they reached the bottom. Thus seven of them were killed, when suddenly and without warning, as though by prearranged plan, the remaining six sprang from the ledge upon which they had made their stand and were off at a terrific rush along the glassy hillside. My footing was so insecure that it would have been foolhardy for me to have attempted to run.

I handed my rifle to the excited and anxious Eiseeyou, and nimbly as a hare he was after them. Three of the dogs joined in the mad, reckless chase, but the remainder of the pack turned down into the valley, and presently, powerless to prevent, I saw them tearing like hungry wolves at my hard-earned trophies, which had rolled to the rocks below.

There was nothing to do but follow Eiseeyou at the best speed I dared. Finally I overtook him, with the six musk-oxen again held at bay by the three faithful dogs. Eiseeyou, who had considerately withheld his fire, at once surrendered the rifle to me and as rapidly as possible I dispatched the remaining animals.

These last animals lodged where they fell and we set about skinning them immediately. Presently the Eskimos that had followed the smaller herd joined us. Among the six trophies secured on the hill were two fine bulls, remarkable specimens. But after a consultation among the men Eiseeyou informed me that we had made our killing in such a position that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get them out.

This was a keen disappointment and I insisted that in some way we must save the skins at least. Finally it was decided that this might be done if the heads were cut from the skins close to the body, and the heads abandoned; and to my intense gratification, though I regretted the loss of the fine heads, this was done. The Eskimos, of course, took good care that none of the flesh was wasted. They were extremely economical in this respect, especially so on this trip, as they were out for food for the following winter, as well as for sport.

The descent to the valley was even more difficult than the ascent had been. I found it a tedious and dangerous undertaking, and though I finally accomplished it without accident, I was much longer about it than the seemingly reckless Eskimos.

Here to my disappointment I found that nearly all the skins of the first animals killed were ruined. In rolling down the mountain-side large patches of hair had been torn out on sharp boulders, and the dogs had also wrought considerable destruc-

Hauling musk-ox to camp

tion. However, I succeeded in saving one fairly good specimen complete, and with the other skins secured, felt well paid for my hunt.

The experience of the other hunters was similar to ours. They had secured the smaller herd, but the animals were killed on a mountain-side, and two rolled to the bottom with more or less injury to the skins.

However, to my particular satisfaction, this party captured two calves alive. One of the objects of my adventure was to secure some live calves, in the hope that I might eventually succeed in bringing them home as a zoölogical contribution. With this in view I had taken a good supply of condensed milk, as food for them, for I realized that any animals small enough to capture alive would still be suckling calves.

It was a tedious journey back to camp. For fifteen consecutive hours I had been exerting myself to the limit of my physical endurance, and during this period not a morsel of food had I taken. Let the hunter who passed through similar experiences picture, then, the satisfaction and anticipation with which I rested and watched a pot of musk-ox meat boil for supper, sniffing its appetizing odor.

Imagine my feeling when Eiseeyou, who was sitting near, sprang to his feet and began talking earnestly and excitedly to the others. He spoke so rapidly that I could make out but one word, Omingmong! Omingmong means musk-ox, and when the men began to get the dogs ready I knew that more game had been sighted. Eiseeyou endeavored to point the animals out to me — for musk-oxen, he said — on the opposite mountain-side, though with my naked eye I could see nothing of them. Finally, with the aid of glasses, I was just able to

make them out near a point where the ice cap ran down in a glacier to the frozen river-bed.

"Will you go after them?" asked Eiseeyou.

I had come too far into that desolate country to permit mere physical weariness to dissuade me, so, reluctant as I was to leave the kettle of savory boiling meat and the inviting sleeping-bag, I answered "Yes."

At the foot of the mountain twenty-one dogs were cut loose. They did not see the game until Tukshu, springing forward like a deer, led three of them to the trail above where the animals had turned. Here the three dogs took the scent and instantly the whole pack were behind them.

As on the former occasions the round-up was made at a high elevation. The Eskimos, far ahead of me, were shouting, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" long before I reached them, and urging me on. When I finally gained the mountain top I took a position at close range. One big fellow attracted me, and wishing to photograph him I gave my rifle to Tukshu, instructing him to kill the animal if it attempted an attack. Then I approached very near with my camera, to get as close a view as possible. At the instant that I made the exposure, less than a dozen feet away, the infuriated bull broke from the ranks and with lowered head charged me. Tukshu held his fire much longer than I thought necessary under the circumstances. Finally, however, he did fire, and the beast dropped at my heels.

Fortunately its body became wedged between two rocks, where it hung until we were able to prop it up. Thus all four of the musk-oxen were secured without damage to the skins, though it was with the utmost difficulty that we finally succeeded in getting the trophies into camp.

I was now so tired that even the kettle of meat had lost its attraction and I ate very little. I was too utterly weary, in fact, to remove my clothing before crawling into my sleeping-bag to rest. Once there, I told Eiseeyou that if he sighted any more musk-oxen he and the others could go for them if they chose, but as for myself, I intended to sleep, whatever else happened.

In the excitement of the chase I had taken off my dark glasses, and now felt the first pains of snow-blindness. Bruised feet, inflamed eyes, completely exhausted, I cannot remember that in all my life I ever experienced greater misery of body than at that moment. But after several hours of slumber, followed by a delicious breakfast of musk-ox tongue and liver — musk-ox meat is the most toothsome meat I have ever eaten — I was quite myself again.

NOTE

Musk-ox. A curious animal belonging to the ox family but looking very much like a very large sheep. It has very long brown hair.

OUR FATHERS' LAND

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

God bless our Fathers' Land!
Keep her in heart and hand
  One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
  Protect her Throne!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
  Under thy wings!
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
  Great King of kings!

THE STORM SHIP

WASHINGTON IRVING

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed, one sultry afternoon, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain fell in such torrents, as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weather-cock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town.

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars; after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a growl; and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders

of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of gold.

The word was given from the fort, that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed: to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap, nor new gown, until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship — the ship — the ship — was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weatherbeaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their

several adherents: but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea-captain retired from service. He examined the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime, the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colors. The evening sun gilded her canvas, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach declared that he first got sight of her when she was in the center of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and, passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbor-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of

her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath; but this, it is probable, was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew; who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, smoking his long pipe, and listening to all that his counsellors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing; but, in spite of all, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings — the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week, elapsed; but she never returned down the Hudson. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the Palisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, gen-

erally differed among themselves in their accounts; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her sailing across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moon-light nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers reached the place, no ship was to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again with her top-sails in the moonshine! Her ap-pearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of, unruly weather; and she was known among the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson, by the name of "the storm ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman which had so long haunted Table Bay, but, being unable to make port, had now sought another har-bor. Others suggested, that it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the *Half-Moon;* who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a northwest passage to China. This opinion had very little

weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors; for indeed it had already been reported, that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaàtskill Mountain; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose, that his ship might infest the river, or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the storm ship ceased to be a subject of thought. It continued, however, a matter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote through the whole time of the Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New Amsterdam by the English squadron. About that time the storm ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappaan Zee, and about Weehawk, and even down as far as Hoboken; and her appearance was supposed to foretell the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time, we have no authentic accounts of her, though it is said she still haunts the highlands and cruises about Point-no-point. People who live along the river, insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight, they have heard the chant of her crew; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

NOTES

Washington Irving, a noted American author and humorist, born in N. Y., in 1783.

New Netherlands, the name of the early Dutch settlements in what is now New York State.

Vrouw — the Dutch word for wife.

Palisadoes or Palisades is the name given to the high straight west bank of the Hudson River.

Flying Dutchman, was a phantom Dutch ship supposed to have been seen by many sailors.

Hendrick Hudson was an English Captain, who sailing in the ship *Half Moon* in the service of Dutch merchants, rediscovered the Hudson River. Later he was set adrift by angry sailors, in an open boat in Hudson Bay and was never heard from.

THE WIRELESS BOY

FRANCIS A. COLLINS

An audience of a hundred thousand boys all over the United States may be addressed almost every evening by wireless telegraph. Beyond doubt this is the largest audience in the world. No football or baseball crowd, no convention or conference, compares with it in size, nor gives closer attention to the business in hand.

The skylines of every city in the country are festooned with the delicate wires of the amateur wireless operators. They will be found skilfully adjusted to thousands of barns or haystacks in the most remote parts of the country. Let a message be flashed from some high-powered station anywhere between the two oceans and it will be skilfully picked up and read by thousands. The great station at Panama has been read simultaneously by boys at New York, in the Middle West and in California. On the very fair night after dinner-time and when, let us hope, the lessons for the next day have been prepared, the entire country becomes a vast whispering gallery.

Not all of the amateur wireless operators, less than half, are able to reply to the wireless messages which they pick up. It is safe to estimate, taking the entire country, that about

forty per cent. of all amateur stations are equipped both with receiving and sending apparatus. The rest merely "listen in" at thousands of wireless messages flashing above their heads. The average amateur station can send only over a short radius of about five miles, which is quite enough for neighborhood work. The more complete amateur stations send for about one hundred miles. The same stations can receive from stations one thousand miles away, or even farther.

Over and over again it has happened that an exciting piece of news has been read by this great audience of wireless boys, long before the country has heard the news from the papers. The news of the loss of the *Titanic* was picked up by many boys along the Atlantic coast hours before the newspapers arrived. In several cases important C.Q.D. calls, telling that the lives of hundreds depended upon quick relief, have been missed by the great receiving stations, to be caught up by some alert amateur and sent to the office of the ship companies, thus saving many minutes of priceless time.

This great audience of boys, particularly those scattered along our seacoasts, help to make safe the lives of all those at sea. Through some accident or oversight the regular commercial receiving stations may fail to catch a distress signal. There are often scores of messages flashing through the air at the same time, and the great stations may be attuned to a certain ship and busily receiving when the more important signal passes. But the thousands of amateur wireless stations sift out the messages of the air most thoroughly. It is extremely unlikely that a single call will pass over all these thousands of stations without being intercepted by many alert boys.

This wireless protection is enjoyed not only along the At-

lantic seaboard but by the Great Lakes as well and along the Pacific coast. A C.Q.D. sent out from a vessel in distress on Lake Michigan, for instance, is usually read by scores of amateurs in and about Chicago. There have been several cases of such distress calls being first picked up by amateurs and sent in to the steamship officers before the powerful commercial stations had caught them. Scattered along the Pacific coast at Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other points are many enterprising wireless clubs representing thousands of amateur stations.

A wide-awake amateur often finds himself independent of such slow-going methods of spreading the news as newspapers or even bulletin-boards. During a particularly exciting baseball season recently an enterprising New York newspaper employed wireless electricity to flash the progress of the great league games from the ball park to the roof of the newspaper building. From a wireless station overlooking the diamond the progress of the game was sent move by move. The exact position of the men on the bases was then shown on a bulletin-board in the form of a diamond and an admiring crowd watched the game as it was played.

The sending apparatus at the ball field had a working radius of more than one hundred miles. The result was that all about New York the amateurs within a circle two hundred miles in diameter were extremely busy listening delightedly every afternoon to the very freshest possible news of the great games. It would be impossible to estimate just how many boys were thus informed of the score, inning by inning, but they were doubtless numbered by thousands. Firmly attached to their receiving sets they enjoyed all the excitement of the

An amateur "wireless man" at work

game in detail just a little earlier than the crowds which faced the bulletin-boards on Newspaper Row.

And later, when the football season arrived, the wireless boys about New York enjoyed another unexpected windfall. The rivalry was especially keen between the elevens of Columbia University and Princeton. The great game long anticipated was played at Princeton. For thousands of boys who were unable to attend the contest there would naturally be an agonizing interval of several hours after the game was decided before the latest editions of the newspapers would arrive.

Several enterprising amateur wireless men at Columbia, who were unable to make the trip with the team, arranged to receive the news from Princeton of the progress of the game at the wireless station atop one of the college buildings. The good news spread rapidly among the amateurs about New York. Hundreds of boys in New Jersey, Connecticut and New York made arrangements to receive these despatches, and it proved to be a very happy afternoon for some hundreds of football rooters who had been obliged to stay at home. The messages were relayed by way of Atlantic City and Sea Gate.

"Game called," sang the wireless instruments, amid the suppressed excitement of this widely scattered football audience.

"First down ball on Princeton's forty-yard line," came a few minutes later.

Except for the fun of shouting in chorus with your friends, there could be nothing more satisfactory. There followed nearly two hours of such reports and when the final score was announced the amateurs were thrilling with the news of victory before the actual football spectators had had time to overrun the field. An afternoon like that would alone repay

any amount of trouble in installing one's wireless apparatus.

The receiving stations about New York for several years have been reading the messages sent out by a girl somewhere in the vicinity to a particular steamer. No one knows just where the young lady lives — it may be in Connecticut, New York, or New Jersey — but they look upon her as an old friend, and sympathize with her. She sends regularly from her home to a brother who is a wireless operator on a great transatlantic steamer. For two or three days after the brother's steamer leaves New York and again for many hours when the steamer is nearing port, there is the liveliest kind of an interchange of messages between the two.

Hundreds of operators, both amateur and professional, have listened to the home news and the gossip of the brother and sister. During two days or more while the steamer, outward bound, is skirting the coast to the north, the sister tells him of the health of the family, the callers, and bits of family gossip. And just before the steamer gets out of range there is always an affectionate good-by from all at home. On the return trip as soon as the ship has reached the Banks the messages begin again. Welcomes are exchanged and questions are asked and answered about the entire family, including the dog.

One of the greatest pleasures of the amateur wireless man is the long-distance club meeting. The amateur clubs are usually small and the members live within easy wireless sending range of one another. Such a meeting can be held with upwards of twenty members, and the affairs carried on in a strictly regular fashion. An hour for meeting, talking rather, is agreed upon, when each member tunes his instrument to talk with the other stations and stands by ready for the call which is to bring the meeting to order. It is usually found best to

have all the members "attending" the meeting within a radius of about five miles, although meetings have been called with members much more widely separated.

These clubs of amateur wireless operators are doing excellent work in developing the science. There are hundreds of such organizations scattered over the length and breadth of the country which have regular meeting places or special clubhouses. Here the members gather regularly to discuss various problems and demonstrate new theories with the aid of blackboards and practical apparatus. Some of the clubs are open to members of twelve years, and it is common for a club to limit its membership to boys between say fourteen and eighteen years of age. In many of the larger clubs amateurs are only admitted to membership after they have passed a rigid examination, just as engineers or masters of vessels apply for licenses. Among this great army of amateurs will be found some of the most expert operators in the country, and they are all pretty good at it.

THE OWL CRITIC

JAMES T. FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" no one spoke in the shop.
The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised his head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 't is!
I make no apology;
I 've learned owl-eology.
I 've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any defections
Arising from unskilled fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you 'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I 've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true.
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'T is against all bird laws.

Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I 've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mr. Brown, I 'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

" Examine those eyes.
I 'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They 'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

" With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl.

Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there 's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked around, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
" Your learning 's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I 'm an owl; you 're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

NOTES

Ology. A Greek word meaning science.

Anatomy (An-ăt'-ō-my). The study of the human body or of plant and animals.

Or"-nĭ-thŏl'-ō-gy is the scientific study of birds and their habits.

A taxidermist (tăx'-ĭ-dẽr"-mist) is one who is skilled in preserving, stuffing and mounting birds so that they will look life like.

John James Audubon (A̤'-du-bo̤n). A great lover of birds who lived from 1780 to 1851.

John Burroughs (Bŭr'-rōz) is our greatest American naturalist born in 1837.

The glance analytic means a very wise and studious look.

A CONFLICT IN THE DARK

H. B. HULBERT, F.R.G.S.

" There 's only one thing for it, and that is to go back and do my ' bit.' "

So said Frank Burleigh to himself as he was crossing a

crowded street in Pittsburgh. The idea came to him so suddenly and was so startling that he stood stock-still in the middle of the street, and would have been run down had not the angry grunt of an automobile horn made him leap to the curb.

His father had brought him over from England ten years before, when he was only seven years old. That father was dead now, and the boy had had a hard time making his way alone. He had put his hand to all sorts of jobs, but being unskilled and so young, he had barely been able to make ends meet. But he never forgot that he was an Englishman. The call for volunteers in the great war at home reached to the corners of the world, and with a sudden leap of the mind, he realized that the call meant Frank Burleigh. He must go and do his part.

Three dollars and twenty cents was his financial limit, but he had an unlimited amount of British pluck; so he started to beat his way eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, hoping to find some way to get across the water to his own people. Friendly brakemen listened to his story and gave him a lift now and then. Kindly farmers gave him a ride in their wagons, and more than one motherly woman gave him a supper and a bed.

So it was that ten days later he found himself wandering along the North River front, gazing with envious eyes at the monster steamships that were being loaded with frantic haste, carrying munitions of war to the armies of England and of France. He tried to ship as a sailor, a stoker, a dish-washer — anything; but without success. Suspicion was in the air, and only well-known hands could secure a job on the great liners. It only made him set his teeth the tighter and determine to get across in spite of all obstacles.

One dark, foggy night he managed to elude the alert watch-

ers on the dock and slipped aboard the biggest liner of them all. Hiding in the deep shadows, he waited until there was a change of shift. Then he mingled with the stevedores, as if he were one of them, and managed to get below into the cavernous hold of the vessel. It was dark and stuffy down there, but he groped about until he found a place where the curve of the ship's side had made it impossible to pack the freight tightly. Between two massive crates topped by another he discovered a nook where he could lie concealed. So it was that he became a stowaway.

In planning it out he had realized that there would be nothing to eat or drink, so he had spent his last penny on food, which he had stowed about his person as best he could. This, with a can of water, completed his meager outfit.

By the time he had found this little cubbyhole he was so worn out with watching and waiting that he fell asleep almost immediately. Hour after hour passed, and still he slept. The freight was piled in upon his narrow cell until he was buried thirty feet deep beneath it; and still he slept. Busy little tugboats came snuggling up against the big steamer, like chickens trying to get beneath their mother's wing. They dragged her out into midstream, then her engines began to throb, and away she sped down the harbor, through the Narrows, past Sandy Hook, until the Old Atlantic took her in his arms; and still he slept.

The vessel must have been ten hours at sea before Frank awoke and turned in his narrow cage. He had forgotten where he was. He tried to sit up, but as he did so his head came in sharp contact with the corner of a box. Then with sudden horror came the thought that he was buried alive under that mountain of freight.

But this was just what he had intended and hoped for. Why then should he be so terrified? Ah! he had not thought how it would feel to be cut off from his fellow-men as completely as if he were indeed buried. He could not endure it. His nerves simply gave way. He screamed at the top of his voice and clawed at the cases about him until his nails were broken and his voice was reduced to a whisper. Then he fell back with a shudder, covered his face with his hands to shut out the horrible darkness, and abandoned himself to tears.

Yet as he crouched there shaking with sobs, there came back to him the words that his father had always used when the boy gave way to a fit of anger:

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

It was a soldier's order, and now it came back to shame him. With an angry gesture he brushed away the tears, sat up as straight as the narrow confines of his prison-house would permit, and, staring straight before him in the dark, shouted those words of his father:

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

It checked his panic instantly, and he almost smiled to think how absurd it was to say, "Eyes front!" in such Egyptian darkness. If only he could have a light! He searched through all his pockets for a match, but with no success. This was one of the things that he had forgotten. It came near to bringing on his panic again, but he suddenly realized that he was hungry. He had had nothing to eat for almost an entire day. Before he had gone to sleep he had taken the precaution to remove all his food from his pockets and store it carefully in a crack between two boxes. Now he reached out for it, and his hand fell upon the rough, hairy back of a big rat that had been attracted by the food. He drew his hand back with

a sharp cry, but he soon concluded that the rat must be as surprised as he. So he ate a sparing meal and then stowed the remainder of the food beneath his coat.

As strength and courage came back he began a careful examination of his cell. On the left, as he remembered, was the curved sheathing of the hull. He knew he must be about at the water-line, for he could hear the waves swishing by outside. He judged that he must be in well forward, for if he had been amidships, the hull would have been straight up and down at the water-line. On the other side he was walled in by crates and cases and boxes of all shapes and sizes,— a perfect wilderness of wealth. Nor was this mass of freight entirely silent. That was the worst of it. The slow roll of the vessel made it creak and groan horribly. When the ship gave an unusually heavy lurch, it fairly screamed like a giant in torment. To his excited imagination these massive cases were complaining to each other and protesting against the torturing confinement.

As the boy lay on his side, with his head against one of the boxes, he suddenly became aware of a steady, rhythmical sound like the muffled ticking of a clock. He listened more intently. It certainly was a clock, ticking away as busily as if it stood on the kitchen shelf. He wondered vaguely why the Allies were buying clocks from America. Then he began to wonder why the clock was *going*. Are all clocks wound up and set going before being shipped? If so, why was only *one* clock ticking? But perhaps there was *only* one clock! It came like a shock of electricity — the terrible question:

"What is that clock doing in there?"

Frank went cold all over and shook as with the ague. He lay half dead with terror. He felt sure that within the box

his head was touching there was some dreadful mechanism controlled by clock-work, and that at a set time it would light a fuse and ignite some explosive that would tear the ship to pieces. Some enemy had placed it there for that very purpose. Overhead, upon the deck, there were more than twelve hundred people doomed to certain death, but all unconscious of their approaching destruction. It might be — indeed, it was probable — that a very few more revolutions of those wheels would cause an explosion that might send them all to eternity.

And here he was — Frank Burleigh — buried with that monstrous, deadly contrivance, more terrible than wolves or tigers.

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

He repeated it a dozen times between chattering teeth before he could gain control of himself and think what must be done. That was it — "Face front!" No Englishman must turn his back to danger. Something *must* be done, and done soon. With clear realization of the tragic danger came action. He drew out his pocket knife, a good stout one, and began a furious assault upon the suspected box. It was hard, slow work, but at last he had cut away a good big splinter from the corner and was making the chips fly in order to make a hole large enough to insert his hand. He *must* tear that box open. He *must* throttle that clock. Not only his own life, but all those other lives, depended upon him. England expected him to do his duty. This was what Providence had put him here for!

He fell to work again with feverish energy, but in his eagerness he overestimated the strength of his knife. As he was trying to pry off a big strip of the wood the blade snapped off short. He gave a cry of dismay. His weapon gone! What

then? Give up? Never! He was an Englishman, and he would prove it. He had already made an orifice large enough to insert the fingers of both hands. He braced himself with a supreme effort and tore off a piece of board about four inches wide. Yet try as he might, he could do no more. The box held tight.

He thrust in his hand and felt a mass of tight wads of some dry, gritty material, with a queer, fuzzy surface. He tore it out in great handfuls and threw it behind him. The ticking of the clock now sounded plainer. This made him redouble his efforts, and soon he had his own den half filled with the queer, smelly stuff. Reaching in at full arm's-length he could feel something like a metal box in the center of the case. It was secured in place by rigid braces on either side. He had reached the heart of the plot, but success seemed as far away as ever. He could not get at that fateful clock!

He stopped to rest and think out the next move in the campaign. The ship was moving on even keel, and there was no sound of creaking or groaning from the boxes. He could hear faint sounds as of hammering, far away. He put his ear to the iron hull of the vessel. This, acting as a sound-conductor, brought to his acute senses the various sounds of the engine-room and the propellers. A new idea flashed across his mind and sent the blood pounding through his veins. One of the odd jobs that he had worked at for a few weeks was that of assistant to the station-master of a little village out in western Pennsylvania. During his odd moments of leisure he had been accustomed to watch the telegraph-operator at work, and he had picked up a fairly accurate knowledge of the Morse code. He now began desperately to recall how it all went.

Three dots was S. Yes, that was right. Four dots was H. Two pairs of dots was Y. One long dash was L. Gradually it all came back to him. He would try it! Grasping his broken knife firmly in his hand, he began to beat with all his might against the side of the iron hull, forming the dots and dashes that spelled

S O S S O S S O S S O S S O S,

for he knew that this was the international signal for "Help." He kept it up for half an hour, changing hands as he grew weary. Then he attacked the box again. This time he thought he detected a slight weakening of the structure. The nails seemed to be yielding little by little. After this he resumed his almost hopeless tattoo upon the hull.

Meanwhile all was going merrily on deck. There was no thought of danger. That might come later, when they entered the submarine zone, but as yet everything was peaceful. Ladies were chatting with each other from the deck chairs. Children were romping about. Men were gathered in knots talking over the chances of the war and waiting impatiently for each new wireless message.

One of the wireless operators — for the vessel carried four of these experts — being off duty, was lounging about the deck. Sauntering to the rail, he leaned his elbow upon it and rested his head against his hand. Gradually a puzzled expression crept over his face. He bent forward and listened more intently. Though the wireless code is different from the Morse code, he was of course familiar with both. And now he was listening to queer sounds that seemed to spell the

dreaded danger-signal. Faint and far away, it sounded like a message from some other world. Could it be real, or was it a warning from some invisible sphere?

SOS SOS SOS SOS SOS

He hurried away and found one of his fellow-operators. Soon they were both listening to the baffling call.

"Sure! as plain as day!" said the other man gravely. They looked each other in the eye and their faces paled with apprehension. It might mean nothing, and then again it might mean everything.

"We must report this to the captain," said the first man. They hurried away to the captain's cabin and were closeted with him for five minutes. Then they came out, and the captain with them. One of them held a light hammer in his hand, and the other was armed with pencil and paper.

"Don't show any excitement," warned the captain; "act as unconcerned as you can. We must n't raise a panic over this thing." They walked to the rail and the man with the hammer leaned over and tapped the side with it. The passengers supposed he was effecting some repairs, but in reality he was tapping out the words

O.K. WHERE ARE YOU? O.K. WHERE ARE YOU?

This was repeated again and again. Then they stopped and listened, holding their breath to hear. And through the vessel's hull, clumsily and imperfectly and with many haltings, to be sure, and yet unmistakably, came this message:

STOWAWAY FORWARD HATCH PORT SIDE WATER-LINE INFERNAL MACHINE HURRY

The two men stood tense with excitement and horror. They whispered the news to the captain. His face grew hard and stern and his lips set in a thin obstinate line.

"Tell him that we 'll be there in two hours," and he hurried away. In five minutes the hatch was off and the donkey-engines were at work. The decks were roped off, and the passengers were not allowed to come near. There was tremendous curiosity and excitement, but no panic. The secret could not be kept, of course. The captain gathered the passengers in the dining-saloon and briefly told them the facts. The ship was stopped and the boats were lowered and held clustered as far as possible from the danger-point. The passengers were ordered to put on their life-belts and be ready for any emergency.

Meanwhile, the boy below was listening and waiting. When he heard the welcome answer to his message he could not read it correctly, but he made out enough to know that help was coming. Would it arrive in time? That was the question that pounded in his brain. The only thing now was to try and stop that hateful ticking, for any moment might be the messenger of death. He took the piece of board that he had ripped off, and using it as a lever and bracing with both feet, he went to the very limit of his strength. Every ounce of power at his command went into that supreme effort. The nails reluctantly loosened their hold and the next instant a wide opening was made.

The boy then pulled out all the remaining packing and stuffed it behind him. He managed to squeeze himself through the aperture into the danger-box. He could not understand the nature of the mechanism within the metal case,

but he could hear the ominous ticking which spelled death to all. He must have a light. He searched through his pockets again but without success. He could hear the welcome sound of work above him. It was a matter of minutes now, perhaps of seconds. With desperate hands he felt all over every inch of the machine, but could find no indication of an opening. Then he took the knife, and with the stub of the broken blade he scraped and pried at every point. At last, to his delight, it struck a yielding spot. A hole had been plugged with wax, or some similar substance. He dug it out with feverish haste and found that it was a round hole about as large as his thumb, and it led right into the body of the machine. There was a bare chance now, and inserting the end of one of the pieces of wood that he had split from the casing, he pushed it home as far as he could.

Suddenly something yielded and there came a whirring sound, like a baby alarm-clock. Then *silence! The clock had stopped!* So immense was the relief and so exhausting had been the nervous tension that Frank crumpled right down in the box and went off into the Land of Nowhere.

Above him, a score of men were tearing away at the huge pile of freight, clamping great grappling-hooks to cases and boxes, big and little. A hoarse shout gave the signal, and the donkey-engine tore the boxes from their beds and landed them on deck in a twinkling. They were nearing the danger-point. The captain himself was down there among them, giving quick, stern orders.

An enormous case filled with heavy machinery was dragged from its bed. The captain peered down. He uttered an exclamation of satisfaction and called for an electric flash-light. When it was brought he took it and sprang down into the

The man with the hammer leaned over and tapped the side with it

opening, landing on a mass of the dry, gritty material. He picked up a handful.

"Guncotton!" he exclaimed savagely. "Here, get this out! Quick! Step lively now!" Eager hands stuffed the dangerous material into gunny-sacks and it was quickly thrown overboard. The captain knelt down beside the broken box, and, peering in, saw Frank lying in a heap. He gently drew the boy out and passed him up to others, who carried him on deck. The captain followed, silent, but with tears streaming down his rugged face.

Slowly the boy came back to consciousness, weak, shattered, nerve-racked as he was. Then he told his story. It went like wild-fire through the ship. The passengers besieged the captain's cabin to get a glimpse of the boy. At last the captain came out, cap in hand. There was a look of exultation on his face, for he was an Englishman, too. He summoned the first mate.

"Mr. Blake," he said, and his voice was not quite steady, "be prepared to dip the flag when I give the signal." The mate took his stand at the halyards. With his arm around Frank's shoulders, the captain led the boy out upon the deck, where the passengers stood in an admiring ring about the two. The boy was pale and shaken, but there was a gleam in his eye. The captain nodded his head to the mate and the union jack of Old England was dipped three times in honor of the lad who by his British pluck had saved not merely eight millions of property, but twelve hundred lives as well.

"And you did it all in the dark!" exclaimed a beautiful woman, as she took his hand, which no one had noticed was cruelly bruised.

"Good thing he didn't have a match," said the captain;

" for if he had, we might all have been blown sky-high."

Frank, embarrassed by so much attention, was nervously fingering the hem of his coat with the other hand. Suddenly his fingers encountered something. He thrust his hand into the side pocket, through a hole, down into the lining, and drew out — a *match!*

" Gee-willicums! " he said. " What if I had found it! "

NOTES

H. B. Hulbert, F.R.G.S. Fellow Royal Geographic Society.

S. O. S. Letters standing for the words " Save Our Souls," the wireless call for help.

The Morse Code is the system of signals composed of dots and dashes invented by Samuel Morse for use in telegraphing.

HOW CATANIA WAS SAVED

JEAN-HENRI FABRÉ

NOTE.— This story is taken from a book entitled " The Story-Book of Science," by the French scientist, Jean-Henri Fabré. The nature stories in this book are told to three children, Emile, Jules, and Claire, by their Uncle Paul.

" It is not late yet, Uncle," said Jules; " you ought to tell us about those terrible mountains, those volcanoes that the showers of ashes come from."

At the word " volcano," Emile, who was already asleep, rubbed his eyes and became all attention. He too wanted to hear the great story. As usual, their uncle yielded to their entreaties.

" A volcano is a mountain that throws up smoke, dust, red-hot stones, and melted matter called lava. The summit is hollowed out in the shape of a funnel, sometimes several leagues

in circumference. That is what we call the crater. The bottom of the crater communicates with a channel or chimney too deep to estimate. The principal volcanoes of Europe are: Vesuvius, near Naples; Etna, in Sicily; Hecla, in Iceland. Most of the time a volcano is either in repose or throwing up a simple plume of smoke; but from time to time, with intervals that may be very long, the mountain grumbles, trembles, and vomits torrents of fiery substances. It is then said to be in eruption. To give you a general idea of the most remarkable phenomena attending volcanic eruption, I will choose Vesuvius, the best known of the European volcanoes.

"An eruption is generally announced beforehand by a column of smoke that fills the mouth of the crater and rises, when the air is calm, to nearly a mile in height. At this height it spreads out in a sort of blanket that intercepts the sun's rays. Some days before the eruption the column of smoke sinks down on the volcano, covering it with a big black cloud. Then the earth begins to tremble around Vesuvius; rumbling explosions under the ground are heard, louder and louder each moment, soon exceeding in intensity the most violent claps of thunder. You would think you heard the ceaseless cannonades of a numerous artillery in the mountain's sides.

"All at once a sheaf of fire bursts from the crater to the height of 2000 or 3000 meters. The cloud that is floating over the volcano is illumined by the redness of the fire; the sky seems inflamed. Millions of sparks dart out like lightning to the top of the blazing sheaf, describe great arcs, leaving on their way dazzling trails, and fall in a shower of fire on the slopes of the volcano. These sparks, so small from a distance, are burning masses of stone, sometimes several meters in dimension, and of a sufficient height to crush the most solid buildings

in their fall. What hand-made machine could throw such masses of rock to such heights? What all our efforts united could not do even once, the volcano does over and over again, as if in play. For whole weeks and months these red blocks are thrown up by Vesuvius, in numbers like the sparks of a display of fireworks."

"Oh! how I should like to see an eruption," said Jules, "but far off, of course."

"And the people who are on the mountain?" questioned Emile.

"They are careful not to go on the mountain at that time; they might lose their lives, suffocated by the smoke or crushed by the shower of red-hot stones.

"Meantime, from the depths of the mountain, through the volcanic chimney, ascends a stream of melted lava, which pours out into the crater and forms a lake of fire as dazzling as the sun. Spectators who, from the plain, anxiously follow the progress of the eruption, are warned of the coming of the lava-flood by the brilliant illumination it throws on the volumes of smoke floating in the upper air. But the crater is full; then the ground suddenly shakes, bursts open with a noise of thunder, and through the crevasses as well as over the edges of the crater the lava flows in streams. The fiery current, formed of dazzling and paste-like matter similar to melted metal, advances slowly; the front of the lava-stream resembles a moving wall on fire. One can flee before it, but everything stationary is lost. Trees blaze a moment on contact with the lava and sink down, reduced to charcoal; the thickest walls are powdered and fall over; the hardest rocks are melted.

"The flow of lava comes to an end, sooner or later. Then vapors, freed from the enormous pressure of the fluid mass,

escape with more violence than ever, carrying with them whirlwinds of fine dust that floats in clouds and falls on the neighboring plain, or is even carried by the winds to a distance of hundreds of miles. Finally, the terrible mountain calms down, and peace is restored for a time."

"If there are towns near the volcanoes, cannot those streams of fire reach them? Cannot those clouds of ashes bury them?" asked Jules.

. . . . . .

"The following story will answer Jules' question. It is about an eruption of Mount Etna.

"I must tell you that two hundred years ago there occurred in Sicily one of the most terrible eruptions on record. During the night, after a furious storm, the earth began to tremble so violently that a great many houses fell. Trees swayed like reeds shaken by the wind; people, fleeing distracted into the country to avoid being crushed under the ruins of their buildings, lost their footing on the quaking ground, stumbled, and fell. At that moment Etna burst in an opening four miles long, and along this opening rose a number of volcanic mouths, vomiting, amid the crash of frightful explosions, clouds of black smoke and sand. Soon seven of these mouths united in an abyss that for four months did not cease thundering, glowing, and throwing up cinders and lava. The crater of Etna, at first quite at rest, as if its furnaces had no connection with the new volcanic mouths, woke up a few days after and threw to a tremendous height a column of flames and smoke; then the whole mountain shook, and all the crests that topped its crater fell into the depths of the volcano. The next day four mountaineers dared to climb to the top of Etna. They found the crater very much enlarged by the falling-in of the day be-

fore: its mouth, which before had measured one league, now measured two.

"In the meantime, torrents of lava were pouring from all the crevasses of the mountain down upon the plain, destroying houses, forests, and crops. Some leagues from the volcano, on the seacoast, lies Catania, a large town surrounded then by strong walls. Already the liquid fire had devoured several villages, when the stream reached the walls of Catania and spread over the country. There, as if to show its strength to the terrified Catanians, it tore a hill away and transported it some distance; it lifted in one mass a field planted with vines and let it float for some time, until the green was reduced to charcoal and disappeared. Finally, the fiery stream reached a wide and deep valley. The Catanians believed themselves saved: no doubt the volcano would exhaust its strength by the time it covered the vast basin which the lava had just entered. But what an error of judgment! In the short space of six hours the valley was filled, and the lava, overflowing, advanced straight toward the town in a stream half a mile wide and ten meters high. Catania would have been destroyed if, by the luckiest chance, another current, whose direction crossed the first, had not come and struck against the fiery flood and turned it from its course. The stream, thus turned, coasted the ramparts of the town within pistol-shot, and turned toward the sea."

"I was very much afraid for those poor Catanians," interposed Emile, "when you spoke of that wall of fire, high as a house, going straight toward the town."

"All is not over yet," his uncle proceeded. "The stream, I told you, was going toward the sea. There was, then, a great battle between the water and the fire. The lava presented a

front of 1500 meters in extent and a dozen meters high. At the touch of that burning wall, which continued plunging further and further into the waves, enormous masses of vapor rose with horrible hissings, darkened the sky with their thick clouds, and fell in a salt rain over all the region. In a few days the lava had made the limits of the shore recede three hundred meters.

"In spite of that, Catania was still endangered. The stream, swollen with new tributaries, grew from day to day and approached the town. From the top of the walls the inhabitants followed with terror the progress of the stream. The lava finally reached the ramparts. The fiery flood rose slowly, but it rose ceaselessly; from hour to hour it was found to have risen a little higher. It touched the top of the walls, whereupon, yielding to the pressure, they were overthrown for the length of forty meters, and the stream of fire penetrated the town."

"My goodness!" cried Claire. "Those poor people are lost?"

"No, not the people, for lava runs very slowly, on account of its sticky nature, and one can be warned in time; it was the town itself that ran the greatest risk. The quarters invaded by the lava were the highest; from there the current could spread everywhere. So Catania seemed destined to total destruction, when it was saved by the courage of some men who attempted to battle with the volcano. They bethought themselves to construct stone walls, which, placed across the route of the on-coming stream, would change its direction. This device partly succeeded, but the following succeeded still better. Lava streams envelop themselves in a kind of solid sheath, embank themselves in a canal formed of blocks of lava congealed.

Under this covering the melted matter flows like water and continues its course. They thought, then, that by breaking these natural dikes at a well-chosen spot, they would open to the lava a new route across country and would thus turn it from the town. Followed by a hundred alert and vigorous men, they attacked the stream, not far from the volcano, with blows of iron bars. The heat was so great that each worker could strike only two or three blows in succession, after which he withdrew to recover his breath. However, they managed to make a breach in the solid sheath, when, as they had foreseen, the lava flowed through this opening. Catania was saved, not without great loss, for already the lava flood had consumed, within the town walls, three hundred houses and some palaces and churches. Outside of Catania, this eruption, so sadly celebrated, covered from five to six square miles with a bed of lava in some places thirteen meters thick, and destroyed the homes of twenty-seven thousand persons."

Without those brave men who did not hesitate, at the risk of being burnt alive, to go and open a new passage for the stream of fire, Catania would certainly have been lost.

From "The Story Book of Science."

NOTE

Catania (Cȧ-tā'-nĭa). A town in Sicily at the base of Mt. Etna. It has been visited many times by earthquakes.

ISHMAEL

WALTER A. DYER

It had rained all day, and the Long Island prairie lay dismal and water-soaked. Nearly all the yellow leaves had been

washed or blown from the double row of wind-wracked maples; here and there a scrubby oak, tenacious of its red-brown leaves, stood solemn and dripping. Save for these and for an occasional empty wagon road and a few glacial dunes, the lonely heath stretched flat and unbroken from Hempstead to Westbury. The setting sun had rent a gap in the western clouds, and its golden beams were reflected from millions of raindrops on coarse prairie grass and weeds, and from the glistening roofs of a few farm buildings toward the south.

A flock of crows flew cawing overhead on the way to their North Shore home. In a tall sycamore near Potter's farmhouse a regiment of starlings held a noisy, whistling council. The vesper of the song sparrow was heard in the land, and somewhere to the east a screech owl had begun his broken, querulous call. These would have been evident to the casual observer; but among the weeds and grasses there also dwelt a populous community, hidden from mortal eyes, living their adventurous little lives in accordance with the laws of the wild.

As the sun slowly sank beneath its band of clouds a stealthy form crept out from beneath a tuft of grass beside a little swamp. It was a small creature, about the size of a gray squirrel, with a long, lithe body, dark brown, nearly black, with a spot of white on the chin. One might have taken it for a weasel, but for its larger body, thicker tail, and cat-like head. It was Putorious, the mink.

He sat for a moment, his sharp eyes seeming to penetrate the rank ground vegetation, and then he vanished swiftly from sight, as though the earth had swallowed him, only to reappear as suddenly a few rods away.

By swift, baffling stages he made his way to the road, and

then began to run rapidly toward the town, his body bending like a hoop, and his short legs propelling him easily at incredible speed. Occasionally he stopped, sniffed the air, and then hurried on.

He passed two or three farmhouses, stopping for only a whiff or two, and came at length to Thomas Lange's chicken house. Stealthily he crept around it, sniffing the wire netting. The warm smell intoxicated him, and his movements were hasty and excited.

Suddenly a new and terrible scent caused him to stop and turn his head. There by the side of the barn stood the monstrous bulk of a huge black dog, watching him intently in the gathering dusk. For a moment they stood regarding each other, the dog boldly, the mink furtively, and then, as the former took a step forward, there was a slight scurry, and Putorius completely and instantaneously disappeared.

. . . . . .

In the Atwaters' living room next morning a frightful row suddenly broke loose. Sandy, the brown Irish terrier, leaped upon the couch by the window, barking furiously.

"What in the world is the matter?" demanded Mr. Atwater, hastening into the room. He glanced out the window and saw a big black dog busy with a bone that Sandy or one of his acquaintances had abandoned on the front lawn.

"Be quiet, Sandy," commanded Atwater. "It's only Ishmael. Have n't you got used to him yet?"

"Poor Ishmael!" said Mrs. Atwater, stepping to the window. "I wish some one would adopt him. I suppose he is n't any particular kind of dog; but he 's gentle and affectionate. I hate to chase him out of the yard all the time; but if I pat him or speak to him he wants to hang around, and

we simply can't have him here. Besides, it makes Sandy furiously jealous.

They stood watching Ishmael. He was indeed no particular kind of dog. He had the long, black hair of a Newfoundland, while his noble head and a look about the face suggested a Great Dane. His big, thick tail, too, was a Dane's, except that it was somewhat hairy and was set on all wrong. Atwater had christened him Ishmael because he knew no master and every man's hand was against him.

Sandy started up his indignant and vociferous protest again, and because it was the peaceful Sabbath, Atwater was forced to go out and shoo Ishmael off.

When Robert Sammis came with the Sunday paper Atwater said, "Your friend Ishmael has been around here again."

"Has he?" asked Robert, with interest.

"Why don't you take him home and have him for your dog?" asked Atwater. "If he had a home and plenty to eat, he would n't roam about so, and he 'd make a good dog for you."

"I wish I could," replied Robert wistfully; "but father won't let me. He says dogs kill chickens, and he does n't like them anyway. Besides, he says if he had any dog at all, it would n't be a stray mutt."

Meantime Ishmael, hungry both for food and for human love, made his way by a devious route back to the east of the town, where the garbage heaps were more abundant. At Bemis's on Front Street he went in to pass the time of day with Bob, a big bull terrier who spent his life at the end of a chain and was reputed to be dangerous. Bob had a master of limited intelligence and sympathies, and Ishmael had none; so they enjoyed stolen moments of the companionship of misery.

In return for an occasional bone or other morsel Ishmael was able to give Bob a bit of news of the great world.

When Ishmael again came out upon the street his attention was attracted by the yapping of a dirty fox terrier sitting beside his master on the seat of a wagon. Ishmael stood and wagged his tail, and barked deeply once or twice in reply. The little dog's master threw something at Ishmael, and then laughed at the big dog's hurt look as he hurried off, glancing apprehensively over his shoulder, with his tail drooping crookedly.

Dawson's collie threw him the usual insults from behind his fence, and a big old hound passed him in silence.

Ishmael sighed heavily as he stood at length before the Collingworth Kennels and watched the antics and listened to the bickerings of the puppies that were to become pampered and beribboned pets of fashion — dogs of the upper classes, whose lot was so easy and whose dinner tins were always so full. Ishmael shook his head perplexedly and passed on.

. . . . . .

Death, silent and mysterious, stalked o' nights through the poultry yards of Hempstead. On the morning of October 24 Thomas Lange found seven of his best pullets dead in their house and yard. He repaired his walls and fences and placed a trap before the door. The next morning it was Martin Sammis to whose Rhode Island Reds had come the terror by night. Within two weeks no less than ten poultry houses, great and small, had been visited, and chickens killed there or in the open.

At first it was thought to be the work of a skunk, but no skunk entered the waiting traps, nor did any leave behind him the telltale scent. Rats it might have been; but rats do

not make a circuit of a village, visiting now this farm and now that. Besides, the form of death administered was unusual. Each fowl was neatly and effectively nipped in the throat and abandoned, apparently after the murderer had taken his draft of warm blood.

The Hempstead papers that second week published accounts of the mystery, and one ingenious contributor decided that the work must have been done by some fiendishly clever dog, which killed for the joy of killing.

Thereafter two or three men sat up with guns, but to no avail. Those who shot at cats or dogs aimed widely in the dark, and death attacked the roosts of their neighbors. Then came the evening when Jack Walsh, returning late, hurled a futile missile at a strange, small animal that streaked across the road, and found four of his best Wyandottes garroted back of his house. That gave rise to the weasel theory which the papers exploited; but most of the farmers still suspected the mysterious and murderous dog.

"I believe it 's that black tramp dog," said Martin Sammis. "If this thing don't stop pretty soon, I 'll shoot him anyhow."

. . . . . .

On a crisp November night Putorius the mink stole out from his grassy retreat on the brown Hempstead plains and made his swift, silent way toward the scattered farms to the northeast of the town. A frightened field mouse scurried for cover, but Putorius did not stop. Apparently he had a definite goal in mind. He did not turn in at Lange's place, nor did he take notice of a black form that rose quietly from its comfortless bed by the fence and took up his trail.

Putorius was immediately lost to sight; but hunger stimulated in black Ishmael the latent hunting instinct inherited from

some distant ancestor, and with his nose to the ground he padded steadily along. Close to the fence in front of Henderson's orchard the trail took him, through the tall grass at the edge of Al Barkley's meadow — always where there was cover, always out of the bright moonlight. All was silent save the distant rumble of a train and the spasmodic baying of poor old Bob Bemis. The ancient village was wrapped in peace; but death awaited some luckless brood.

In front of the Sammis place Ishmael hesitated; then he caught the scent again and followed the trail along the fence toward the buildings back of the house. He moved quietly now — very quietly for such a clumsy brute. He stopped and lifted his big head. A slight scratching sound caught his ear; but he could see nothing, so he dropped his nose again to the ground, keeping his ears cocked the while.

Suddenly a great clamor arose among the chickens — squawks of terror and squeaks of death. Ishmael dashed forward and reached the chicken house just in time to see a sleek, catlike little head, with bright beady eyes, thrust out from beneath the door of the scratching yard, and then hastily withdrawn. Ishmael stood watching the place, and then sniffed cautiously at it, the bristles rising at the back of his neck.

The house door was thrown open and a bar of yellow light shot across the yard. Martin Sammis, aroused by the racket, appeared, half dressed, bearing a shotgun, and followed by Robert. In the bright moonlight big Ishmael was plainly visible by the chicken house, his nose to the ground.

Bringing his gun quickly to his shoulder, he fired; but Ishmael was not there. His quick sense had caught a noise at the other end of the yard, and with incredible speed for

so bulky a creature he dashed round the corner just in time to catch sight of a swift, lithe body disappearing in the weeds. There was a deep, growling roar from Ishmael's throat, a tremendous rush, a smothered cry among the burdocks, and then silence.

Martin Sammis came up on a run, and would have fired his other barrel at the first movement his eye caught; but Robert was ahead of him.

"Don't shoot, Dad!" he cried. "There 's something else." What, he did not know; but his sharp eyes had seen something beside Ishmael, and that something was not a hen.

As the man and boy approached, Ishmael lifted his head and stood his ground. Something had been awakened in his shaggy breast that, for the moment at least, drove all fear from him.

"You thieving, useless cur, I 've got you now!" roared the man, eager for the final shot; but still Robert blocked his way.

"No, Dad, no!" he cried. "See here! It is n't a hen at all. It 's a — oh, Dad, what is it?" He stood wondering above the body of the strange little animal, his hand resting unconsciously on Ishmael's shoulder.

Wondering why Ishmael neither ran nor showed fight, Martin Sammis joined his son and looked. Ishmael was wondering too — wondering what he had done to provoke this latest torrent of wrath, wondering why the blow did not fall, wondering, with all the power of his pathetic dog's eyes, why the little man kept his hand so comforting upon him.

Martin Sammis lifted up the dead mink by its tail. "Well, well!" said he. "I never saw one of these things before. I don't know what it is; but I guess it 's *it* all right."

"Dad!" said Robert meekly.

His father was contemplating the remains of Putorius in silence.

"You see Ishmael did n't kill the chickens."

"Ishmael? What 's Ishmael?"

"This is Ishmael," said Robert, a sort of fatherly pride crowding up into his throat. "May n't I keep him — now — Dad?"

Martin Sammis glanced at the pair. Ishmael was sitting on his haunches, contemplating the face of Robert with that worshipful look that only dog lovers can know or believe in.

"Well," said he, "tie him out here by the chicken house. He may keep other dogs away." And he turned back to the house with his mysterious little carcass, thinking of the tall story he would have for his neighbors, and not noticing the boyish arms that were thrown impulsively about the great dog's neck, nor the curly head buried in the shaggy coat, sobbing silently.

A ROMAN BOY'S BIRTHDAY

BERTHA E. BUSH

It is doubtful if there was ever a prouder boy than Publius Septimius Antonius Geta on his eleventh birthday, when he drove to the race-course in a gilded chariot with two magnificent black horses all his own. He had reason to be proud, for it is not the lot of many boys to have the march of a victorious army halted, that their birthdays may be celebrated with military games.

The fiery steeds pranced and curveted. The heavy, unsteady chariot, as clumsy as it was magnificent, rocked from

side to side. A hundred hands were ready to take the reins should the emperor's young son give the nod; but, though his arms seemed almost pulled from their sockets and his footing shifted with the swaying chariot, he would not give up. Boys were expected to be hardy and fearless in those days. Young Geta had already been two years with his father in the army, sleeping uncomplaining, if need be, on the bare ground, eating anything or nothing, seeing sights which our bravest men could hardly bear. He was a frank and friendly little fellow, whose greatest pride was to endure all the hardships that the Roman soldiers suffered. What wonder that the whole army loved him, and that the emperor, Septimius Severus, preferred him to his sullen older brother, Caracalla!

When the brilliant cortège reached the amphitheater where the games were to be held, Geta was placed in the seat of honor at the right hand of the emperor, and a happier face than his never looked down upon an assembled audience. At the left, with a brow as black with anger as Geta's was bright with happiness, sat the older son, Caracalla, whose heart was full of bitterness at this honor paid to his brother.

It was a little provincial town. The amphitheater did not begin to compare with the wonderful Colosseum at Rome. The citizens had made great effort to adorn it suitably for the emperor. The place reserved for his train was hung with the richest draperies the time produced, but it was not as far removed from the seats of the common people as was most fitting to the Roman ideas of etiquette. Caracalla scowled as he took his purple-draped seat; for the mass — the vulgar herd, as he called them contemptuously — were so near that he could have touched them with his hand.

Geta, with shining face, watched every movement of the

wrestlers. Caracalla looked idly about with eyes of disdain. At last the climax seemed to have come. The whole amphitheater was silent in breathless interest; even Caracalla began to show some faint sign of attention. One combatant after another had been downed by one stalwart Roman soldier, who now challenged the world. Just at that moment a luckless slave child from a tier of seats above Caracalla's left hand leaned too far over, lost his balance and fell, and clutching wildly at emptiness to save himself somehow, struck the emperor's heir full in the face.

Oh, what an angry Caracalla started up from the purple seat and, with scowls and fierce imprecations, ordered that the unlucky child who had unintentionally insulted him should at once be put to death! Pale and trembling, the little lad was dragged before the emperor and his sons, and the deadly swords of Caracalla's guard of soldiers were drawn from their sheaths.

It was the common punishment for such an offense. The emperor and his sons were sacred. No one touched them unbidden save at penalty of death. But the little lad who had unwittingly offended was so small and innocent! He scarcely comprehended it all, and was more shaken by the fall than by his impending doom, only realizing that some danger was near and every one else was looking upon him in anger. But Geta's face alone was friendly and pitiful. The little slave boy slipped from the soldier's grasp and flung himself down at the feet of the emperor's younger son, clinging to his robe.

It would only have made his punishment more swift if it had been Caracalla's robe he seized, but Geta was made of tenderer as well as braver stuff. Reaching gently down, he caught the little praying hands into his own.

"Father," he said, "this is my birthday. I have a right to a boon. I ask for the life of this boy."

But the stern emperor's face wore no look of consent. The majesty of Rome had been insulted. What did the life of one slave boy matter among the millions subject to his sway? To him it seemed unfitting to his dignity that such a crime, even though unintentional, should go unpunished.

"It is impossible, my son," he said. "Ask it no more. Give up this request and I will order a whole gladiatorial show to please you. But that such an insult to an emperor's son should go unavenged! It is as impossible as that yonder Roman soldier in the arena should be overcome by one of these barbarian Thracians."

But Geta, with the small curly head of the slave child between his knees, looked anxiously to the arena. Any delay was to be welcomed.

"Wait, Father; only wait till the games are finished," he begged. "Let the boy stay safe with me till the games are over. Then, if a Roman soldier is still the victor, I will give him up."

The emperor looked at his favorite son. It was hard to deny him. He made a sign to the soldiers who had dragged the child before him, and the swords were sheathed. Once more every eye was fixed upon the arena, and behold! across it came stalking the tallest barbarian that Rome had ever seen, a giant rudely clothed in skins, who besought an opportunity to wrestle with the champion.

"My son," said the emperor,— and though he spoke to Geta his eyes were fixed upon scowling Caracalla,—"art thou ready to risk the cause on the strength of this Thracian giant?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Geta; and Caracalla, sure that no

Roman soldier could be overcome by a barbarian, muttered a sullen assent.

Once more the trumpet sounded, and the long line of fresh combatants marched across the arena and bowed themselves before the emperor. High above the head and shoulders of the others towered the form of the Thracian giant Maximin, and even when he knelt he was as tall on his knees as the soldiers standing about him.

"I challenge all beholders. Come and wrestle with the power of Rome and learn how she slays her enemies low," cried the champion. One after another advanced and received his fall, but Maximin stood leaning against a pillar with downcast eyes.

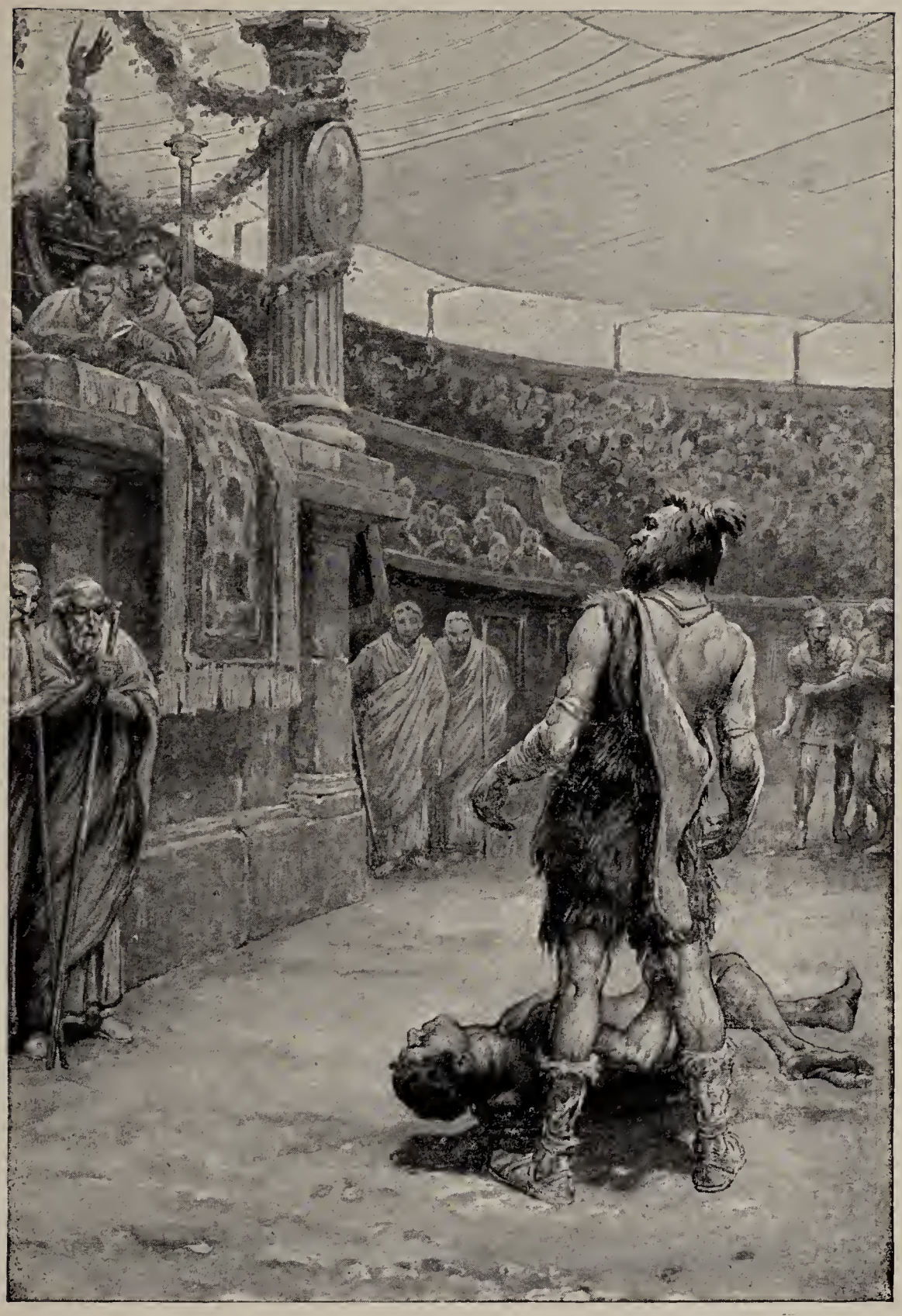
"He is afraid," sneered Caracalla.

Then the herald, at a word from the challenger, advanced and announced that all who feared might withdraw from the contest. Maximin walked carelessly forward to the champion; the jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet. Another and another came forward to revenge the fall of their brother soldiers and in turn met defeat. Seventeen times in quick succession the Thracian giant wrestled with a Roman soldier, and seventeen times was easily victorious.

The life of the child at Geta's feet was saved.

"This giant shall straightway go into my army," said the emperor; and the Thracian left the arena, himself a soldier of Rome.

When the games were over and the emperor and his sons driving away, they saw the barbarian, high over the heads of his companions, leaping and exulting. As soon as he caught sight of them, he ran up to the emperor's chariot.



"The jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet"

The horses were not slackened, but for mile after mile the giant ran beside them, and though they galloped at their greatest speed, he lost not an inch.

"Thracian," said the emperor, astonished, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?"

"Most willingly, sir," answered the unwearied Maximin; and thereupon overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army.

"I should not like to wrestle with him," laughed Geta. "Father, thou saidst a Roman soldier was never overcome by a barbarian."

"Hush, my son, hush!" cried the emperor. "Is not this giant now a Roman soldier. Can he be overcome?"

Years afterward, when merry Geta had long been dead, this Thracian giant did overcome the power of Rome and became himself the emperor. But that is a story for which you will have to look in your history.

Notes

Chariot. A heavy big two-wheeled cart with a body sloping toward the back so the driver could step into it from the ground. Used by the Romans in time of war and for racing.

Septimus Severus (Sē-vĕr′-us). A Roman Emperor and builder of the military wall across the north of England.

Caracalla (Car″-a-cal′-la) and Geta were sons of Septimus Severus. Geta was put to death by order of Caracalla that he alone might reign as Emperor of Rome.

Colosseum (Cŏl-ō-sē′-ŭm). An immense oval building without a roof, built by the Romans in the year 75 A. D., and still standing in Rome.

Thrăce. A province or state at one time part of the Roman Empire but now owned by Turkey.

Maximin (Măx-ĭ-mi′-nus). A Roman Emperor, a giant and a very cruel ruler. He was killed by his own soldiers.

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JOHN G. NICOLAY

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky on the 12th day of February, 1809. His father Thomas Lincoln was sixth in direct line of descent from Samuel Lincoln, who emigrated from England to Massachusetts in 1638.

When Abraham was about four years old the Lincoln home was changed to a much better farm of two hundred and thirty-eight acres on Knob Creek, six miles from Hodgensville, bought by Thomas Lincoln, on credit. In this new home the family spent four years more, and while here Abraham and his sister Sarah began going to A B C schools. Their first teacher was Zachariah Riney, who taught near the Lincoln cabin; the next, Caleb Hazel, at a distance of about four miles. In 1816 the Lincoln family moved to Indiana.

As Abraham was only in his eighth year when he left Kentucky, the little beginnings he had learned in the schools in that State must have been very slight — probably only his alphabet, or possibly three or four pages of Webster's "Elementary Spelling Book." It is likely that the multiplication table was as yet a mystery, and that he could not write or read more than the words he spelled. There is no record at what date he was able again to go to school in Indiana. Some of his schoolmates think it was in his tenth year. The school-house was a low cabin of round logs, a mile and a half from the Lincoln home, with split logs for a floor, split logs roughly leveled with an ax and set up on legs for benches, and a log cut out of one end and the space filled in with squares of greased paper for

window panes. The main light in such primitive halls of learning was admitted by the open door. It was a type of school building common in the early West. Very often Webster's "Elementary Spelling Book" was the only text-book. Abraham's first Indiana school was probably held five years before Gentryville was located and a store established there. Until then it was difficult, if not impossible, to obtain books, slates, pencils, pen, ink, and paper, and their use was limited to settlers who had brought them when they came. It is reasonable to infer that the Lincoln family had no such luxuries, and, as the Pigeon Creek settlement numbered only eight or ten families, there must have been very few pupils to attend this first school.

Abraham's second school in Indiana was held about the time he was fourteen years old, and the third in his seventeenth year. By this time he probably had better teachers, though with the disadvantage of having to walk four or five miles to the schoolhouse. He learned to write, and was provided with pen, ink, and a copy-book, and probably a very limited supply of writing-paper, for pictures have been printed of several scraps and fragments upon which he had carefully copied tables, rules, and sums from his arithmetic, such as those of long measure, land measure, and dry measure, and examples in multiplication and compound division. All this indicates that he pursued his studies with a very unusual purpose, not only to understand them at the moment, but to imprint them upon his memory, and even to retain them in visible form for reference when the school-book might no longer be in his hands or possession.

The important fact to be gleaned from what we learn about Mr. Lincoln's schooling is that the instruction given him by these five different teachers — two in Kentucky and three in

Indiana, in short sessions of attendance scattered over a period of nine years — made up in all less than a year. This was doubtless an advantage. Had it all been given him at his first school in Indiana, it would probably not have carried him half through Webster's "Elementary Spelling Book." The lazy or indifferent pupils who were his schoolmates doubtless forgot what was taught them at one time before they had opportunity at another; but to the character of Abraham, these widely separated fragments of instruction were precious steps to self-help, of which he made continual use.

His early companions state that he employed all his spare moments in keeping on with some one of his studies. His step-mother says: "Abe read diligently. . . . He read every book he could lay his hands on; and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards, if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them." There is no mention that either he or other pupils had slates and slate-pencils to use at school or at home, but he found a ready substitute in pieces of board. It is stated that he occupied his long evenings at home doing sums on the fire-shovel. Iron fire-shovels were rare among pioneers; they used, instead, a broad, thin clapboard with one end narrowed to a handle. In cooking by the open fire, this domestic implement was of the first necessity to arrange piles of live coals on the hearth, over which they set their "skillet" and "oven," upon the lids of which live coals were also heaped.

Upon such a wooden shovel Abraham was able to work his sums by the flickering firelight. If he had no pencil, he could use charcoal, and probably did so. When it was covered with

figures he would take a drawing-knife, shave it off clean, and begin again. Under these various disadvantages, Abraham Lincoln worked his way to so much of an education as placed him far ahead of his schoolmates. He diligently borrowed every book in the neighborhood. The list is a short one — "Robinson Crusoe," Æsop's "Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "History of the United States." When he had exhausted other books, he even resolutely attacked the Revised Statutes of Indiana, which Dave Turnham, the constable, had in daily use and permitted him to come to his house and read.

It must be remembered that all this effort at self-education extended from first to last over a period of twelve or thirteen years, during which he was also performing hard manual labor. He was not permitted to forget that he was on an uphill path. The leisure hours which he was able to devote to his reading, his penmanship, and his arithmetic were by no means many.

From his boyhood until after he was of age, most of his time was spent in the hard labor of the farm and the forest, sometimes on his father's place, sometimes as a hired hand for others. In this very useful occupation he had, however, one advantage. He was not only very early in his life a tall, strong country boy, but as he grew up he soon became a tall, strong, sinewy man. He early attained the unusual height of six feet four inches, with arms of proportionate length. This gave him a degree of power and skill as an ax-man which few had or were able to acquire. He was therefore usually able to lead his fellows in efforts of both muscle and mind. He performed the tasks of his daily labor and mastered the lessons of his scanty schooling with an ease and rapidity they were unable to attain.

By the age of 19 Abraham's education was well advanced. His handwriting, his arithmetic, and his general intelligence were so good that he had occasionally been employed to help in the Gentryville store.

His devotion to his books and his sums stands forth in more striking light from the fact that his habits differed from those of most frontier boys in one important particular. Almost every youth of the backwoods early became a habitual hunter and good marksman. The Indiana woods were yet swarming with game, and the larder of every cabin depended largely upon this great storehouse of wild meat.[1] The Pigeon Creek settlement was especially fortunate on this point. There was in the neighborhood of the Lincoln home what was known in the West as a deer-lick — that is, there existed a feeble salt-spring, which created little pools of brackish water — and various kinds of animals, particularly deer, resorted there to satisfy their natural craving for salt by drinking from these or licking the moist earth. Hunters took advantage of this habit, and one of their common customs was to watch in the dusk or at night, and secure their approaching prey by an easy shot. Skill with the rifle and success in the chase were points of friendly emulation. In many localities the boy or youth who shot a squirrel in any part of the animal except its head became the butt of the jests of his companions and elders. Yet, under such conditions and

[1] Franklin points out how much this resource of the early Americans contributed to their spirit of independence by saying:

"I can retire cheerfully with my little family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger."

(See "The Century Magazine," "Franklin as a Diplomatist," October, 1899, p. 888.)

opportunities Abraham was neither a hunter nor a marksman. He tells us:

"A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin, and Abraham, with a rifle gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled a trigger on any larger game."

The hours which other boys spent in roaming the woods or lying in ambush at the deer-lick, he preferred to devote to his effort at mental improvement. In most ways, however, he grew up as the ordinary backwoods boy develops into the youth and man. As he was subjected to their usual labors, so also he was limited to their usual pastimes and enjoyments.

The varied amusements common to our day were not within their reach. The period of the circus, the political speech, and the traveling show had not yet come. Schools, as we have seen, and probably meetings or church services, were irregular, to be had only at long intervals. Athletic games and commonplace talk, with jests and stories, formed the sum of social enjoyment when half a dozen or a score of settlers of various ages came together at a house-raising or corn-husking, or when mere chance brought them at the same time to the post-office or the country store. On these occasions, however, Abraham was, according to his age, always able to contribute his full share or more. He was both a ready talker and good listener. Because of his tall stature and unusual strength, he was from the beginning a leader in all athletic games; by reason of his studious habits and his retentive memory, he quickly became the best story-teller among his companions.

March 1, 1830, Abraham having just completed his twenty-

first year, his father and family left the old homestead in Indiana and came to Illinois. Their mode of conveyance was wagons drawn by ox-teams, and Abraham drove one of the teams. There Lincoln according to frontier custom left his father's cabin to make his own fortune in the world.

RAKUSH AND HIS MASTER

JAMES BALDWIN

I. THE PRINCE

Rustem was eight years old when his grandfather, the mightiest of all the princes of Iran, came up out of Seistan to see him. For the old man had heard that the boy excelled all others in stature and beauty, and the fame of his strength was known throughout the whole of Persia. At the head, therefore, of a splendid retinue of warriors, the aged prince set out for Zaboulistan, the home of Rustem and his noble father, the white-headed Zal. When he was yet a day's journey from the city, the young boy, mounted on an elephant of war and accompanied by a cavalcade of lords and nobles, went out to meet him.

When at length Rustem saw his grandfather's caravan a long way off, he bade his own retinue stand still, while he, dismounting from his elephant, went forward on foot. And when he drew near and could look into the face of the old prince, he bowed his head to the ground, and cried out, "O mighty ruler of Seistan, and prince of princes in Iran, I am Rustem, thy grandchild! Give me, I pray thee, thy blessing, ere I return to my father's house."

The aged man was astonished, for he saw that not the half had been told him concerning the boy's stature and grace. He commanded his elephant to kneel while he descended and lifted him up and blessed him, and placed him in the howdah beside him; and the two rode side by side into Zaboulistan.

"For more than a hundred years," said the grandfather, "have I been the chief of the princes of Iran, and at no time has any one arisen to dispute my will. Yet never have my eyes been gladdened as now. I am an old, old man, and you are only a child; but you shall soon sit on my throne and enjoy the pleasures which have been mine, and wield the power both in your father's kingdom and in my own."

"I am glad," answered Rustem, "that I can call you my grandfather. But I care nothing at all for pleasure, and I never think of play, or rest, or sleep. What I want most of all things is a horse of my own, and a hard saddle such as the Turanian riders use, and a coat-of-mail and a helmet like those your warriors have. Then with my lance and my arrows, which I already can use quite well, I will vanquish the enemies of Iran, and my courage shall be like yours and my father's."

This speech pleased the old prince very much, and he blessed Rustem again, and promised him that as soon as he should reach the ordinary stature of a man he should have his wish. During the whole of his stay in Zaboulistan he wanted the boy to be always with him, nor did he care to see any one else. And when, at the end of the month, messengers came from Seistan with news which obliged him to return, he said to his son, the white-headed Zal: "Remember, that when this child's stature is equal to thine he shall have a horse of his own choosing, a hard saddle like that of a Turanian rider,

and a coat-of-mail and a helmet such as we ourselves wear into battle. And forget not this — my last command."

"And see, father," said Rustem, "am I not now almost as tall as you?"

Zal smiled and promised that he would remember.

But before Rustem reached the stature of his father, the good prince of Seistan had passed from the earth, and Zal, himself an old man, had succeeded to his throne. Then news was brought that a vast army of Turanians, the foes of Iran, had come down from the north and were threatening to cross into Persia. They had even cut in pieces an army which the Shah had sent out against them, and messengers had arrived in Zaboulistan beseeching aid from Zal. Then Rustem begged of his father that he might lead a band of young men against the invaders.

"It is true," said he, "that I am only a child in years. But, although I am not quite so tall as you, my stature is now equal to that of ordinary men; and I am skilled in the use of all kinds of weapons. Give me therefore the steed that was promised me, and the mace of my grandfather, and let me go to the succor of Iran."

These words pleased Zal not a little, and he answered: "O my son, thou art still very young, and thy lips smell of milk, and thy days should be given to play. But the times are full of danger, and Iran must look to thee for help."

Then he at once sent out a proclamation into all the Persian provinces, commanding that on the first day of the approaching Festival of Roses all the choicest horses, of whatsoever breed, should be brought to Zaboulistan in order that Rustem might select from among them his steed of battle.

For the one that was chosen, its owner should receive mountains of gold in exchange; but should any man conceal a steed of value, or fail to bring it for the prince's inspection, he should be punished without mercy.

II. THE STEED

On the day appointed, the finest horses in all Persia were assembled at Zaboulistan. The most famous breeders from Kabul and the Afghan pasture-lands were there with their choicest stock, and the hill-slopes to the south of the city were white with tents. A caravan of low-browed men from the shores of the Caspian had just arrived, weary with their journey, but proud of their horsemanship and of the clean-limbed, swiftly moving animals which they had brought fresh from the freedom of the steppes, and which they were accustomed to ride at full speed, while standing erect on their saddles. Near them were the tents of a patriarchal sheik, who had come from the distant valley of the Euphrates, bringing his numerous family and his large following of servants and herdsmen, and four matchless Arab coursers, for which he had already refused more than one princely offer. But the greater number of horses had been brought in by the men of Seistan, some of whom were encamped outside the walls, while others lodged with friends and acquaintances in the city. Most of these last had brought only a single animal each, and they had done this not so much for the hope of reward, as for the fear of punishment. Every one had brought the best that he had, and I doubt if the world has ever seen a nobler or more wonderful collection of steeds.

At an early hour in the morning, the whole city was astir.

Everybody, both within and without the walls, was moving toward the western gate, just outside of which Prince Zal and young Rustem had already taken their stand, in order to inspect the animals that would be presented. A troop of armed men was drawn up in such a way as to form a passage through which the competing horses were to be led directly in front of Rustem. On the top of the wall was a covered pavilion, from which the ladies of Zaboulistan, without being seen, could look down upon the concourse below.

At a given signal, the horses, which had already been brought together at a convenient spot, were led, one by one, before the prince. The first were those of the Zaboulistan herds — strong, beautiful steeds, many of which had been bred and cared for with the sole thought of their being chosen for the use of Rustem.

"Do you desire swiftness?" asked the keeper of the foremost. "Here is a steed that can outstrip the wind."

"Not swiftness only, but strength," answered Rustem. Then he placed his hand upon the horse to see if it could stand that test; and the animal shuddered beneath his grasp and sank upon its haunches from the strength of the pressure. Thus it fared with all the steeds that were brought forward.

"Do you want a perfect steed?" asked the long-bearded sheik from the west. "If so, here are beauty and strength and swiftness and intelligence, all combined in one." And he led forward the largest of his Arabs.

There was a murmur of admiration from all the lookers-on, for seldom, in that land of beautiful horses, had an animal been seen which was in every way so perfect. Rustem said nothing, but quietly subjected the steed to the same test that he had applied to the others. Lastly, the traders from

Kabul brought forward a herd of ten which they had carefully selected as the strongest from among all that had been bred in the Afghan pastures. But every one of them quailed beneath Rustem's iron hand.

"Whose is that mare that feeds on the plain beyond your tents?" asked Rustem. "And whose is the colt that follows after her? I see no marks on its flanks."

"We do not know," answered the men from Kabul. "But they have followed us all the way from the Afghan valleys, and we have been unable either to drive them back or to capture them. We have heard it said, however, that men call the colt Rakush, or Lightning, and that, although it has now been three years ready for the saddle, its mother defends it and will let no one touch it."

The colt was a beautiful animal. Its color was that of rose-leaves scattered upon a saffron ground, its chest and shoulders were like those of a lion, and its eyes beamed with the fire of intelligence. Snatching a lariat from the hands of a herdsman, Rustem ran quickly forward and threw the noose over the animal's head. Then followed a terrible battle, not so much with the colt as with its mother. But in the end Rustem was the winner, and the mare retired crestfallen from the field. With a great bound the young prince leaped upon Rakush's back, and the rose-colored steed bore him over the plains with the speed of the wind. But when the animal had become thoroughly tired, he turned at a word from his master and went back to the city gate.

"This is the horse that I choose," said Rustem to his father. "Let us give to the Afghan herdsmen the prize that is due."

"Nay," answered the herdsmen; "if thou be Rustem, take

him and save Iran from its foes. For his price is the land of Iran, and, seated upon him, no enemy can stand before thee."

And that is the way in which Rustem won his war steed.

NOTES

Seistan (Sęs-taĭ). A swampy lake in Afghanistan.

Rustem (Rŭs′-tŭn). The greatest hero of Persia, son of the great warrior Zal and lived about 600 B. C.

Steppes (Stĕps). Fertile plains in S. E. Russia.

Patriarchal Sheik (Shēk). An Arabian Chief or head of a tribe of Arabs.

Red Coats, the name applied to the British Continental soldiers because of their bright red uniform.

"IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE"

BEN JONSON

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In just proportions we life's beauties see,
And in just measure life may perfect be.

HOW THE TORIES BROKE UP THE "MEETING"

EMMA W. DEMMERITT

For the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad flat stone that served as a doorstep, and shading her eyes with her hand looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows; "it 's almost supper-time and they have n't come, and Sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fire-place.

"Well, Daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, Mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry. "Perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I *should* do!"

Mrs. Holley raked the embers forward and threw a fresh log on the fire. "I would n't borrow any trouble, Daughter," she said quietly; "real trouble comes thick and fast enough in these dark days without any need of borrowing more."

The kitchen door opened, and a tall gray-haired man entered.

"I 've put the milk in the pantry, Mother. Where are Molly and the children? Have n't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, Father, for fear that they 've been caught by Tories or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horsewoman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he 's like a lamb with Molly. And as for being caught by the Tories,— why, I 'd just like to see 'em do it, that 's all! There is n't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, Father, for then when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it 's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days — dark days, Mother! It 's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the Red-coats, it is almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible. Early in 1781, several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast

lived in constant fear of the British, who occupied New York City and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien), and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the Red-coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire, and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark-blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse rush up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was four-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment, Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They've had a terrible winter, Father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes and had only miserable rags for cloth-

ing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they have had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and General Greene has had some splendid victories in the South; and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened, and his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, Mother, that we'd certainly win in the end."

"But these victories cost so, Father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress's voice, he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the animal, Mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him, if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can, for the sake of our country,"

said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and opening the big, leather-bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

"I believe I 'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service, and I 'll take Ruth with me for company.

Shortly before noon, Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he, that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace, through the gate and down the old post-road, and Canaan Parish was soon left far behind.

After a few pats and a little coaxing, Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting-house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it, Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I 'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination!"

The bell was still ringing, and Molly went behind the church,

where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry and walked up the aisle to a square, high-backed pew.

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intently for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding-board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips. He closed his book and remained motionless, with his eyes riveted on the open door.

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms, a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee-breeches and shoes, and ear-rings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant, as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck.

"I 'll thank ye for those gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "resistance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close by me, Little

Sister! Do just as I do — keep getting nearer the door — a step at a time — without attracting attention. If I *can* only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray-haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you 'll feel the prick of my bayonet — we must make haste, or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone, addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeped out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed up on a stone fence, untied Duke, and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over Duke, and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded re-assuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to

draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill, Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them, and they had turned back.

"O my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Canaan Parish, and as soon as they reached home safely, the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison-ships in New York Bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime, Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental Army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the wild cheers of the people. For, as she looked up the street she saw, amid the waving of flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved — the noble Washington.

MAY BLOSSOMS

MARY MAPES DODGE

"Good morrow!" Spring said to us all,
When boisterous winds were blowing;
But now it 's "Good day!" for it 's May —
And never a morrow can come this way
More fair and blithe than a day in May,
Or brighter than this that is going.

Now is she not lovely and true?
And is she not wise and knowing?
If it were not for her, why, what would they do —
The things that are ready for growing?
So good day to us all! for it 's May,
And never a morrow can come this way
More tender and fair than a sweet May day,
Whatever way she be going.

NOTE

Mary Mapes Dodge was born in 1838 and wrote many children's stories. She was editor of St. Nicholas magazine for many years.

A GREAT LIFE-SAVER

ARIADNE GILBERT

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" That cry in any country, in any street, is terrifying even to-day; but how much worse was the cry "Mad Wolf!" seventy years ago through the nestling towns of the Jura Mountains! To anxious fathers and

mothers looking into the faces of their little children, it brought agonizing pictures: the wildest of creatures abroad in the hills, with glittering eyes and foaming mouth, tearing on and on, and about to descend on their village and their little ones playing in the sun. Very gravely Monsieur and Madame Pasteur cautioned small Louis and his two sisters to stay in the tannery-yard close to the house. With big eyes full of reflected fear, the children listened and promised to obey. Their training in truth made them keep the promise. The fears were not groundless. Instead of the poor old wolf wearing himself out in the forest on trees and roots, he did come flying through the village; eight people in the neighborhood were bitten; and, for a long time, every one in the country round was in terror of that mad wolf.

Louis Pasteur had been a Christmas present to his father and mother and four-year-old sister, for he was born in 1822, only two days after Christmas, in the village of Dole. I suppose no other present was half so welcome.

Though his parents had little to give him but their love, the child soon found his own playthings. We can imagine him cramming frail blue-bells into his grimy little hands for his mother and finding a world of delight in the bits of bark lying round the tannery-yard. Before long he began to feel proud of the good leather which his father made, and we can imagine him standing silently by while the ox or goat skins were unloaded from big carts, or the oak-bark was being ground for tanning. With a child's wonder he must have followed the long process from the scraping off of the hairy coats through the many soakings in the big pits, till, drained, dried, and oiled, there was a fine load of leather for the shoemaker. All this takes work and patience. It is sometimes

a whole year before an ox-skin is ready to be made into a boot. In following this process, Louis's mind grew used to watching and waiting. The lessons of the tannery-yard were the beginnings of his training in science. They taught him to look for developments.

Besides this, he had regular lessons in the little school near-by. Not till he went to boarding-school, however, do we follow his education with any vivid interest.

There was storm in the sky and gloom in his heart the day he left home for the big city school. Under the flood of rain, the horses pawed restlessly. They found it cold standing still so long while bags and trunks were hoisted to the top of the coach and while Louis and his friend, Jules Vercel, said a hundred good-byes to the same dear people. They were still shouting, "Au revoir!" and waving hands buoyantly from under the tarpaulin, as the heavy wheels splashed away down the road. Buoyant they seemed, but their hearts were already swelling with homesickness. Through the mist, they said a silent farewell to the gray tower of Arbois Church. Then the hills dipped down and carried them rattling onward, bound for Paris.

But his homesickness was only a taste of the homesickness to come. Jules did not suffer as much as the younger boy, who, poor fellow, though he was fifteen, lay awake night after night in the far-away city.

The green trees of the tannery were far dearer to him than the glitter of Paris. We can well imagine that as the clocks chimed the hours he wondered if they were all asleep at home and if they dreamed that he was sleeping too. I suppose the moon and stars told him that they were shining down on *them*.

"If I could only get a whiff of the tannery-yard," he confided to Jules, "I feel I should be cured."

At last the head-master, Monsieur Barbet, after trying everything else, wrote a few plain facts to Louis' father.

And so, one November day, Louis Pasteur was sent for. "They are waiting for you," said a messenger, pointing to a little café on the corner. The much-puzzled boy went over to the café. There at the table, with his head in his hands, sat some one dearly familiar — his father.

"I have come to fetch you." There was no rebuke in the tanner's simple greeting. The love-longing had overwhelmed the knowledge-longing in his son's heart — that was all. The father needed no explanations.

Nevertheless, Louis' knowledge-longing was very strong, and he had no idea of giving up study.

At nineteen he reëntered the Barbet boarding-school in Paris. No longer a homesick boy, he had grown tall and self-reliant, and he soon proved himself so capable that he was asked to help with the teaching. By this means, his schooling cost him only one-third of the usual price. Outside of study or teaching hours, he and his great friend, Chappuis, had some good times. But Louis was always in danger of overworking.

In the Jura home, parents and sisters waited eagerly for Louis' thick letters, all packed with lovingness and the details of his happy work. The hopes of the whole family were centered in the boy at school. We can picture them gathering round to read his letters aloud, and then each one taking the dear sheets to re-read, alone, to understand them better. How worried they were during one long time of waiting: "Eighteen days! Louis has never kept us waiting so long! Can he be ill?"

"Don't overwork," was his father's anxious warning; "so many noble youths have sacrificed their health to the love of science — Think what a worry it is to me that I cannot be with you to look after you." Again, he wrote, after thanking Louis for his Christmas presents: "For my part, I should prefer a thousand times that this money should still be in your purse, and thence to a good restaurant, spent in some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends. There are not many parents, my dearest boy, who have to write such things to their son."

And now the young man, whose father had taught him his alphabet, took a turn at teaching his father and his sister, Josephine. They established a private correspondence school — that little family. "The father would often sit up late at night over rules of grammar and problems in mathematics preparing answers to send to his boy in Paris." Among other helpful things, Louis suggested a cheaper and quicker method of tanning skins; but the father did not adopt it. It was, as yet, unproved; the leather might not be so good or last so long, he argued; because he had always dealt honestly, the shoemakers trusted his goods. He would rather keep their trust than get rich. It is not hard to trace the strict honesty of Louis Pasteur, in all his scientific searchings, straight back to his tanner father.

The tanner's son, in the hidden village of Arbois — the boy who had been called "slow," who had left the Paris school because he was homesick, and had entered the École Normale a little old for his class,— through working and waiting had grown very great, great enough to be known by the common people. The vine-dressers, who tended their grapes on the sunny hills of France, knew his name. Because Pasteur had

found a way to keep vines healthy, they could sell their grape juice, and bring home the shining coins to buy blue ribbons for Annette and stout shoes for Pierre. Pasteur had kept their hearts glad and their homes comfortable, and had saved one of the great industries of France.

By and by the shepherds, the goatherds, and the swine herds, even the poultry-men, heard his name. "Perhaps," one would say, "he would know what has got into our sheep." Twenty had died out of a hundred, beginning to droop only a few hours beforehand.

"It may be Pasteur could cure my hens," a second would suggest, as he leaned over the poor staggering creatures that seemed to have fallen asleep while they were trying to walk.

How much the tanner's son could do who had begun life by "curing" leather! France was his own land, and the French his own people. In the sight of his eager patriotism, service done for the French was like service done for a big family. We hope that sometimes in the midst of his intensely practical discoveries he rejoiced that hundreds were happier because he had lived and because he had taught them how to get the best results from honest labor.

Of his many great works the greatest was his conquest of hydrophobia, by which he saved many human lives.

The terrible memory of the mad wolf of his childhood had never worn away. It came back to him in manhood with fresh horror when, one July morning, an Alsatian mother, poorly dressed and leading a nine-year-old boy by the hand, entered his laboratory. Little Joseph Meister could hardly walk, and his small hands were fearfully bitten. In a voice full of restrained suffering and with beseeching eyes Frau Meister begged Pasteur to save her child. "He was so small!" she

Louis Pasteur

sobbed. "When the dog flew at him, he knew no more than to stand still and cover his face with his hands. A man, passing, beat off the beast with an iron bar. But there was my Joseph! — Oh, the dreadful blood!"

"I am no doctor," answered the scientist humbly. "I am only trying to discover cures; but I shall do my best for little Joseph." As he spoke, he gently laid his hand on the child's fair head.

When Joseph found that the treatment was no more than a pin prick, his dreary blue eyes began to shine again; he no longer dreaded the master's touch. Out in the sunny garden, among the rabbits, chickens, and guinea-pigs, he was very happy, and he generally slept more peacefully than the scientist, who tossed back and forth in the fear that the child would die.

But little Meister got well. And, furthermore, in his long stay at the laboratory he grew to be such a friend of "Dear Monsieur Pasteur" that he would run in from the garden, climb into his lap, and beg that some specially playful guinea-pig or pink-nosed rabbit might not be used for experiment. And little Meister had his way, like many other children who loved Pasteur as a father.

One beautiful day in the next October, six little shepherd-boys had led their flocks to a green meadow glistening in the sunlight of the Jura Mountains. Here the juicy grass drew its richness from underground streams, and here the boys found flowery places to stretch out under the blue sky-roof and talk together in their soft French voices. From time to time they would move on to keep near their straying sheep, while bees hummed their way into the flowers' hearts and turned the bright cups upside down with the weight of their

velvet bodies. The children's shepherd life was full of restful friendliness. Suddenly one of the boys, pointing to the road, shouted "Mad dog! Mad dog!" Fear raised his voice to a shriek. As the children scrambled to their feet, they saw a great creature turn, and tear towards them. Though they ran as fast as soft ground, wooden shoes, and fright would let them, that was not very fast. The dog came panting on. Then the oldest, a fourteen-year-old boy named Jupille, turned, to save the rest, and faced their maddened enemy alone. With glazed eyes, and slimy turned-back lips, the dog was close upon him. Leaping into the air, he caught the boy's left hand between his gleaming teeth. Jupille's mountain-training came in play. The hills had taught him strength and swiftness. In his brave tussle, he managed to throw the dog to the ground, kneel on his back, and with his right hand force the jaws apart to set his left hand free. Of course his right hand was terribly bitten too; but, at last, he got a grip on the animal's neck, and, calling to his little brother to bring him the whip, dropped in the fight, he fastened the dog's jaws tight with the lash. Then he worked with his wooden sabot till the heaving creature was so nearly dead that he could drag him to the brook and end his life.

White-faced, round-eyed, and trembling, the little huddle of shepherd boys drooped back to the village, all of them sure that Jupille would die, and all but Jupille feeling like murderers. But the Mayor, who had heard of Pasteur, sent the great scientist swift word.

Poor Pasteur! As yet his experimenting was too new; he was not ready to risk men. Little Joseph Meister, whom he had saved, had reached him only two days and a half after the attack. Jupille's wounds would be six days old. How-

ever, Jupille would have almost no pain (only a pin-prick a day), and it might mean life. The boy was sent for; and, not only, by patient watching, was he saved, but, through the recommendation of the fatherly Pasteur, received a prize for bravery.

Some of the great scientist's experiments were not successful. He had had a chance to treat Meister and Jupille within a week of the day they were bitten. Long postponed treatment was not so sure.

The next November, Louise Pelletier, a little girl of ten, was brought to him over a month after the mad dog's attack! Pasteur did all he could; but it was useless.

"I did so wish I could have saved your little one!" he said to the father and mother. Then, as he shut the door on their sorrow, the great man, himself, burst into tears. He had not explained his bitter disappointment in failure, or his own affection for Louise, nor had he told them that their little girl was just the age of Jeanne,— the first child given him and the first child taken away.

Although Pasteur had this sad failure, before long his fame was world-wide. By means of a public subscription, started by the *New York Herald,* four little Americans — children of poor laborers, were sent across the ocean to the wonderful healer. The mother of the youngest went with them. When her little boy, who was only five, felt the simple needle-prick, he asked, wonderingly, "Is this all we have come such a long journey for?" When, healthy and smiling, the four children came back to America, in answer to hundreds of questions about the "great man" they had no wonderful story. The treatment had been so easy!

But Pasteur had a story. On March 1, 1885, his doubts

smothered by success, he could tell France that out of three hundred and fifty patients, only one had died — Louise Pelletier. The victory was wonderful, and since then he has been called the "Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century." Napoleon, with all his military genius, was not so great, because his business was to destroy life; Pasteur's was to save it. A certain map of the world is dotted all over with Pasteur Institutes for the cure of hydrophobia. And there is at least one man who would call the Nineteenth Century "The Age of Pasteur."

From "More Than Conquerors."

THE GIANT WHO BECAME A SAINT

Among the smooth, blue hills of an eastern country lived a simple-hearted giant lad named Offero. And though he was four times as high and four times as wide as the other boys, that did not make him proud in the least. He played with them as good-naturedly as if he had been no bigger than they. Sometimes he would hold them at arm's length, one in each great hand. Sometimes he would toss them gently into the air. And when he was particularly good-humored he would stand still for hours at a time while they clambered up on his high shoulders.

One evening, tired from these noisy games, they all lay sprawled along the hillside, watching the stars come out and talking about the great men they were going to be.

"I shall be a shepherd," cried one, "and roam the hills all day."

"And I shall be a barber, like my father," shouted another.

"As for me," cried a third, "I shall be a wine merchant, and sit at my ease."

But Offero said never a word.

"Offero! Offero!" cried the boys, scrambling up and swarming over him. "What are you going to be?" And they pulled his long hair.

But Offero held his peace. Then suddenly he sprang up, shaking them off like so many puppies.

"I shall serve," he thundered. "I shall serve the greatest king in the world."

The boys stared. "But how will you find him?" they cried.

"I shall walk till I find him," said Offero, "and I shall know him because he will be afraid of no one."

Next morning at daybreak, Offero set out across the hills to seek his king. For months he walked, from one proud palace to another, and past the miles of poor men's houses in between. Many a fine, glittering court he saw, and many a king. But none of them was the one for whom he searched. For no matter how broad their kingdoms might be, they were all afraid of some king beyond, who had more men or more ships than they.

But Offero kept on hunting. And after a year and a day he came to the king whom the others feared. When Offero saw the mighty look of this king, his great heart thumped with joy. "At last," thought he, "I have found the greatest king of all!" For when the courtiers spoke of war, the king did not cringe as the others had, but raised his head more majestically than before.

So Offero went towering down the hall, and bent his huge height before the throne.

"Oh, king," he cried, "behold your servant, Offero!"

The king's eyes gleamed. For proud and powerful as he was, with a giant like this his name would be more terrible still.

"Rise, Offero," he said. "The king accepts your service. In battle you shall march at our army's head; and in peace you shall stand behind our throne."

But when Offero marched before the king's army, wars ceased. For at sight of him the enemy turned and ran away as fast and far as their legs would go. So there was little for him to do but stand behind the king's throne in the palace hall. And that was rather dull sometimes for a great, strapping giant like Offero.

"But," he would remind himself, "I am serving the greatest king of all,— the only one who is unafraid." And then he would straighten his big, stiff shoulders, and look as proud and fierce as should the servant of such a king.

One stormy night as Offero stood behind the throne, a minstrel came to play his harp before the king. He sang of war, of dangers and temptations; and Offero stood drinking in with all his heart the music and the story. But the king fidgeted in his great chair, and Offero could see his gold crown tremble. One hand would grip the carved, gilt lion by his side, while the other made a nervous sign upon his forehead.

Offero watched, troubled. It was when the minstrel sang of Satan that the king shuddered. It was at that name he made the sign upon his forehead.

When the minstrel had done, and the courtiers had taken their leave, Offero knelt before the throne. "Oh, king," he

cried, "why did you shake at Satan's name? — you who are afraid of no one!"

The king smiled sadly. "Ah, Offero," he said, "the mightiest monarch of the earth must fear Satan. For he is more powerful than any king of us all; and only that sign of the cross can save us from him."

Offero sprang up, his huge shadow darkening the throne.

"Then you are not the greatest king!" he thundered. "Farewell. I go to serve him whom you fear,— King Satan!"

And like a cyclone Offero was gone through the palace gate.

All night he strode through the storm; and when day cleared, he found himself on a wide, pleasant road thronged with people all going down a hill.

"Ho, there!" shouted Offero from his height. "Can any of you tell me the way to King Satan?"

"Follow us," cried the foremost; "we are bound that way."

Now, the leaders, who went so fast ahead, looked mean and crafty; and those who shuffled along behind were pale and wild, with restless eyes. But Offero, towering so far above, could not see their faces. He was only glad in his great, honest heart to be with such a large, gay company.

"For," he said to himself, "does it not show that Satan is the greatest king of all when so many people willingly leave other kings, to serve him?"

The road went down steeper and steeper. And the faster it fell, the gayer and more reckless the travelers became. They shouted and danced along so riotously that even Offero's huge strides hardly kept up with them.

Suddenly there was a shriek. In an instant all the gay cries were changed to screams. Offero stopped in bewilderment. Directly before him the road was swallowed up in a vast, smoking cavern. It was into that his companions had gone.

The shrieks grew fainter, and above them came a hoarse, sneering laugh.

"A cruel king, this Satan!" thought Offero. "But I have vowed to serve the greatest, and I must go on."

He stepped to the cavern's mouth. A blast of black smoke choked him; and as it cleared, he saw coming toward him, a haughty figure with a crown of flames.

Offero bowed low.

"A handsome recruit!" snarled Satan. "Well, friends, a fellow like this will be useful on our errand in the world up there." And without a word to the giant, Satan beckoned him to fall behind.

Offero followed sadly while Satan and his train swept jeeringly up the hill. All along the way people cringed and shook at Satan's coming. Dukes and princes, ladies and laborers, all scurried at his glance. A whole army marching to battle turned in terror at sight of him. Satan went on, haughty and regardless.

Little by little, Offero began to forget his cruelty in admiration for his boldness. "At last," thought the honest giant, "I have found the greatest king, who is afraid of no one." And he stepped along proudly to think that his search was done.

The road gave a sudden turn. Over the heads of Satan and his train Offero could see a rough cross of wood against the sky, and at its foot a child placing a handful of wild flowers.

The giant's kind heart was troubled. "Such a baby!" he muttered. "If only Satan would not frighten her!"

As he spoke there was a snort of fear. But it was not the child who gave it. Satan, cowering, burst through his followers, and back along the road. Offero's great form barred the way.

"Let me by!" shrieked Satan. "Let me by, I say!"

Offero's mighty hand tightened on his shoulder. "Tell me first," said the giant calmly, "of whom you are afraid."

"The cross!" screamed Satan. "The cross! The cross of Christ, my enemy!"

"This Christ," said Offero, "is a greater king than you, then, or you would not fear his cross."

"Let me go!" cried Satan, beating with his fists on Offero's massive arm. "Save me!"

Offero loosened his grip. "Go," he said scornfully, and stood aside while Satan and his train rushed by him down the hill.

The little girl stood wondering beneath the cross. "Good day," said Offero. "Can you tell me the way to the king called Christ?"

"You must ask the hermit," answered the child. "He knows the way. But the path to his hut is steep and jagged, up a high hill."

"Thank you," said Offero. "The path does not matter, if he can tell me how to find the greatest king."

So the child pointed the way. All day long Offero climbed. The stones were so big and sharp that they cut even his huge, hardy feet; and it was sunset before he came to the hut on the mountain top.

The hermit was beginning his evening meal. "Welcome, friend," he cried. "Come in and sup with me."

As they ate, Offero told the hermit of his errand. "I would find this king called Christ," he said. "For I have vowed to serve the greatest king, who is afraid of no one. My arms are strong. I can fight for him and make him more powerful than before."

The hermit smiled. "To find Christ," he said, "you must first serve him. And to serve him you must not kill your fellowmen, but help them."

"What can I do then?" asked Offero. "I am strong to fight. How can I help?"

The hermit looked at him. "Good giant," he said, "your shoulders are broad and strong. They should be able to carry great weights."

"They can indeed," cried Offero happily. "It is from them I have my name,— Offero,— the carrier."

"Then, Offero," said the hermit quietly, "why not use your shoulders to serve King Christ? There is a river not far from here, which runs deep and wild; and there are many people who come night and day to cross it over. The strongest and hardiest pass through safely, but the old and weak are often swept away by the flood."

Offero's eyes flamed with sudden pride. "I can carry them all safely across!" he cried. Then his face darkened. "But how shall I find King Christ?" he asked.

The hermit's eyes looked far away. "You will not have to search," he said gently. "If you serve him well, he will come to you."

Next morning Offero and the hermit set out for the river. But hardly were they down the mountain when every traveler

called out to them to turn back. "The river is in a fury," they cried. "No man could reach the other side alive."

The hermit shook his head. "Come and see," he said. "For I have a trusty ferryman here who can weather any flood." So Offero and the hermit kept on; and the travelers followed, wondering.

The river beat against its banks, and the waves rushed white with foam. Offero pulled up a stout green tree to steady himself, and waded in till he could feel the cruel whirlpools sweeping around his anklets. Then lifting the hermit to his broad, firm shoulder, he plunged fearlessly into the raging stream. The water swirled and hissed about him. It rose to his great chest, and wet the edge of the hermit's robe. But it was of no avail against the giant. He towered through it as solid as a cliff, and set the hermit safely on the other side.

A great "bravo" went up from the watching people; and when Offero came back, they gathered about him, clamoring to be carried. So Offero began his service of the king whom he had never seen.

Day and night he kept at it,— in the spring when the river was high, in the winter when it was chilling and swift. To be within call always, he built himself a hut on the bank; and there was no one who knocked, however haughty or humble, that Offero did not take upon his shoulder and carry safely through the river.

So every day Offero's great face grew more kindly and his shoulders more patient. But always in his heart there was a kind of longing wonder whether the King would really seek him out, as the hermit had said; and whether Christ was indeed the greatest king, afraid of no one. "If Christ would only come!" he thought; and sometimes in the depths of night

he would start up and unbar the door, thinking that he heard the knock of the King. But it was only the wind, or now and again some belated pilgrim begging to be carried across the river.

One black night when the rain lashed the hut, and the river ran high and wild, Offero awoke to a sound that was not the storm. "A knock!" said his listening heart. "A knock!" Or was it after all a dream? No pilgrim, not even the fearless King would travel a night like this.

Nevertheless Offero sprang up, lit his great, rude lantern, and threw open the door. A drenching blast blew away his breath, but there on the threshold, in the gusty light was a pilgrim indeed,—a little child with his cloak running with rain.

Offero caught him up with one grasp of his great arm. "Poor little one!" he cried. "Come in from the storm."

"No, no, kind giant," pleaded the child. "I cannot stay. I must cross the river to-night. It runs deep and wild for my small strength, and I come to ask if you will carry me through."

So Offero took his staff, and settling the child gently on his shoulder, plunged out into the pelting storm.

Above the wind they could hear the river roaring through the dark. Offero strode to the edge and stepped in. At the very bank the water was knee-deep, and the waves washed high on his great body. The child clung closer to his neck, and Offero stopped and steadied himself. The bottom was slippery at best; and to-night, with the waves rushing against him, it was harder than ever to stand upright.

At every step the river grew deeper and more savage. The rapids snarled about his neck, and his eyes were blinded with foam. The child, who had been but a featherweight, seemed

suddenly to become heavier than a man. Offero's mighty shoulder bent under the load. The waves plunged into his face, choking him. And still the child pressed him down. The water was smothering him, and he felt the current sweeping him off his feet. Firmly as he held to his staff, he could not go on. The child was like a mountain, bearing him down. His limbs were numb and cramped, and all his strength seemed gone. A daze came over him, and the water surged in above his head.

With one last struggle, he straightened himself, raising the child above the foam. Offero gasped, staggered forward, and stopped, trembling and weak. But he had passed the channel and stepped into the shallower water on the other side. No matter how heavily the child bore upon him now, he could keep his head above the waves. So he stood, bowed and panting, beaten by the river and the rain.

Then slowly he felt his way through the blackness out of the torrent and up the solid bank. Gently he set the child down and stooped beside it. "Are you quite safe and well, little one?" asked he.

"Quite safe, good Offero," said the child, "thanks to your kind care. For you have served me bravely, carrying me and my great burden through the raging river."

"I saw no burden," said Offero, wondering; "I only felt it."

And as he spoke, the sky brightened, the storming of the wind and river ceased, and the rain fell in gentle, shining drops.

"My burden," said the child gravely, "is the greatest any man has ever borne. For I have taken on my shoulders all the sins and sorrows of the world."

Offero fell back, dumb with wonder. For before him stood no longer the child, but a stately figure, serene, triumphant, with a crowning light about his head.

"For I," said the kind, deep voice, "am Christ, the king whom you have served. And because you have borne me faithfully, you shall be called not Offero, the carrier, but Christoffero, the Christ-carrier. So all men shall know you are my brave and loyal servant."

The giant dropped on his knees, but for wonder and joy he could not find his voice. He could only gaze with grateful eyes. And as he looked, the King turned, and walked majestically over the hills toward the sunrise.

But Christoffero knelt on, lost in ecstasy. For he knew that he had found the greatest king, who was afraid of nothing, not even the sins and sorrows of the whole world.

So Offero, by serving, became the giant saint,— Christopher.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

A

ā — āte.
ã — fo'li-ãge.
â — râre.
ă — căt.
ǎ — lo'cǎl.
ä — cälm.
å — pa-rade'.

E

ē — ēnd'-ĕd.
ĕ — re'cĕnt.
ẽ — writ'-ẽr.

I

ī — rīght.
ĭ — sĭn.

O

ō — hōpe, cōld.
ô — ô-bey', pô-ta'-tô
ô — côrd, ôr'-der.
ŏ — stŏp.
ǒ — cŏm-pare'.

U

ū — cūre, hū'-man.
û — û-nite'.
û — bûrn.
ŭ — hŭr'-ry.
ŭ — sŭc-ceed'.
ü — mė'-nü.

GLOSSARY

A

ȧ-bāte′— to moderate, to grow less.
a-bŏl′-ish — to put an end to, to stop.
ăb-sûrd′— ridiculous, untrue.
a-chieve′-ment (ȧ-chēv′-ment)— something done through or by means of unusual ability.
ac-quire′ (a-kwīre′)— to gain by one's own effort.
ăd-hēr′-ĕnts — followers, supporters.
a-gil′-i-ty (ȧ-jĭl′-ĭ-ty)— quickness, briskness.
aisle (īl)— a passageway between rows of seats.
am-bi′-tion (ăm-bĭsh′-ŭn)— eager desire to obtain some object.
ăm′-bŭsh — a place where troops remain hidden, ready to attack unexpectedly.
am-phi-the′-a-ter (ăm-fĭ-thē′-ȧ-teĭ) — an oval or circular building with seats rising in rows around a central open space.
an′-chor-age (ăn′-kĕr-ăj)— place suitable for anchoring a vessel.
ăn-tăg′-ō-nĭst — one who contends with another in a fight or an argument.
ăn-tĭç′-ĭ-pāte — to expect or look forward to.
ăn″-tĭ-quā′-rĭ-ăn — a dealer in or a student of ancient things.
ăp′-ĕr-tūre — an opening; a hole.
aq′-ui-line (ăk′-wĭ-līne)— prominent; hooked like an eagle.
arc (ärk)— an arch, a bow.
äu″-tō-crăt′-ĭc — holding unlimited powers of government; absolute.

B

băl′-lăd — a short story poem.
băt′-tĕr-y — a raised place where guns are mounted and gunners protected.
bay′-ing (bā′-ing)— the deep, long drawn out barking of dogs.
bĕr′-ȳl — a precious stone usually green or greenish blue.
bight (bīt)— a loop or turn in a rope.
boar (bōr)— a wild hog.
bo͞on — a favor; a gift.
bŏth′-y — a hut for laborers.

bŭnk′-er — a large coal bin on board a ship.
buoy′-ant (boi′-ant) — able to float; light-hearted.
bûr′-gŏ-măs″-tẽr — the chief magistrate of a town in Holland, Flanders or Germany.

C

cairn (kârn) — a cone-shaped heap of stones.
cà-lăm′-ĭ-ty — any cause which produces disaster or extreme misfortune.
câl′-dron — a large kettle or boiler.
cal′-lous (kăl′-ŭs) — unfeeling in mind or heart; numb.
cà-păr′-ĭ-son — an ornamental covering for a horse.
căr′-dĭ-năl — a high official of the Roman Catholic Church appointed by the Pope.
càste — a division or part of society.
căv′-ăl-cāde — a procession of persons usually on horseback.
chaff — to tease.
chal-lenge (chăl′-ĕnj) — summon to a contest or a duel.
chăn′-ty — a peculiar song used by sailors where, when pulling together, they haul in the anchor.
chûrl — a surly, ill-bred person.
clĕv′-ẽr — skilful.
clois′-tẽr — an arched way or covered walk inside the walls of a church.
cŏ-lŏs′-săl — immense, huge.
comb′-ings (kōm′-ings) — a raised edge around a hatchway or well to prevent the water washing in.
com-mis′-sion (kŏ-mĭsh′-ŭn) — an act of trust.
com-mu′-ni-cate (kŏ-mū-nĭ-kāte) — open into one another, to be joined to.
com-pe-ti′-tion (kŏm″-pĕ-tĭsh′-ŭn) — rivalry.
cŏr′-ăl — the hard skeleton of certain sea animals.
cor-rup′-tion (kō-rŭp′-shŭn) — the state of being changed for the worse.
cor′-tege (kôr′-tĕzh) — a train of attendants; a procession.
couch′-ănt — crouching or lying down.
cours′-er (kōr′-sẽr) — a swift and spirited horse; a war-horse.
craft — trade.
crĕv′-ĭce — a crack; an opening.
cringe (crĭnj) — to bend or crouch from fear.
crow's′-nest (krōz′-nĕst) — a lookout or watch tower on the main-top-mast crosstrees of a vessel.
cûr-vĕt′ — a frisky motion or leap made by a horse.

D

dê-clĭv′-ĭ-ty — a gradual slope downward.
dĕ-flĕc′-tion — a bending or turning aside
dê-pŏs′-ĭts — quantities or accumulations of ore placed in the earth ages ago.
de-tour′ (dĕ-to͝or′) — a roundabout way.
dê-vĭce′ — an emblem; scheme; invention.
dĕ′-vĭ-oŭs — indirect; roundabout.
dĕx′-tĕr-ous — skilful.
dĭs-côr′d-ănt — full of noise and strife.
dŏm′-ĭ-nō — a loose masquerade costume.
doub′-let (dŭb′-let) — a close fitting outer garment worn by men in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries.
drў′-ăd — an imaginary maiden of the woods.
dūne — a heap of drifted sand piled up on the seashore by the wind.
dūō′-mo — a cathedral.

E

ê-lūde′ — to shun or avoid.
ĕm-blāz′-on — to decorate with bright figures.
ĕm″-ū-lā′-tion — competition; effort to excel.
ep′-au-let (ĕp′-ô-lĕt) — an ornamental badge worn on the shoulder.
ê-quip′ — to fit out with things necessary for an undertaking.
ĕs′-côrt — a body of armed men acting as a guard.
ex-hil-a-ra′-tion (ĕg-zĭl″-à-rā′-shŭn) — a feeling of joyousness or happiness.

F

făc-sĭm′-ĭ-lē — an exact reproduction or copy of a thing.
fief (fēf) — an estate granted or given by a superior.
floe (flō) — a large flat mass of floating ice.
fōre′-cas-tle — the forward part of a vessel where the seamen eat and sleep.
frĕn′-zў — extreme fury, rage.
fresh′-et — a flood caused by melting snow or heavy rain.
fron-tier′ (frŏn-tēr′) — the boundary or limit of a country.
fu′-gi-tive (fū′-ji-tĭv) — one who flees from punishment or bondage.
fŭr′-tive-lў — stealthily; secretly.

G

gal'-le-on (găl'-ê-ŏn)—a large Spanish sailing vessel.
găl'-lĕy—a low flat vessel moved by oars and sometimes by sails.
găr'-pike—a long slim fish having a long slim head.
găr-rŏt'ed—strangled.
gew'-gaw (gū'-gô)—useless ornament.
Ghet'-to (Gĕt'-ō)—the Jewish section of a city.
gla'-cier (glā'-shĕr)—a vast collection of snow and ice which forms in the mountains and moves down the slopes.
glăd"-i-ă-tŏr'-i-ăl—pertaining to the gladiators who were professional swordsmen.
glebe (glēb)—lands or farms.
glow'-er-ed (glou'-ẽr-ed)—frowned angrily.
gui-nea (gĭn'-i)—an English gold coin worth about $5.00.
gŭn'-cŏt-ton—a highly explosive substance.
gŭn'nỹ sacks—bags made of coarse hemp.

H

hag-gard (hăg'-ard)—worn and anxious in appearance.
hătch—a half door covering coal or ore bins on shipboard.
här-pōōn'—a long spear having a line attached to the staff.
has'-sock (hăs'-ŭk)—a padded cushion for kneeling upon.
häwse'-hōle—one of the two small holes through which the anchor chain passes.
hew (hū)—to cut or shape with a sharp instrument.
hŏs'-tĭle—unfriendly.
how'-dah (hŏw'-dȧ)—a covered seat for riding on an elephant or camel.
hŭr'-rĭ-cāne deck—the topmost deck of a steamship.

I

ī'-bĭs—large wading bird having a long curved beak.
in-con'-gru-ous (ĭn-kŏn'-grōō-ŭs)—out of place.

J

jĕr'-kins—a short leather coat.
joc'-und (jŏk'-ŭnd)—gay, happy.

K

ked′-dah (kĕd-dȧ)— a snare set for the capture of wild elephants.
knŏt — a distance a little longer than a mile.
knŏtted (knŏt′-ed)— rough, bumpy.

L

lair — the den or resting place of a wild beast.
lärch — a tree of the pine family.
lăr′-dêr — a pantry where household provisions are kept.
lāy — a simple song or poem.
leg′-end (lĕj′-ĕnd)— a story handed down from the past.
liege (lēj)— lord and master.
lĭlt — to sing gaily.
lu′-di-crous (lū′-dĭ-crŭs)— laughable, comical.
lūte — a stringed musical instrument.

M

māce — a large heavy staff carried by an official, denoting authority.
măn-tĭl′-lȧ — a lady's light cloak or hood worn in Mexico and Spain.
măn′-ū-scrĭpt — an author's copy of his work, usually in his own writing.
măr′-ĭ-nēr — a sailor or seaman.
märk — a German coin.
mech′-an-ism (mĕk′-ȧ-nĭsm)— the working together of the parts of a machine.
mē′-tēr — a measure of length equal to about 39 inches.
mo͞or′-ed — anchored, fastened by an anchor.
mort′-gage (mōr′-gāge)— a written promise to give over a piece of property upon failure to pay a debt.
mū′-tĭ-lāte — to cripple or to disfigure.

N

nŏv′-ĭce — a beginner.

O

ŏb′-stĭ-nâte — headstrong.
ō-lē-ăn′-dēr — a beautiful flowering shrub.
ŏm′-ĭ-noŭs — threatening; foreshadowing evil.
ôr-nĭ-thŏl′-ô-gy — the study of birds.

P

parch′-mĕnt — a very thin skin prepared for writing upon.
pa-trōls′— guards, policemen.
pĕn′-guin (pĕn′-gwĭn)— a large sea fowl that swims but can not fly.
pe-trō′-lē-ŭm — an oil pumped from the earth and used by burning for light and heat.
phe-nom′-e-non (fē-nŏm′-ē-nŏn)— something strange and uncommon.
pi′-geon-hole (pĭj′-ŭn-hōl)— a small open space in a writing desk.
pil′-lion (pĭl′-yŭn)— a pad put on a horse's back behind the saddle so that two may ride.
plain′ tive (plān′-tĭv)— sad, mournful.
plan′-tain (plăn′-tĭn)— a tree having broad leaves and a fruit like a banana.
pome-gran′-ate (pŏm-grăn′-at)— a fruit like an orange with a red inside
pōōp — the stern or rear end of a ship.
pŏs′-tūre — attitude; fixed position.
prēēn′-ing — trimming or smoothing of a bird's feathers with its beak: carefully arranging one's clothing.
prē-pŏs′-tĕr-oŭs — unreasonable.
prŏc″-la-mā′-tion — an official announcement to the public.
prō-crās″-tĭ-nā′-tion — the act of putting off doing things; delay.
pro-di′-gious (prō-dĭg′-ŭs)— very large; immense.
prŏm″-ē-näde′— a public place for walking.
prō-pŏr′-tion — a just balance or relation of all parts
pro-vin′-cial (prō-vĭn′-shăl)— simple.
prow′-ess — bravery.
purge — to clean up; to make better.

Q

quar′-ter-măs″-ter — an officer whose duty is to provide clothing, food and supplies in the army or on shipboard.
quartz (kwôrtz)— the most common kind of solid mineral.
quest (kwĕst)— a search; an adventure.

R

răv′-en-ĭng — seeking eagerly for prey.
realm (rĕlm)— a kingdom.
rē-mŏn′-strāte — to plead against; to urge against.
rē-mōte′— far off either in time or space.

rĕp′-tĭle — an animal that creeps on its belly or crawls on short legs.
rĕ-pŭg′-nant — disagreeable or repulsive.
rĕ-tāin′-er — one kept in the service of a person of high rank.
rĕ-tĕn′-tive — having the power to keep or hold.
rĕt′-ĭ-nūe — a body of servants or persons who attend a prince or person of distinction.
rĕv′-ĕl-ĕr — one who takes part in wild merrymaking.
rhythm — the regular accent or stress occurring in poetry or music.
river-horse — the hippopotamus.
root-out — to dig up, to pull out.

S

sa-läam′ (sȧ-läm′) — a low bending of the body in greeting.
sap′-phire (săf′-ĭr) — a precious stone of bright blue color.
scow — food left over from a meal.
scŭlp′-tûr-ed — carved.
sĕ-cēde′ — to withdraw from fellowship or union with.
sĕc′-rĕ-tâ-ry — a writing desk.
shēēr — pure; complete.
sĭn′-ĭs-tĕr — unlucky; evil.
skĭp′-pĕr — the master of a merchant vessel.
slōōp — a one masted vessel.
sŏm′-ber — gloomy; dull.
sou — a French copper coin worth about one cent.
spōōr — the track or trail of any wild animal.
sprĭte — a ghost, or fairy.
stanch — sturdy, trustworthy, loyal.
stē′-vĕ-dōre — one who loads and unloads a vessel in port.
stew′-ard — one who manages the household affairs for another
stō′-kĕr — a fireman.
stŭb′-ble — short stalks of grain left in the ground after reaping
stŭnt — to chcek in growth.
sŭc′-cor (sŭk′-ĕr) —
suite (swēt) — a company of attendants or servants.

T

tac′-tics (tăk′-tĭks) — a clever method of accomplishing an aim.
tăm′-a-rac — a pine tree.
tā′-pĕr — a small wax candle.

tär-pau′-lĭn (tär-pô′-lĭn)— stout waterproof canvas used for covering boats.
tăt′-tōō — to mark the skin by pricking and then dyeing.
trăp′-pĭngs — fancy harness or saddle cloths.
tra-di′-tion (tra-dĭsh′-ŭn)— a story relating to historical characters but not based on fact.
treach′-er-ous (trĕch′-ẽr-ŭs)— unfaithful; seeming to be honest, good, sound, but in reality the opposite.
trĭb′-ūte — a sum of money paid annually for service rendered.
trō′-phy — anything taken and preserved in memory of a victory.

V

val′-iant (văl′-yănt)— brave, courageous.
văs′-sal — a slave; a servant or bondsman.
vi′-sor (vĭz′-ẽr)— the front piece of a helmet made usually so that it may be raised.
vō-cĭf′-ẽr-ous — noisy.
vŏl-ŭn-tēēr′— one who offers his services freely.

W

waist (wāst)— the part of a vessel's deck lying between the forecastle and the quarterdeck.
wan′-tŏn-ness — carelessness; recklessness.
wat′-tle (wŏt-l)— a twig; a rod that can be easily bent.
war′-lock (wôr-lŏck)— a wizard; a witch.
worm-ed (wŭrmd)— moved slowly and cautiously.

Y

yeō′-man — a small land-owner; a farmer.

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